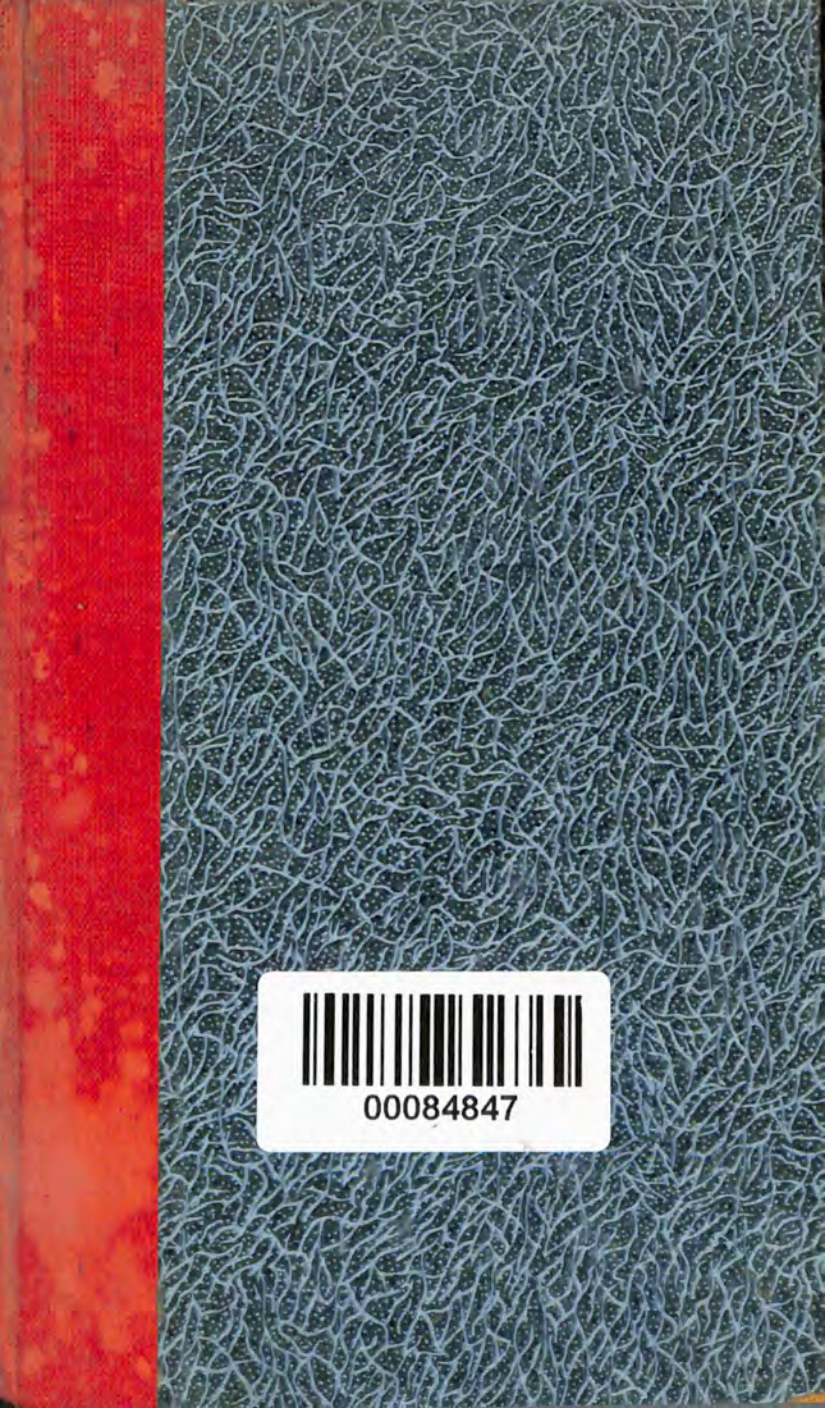
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A PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE HOLY LAND;

COMPRISING

RECOLLECTIONS, SKETCHES, AND REFLECTIONS,

MADE DURING A TOUR IN THE EAST,

IN 1832-1833.

E4847

BY ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE,

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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A PILGRIMAGE

TO

THE HOLY LAND.

&c.

JERUSALEM.

On the 28th October, at five o'clock in the morning, we were prepared to quit the Desert of St. John Baptist. We awaited the dawn, on horseback, in the court of the convent, which is enclosed by high walls, to avoid communication in the darkness with the infected Arabs and Turks of the village of Bethlehem. At half-past five we commenced our march, by climbing a mountain beset with enormous grey rocks united in masses to each other, as if partly broken by the hammer. A few vines, shewing the seared leaf of autumn, are trained in little fields formed in the intervals of the rocks, and enormous towers of stone, resembling those of which speaks the Song of Songs, arose within these vineyards: fig-trees, which had already lost the leaves of their upper branches, were scattered round the borders of the vineyards, dropping their black fruit upon the

rock. On our right the wilderness of St. John, where resounded the voice—*vox clamavit in deserto*—sinks, as an immense abyss amongst five or six high mountains, whose rocky summits, occasionally opening, admit partial views of the Egyptian sea covered with black fog. On our left, and very near us, standing on the summit of a high mound, are the ruins of an ancient tower or castle, which like every thing around it is going to decay: other ruins are also distinguishable, which seem to be the arches of an acqueduct descending from this castle: on the slope of the hill, some vines, climbing up their sides, throw over these falling arches a roofing of pale and yellow verdure, and a trebinthus or two is isolated amidst the ruins. This is Modin, the castle and the tomb of the last heroes of sacred history—the Maccabees. We left the venerable relics behind us, sparkling in the rays of the early morning; these rays are not as in Europe, the produce of a vague and confused light, though at the same time equal and universal; but darted like fiery arrows of many colours from the summit of the mountain, which at this moment concealed Jerusalem from us. They diverge from each other in proportion to their distance from the common centre whence they all issue: some are blue lightly silvered, some a pure white, some again of a tender rose colour, which fades awayat their edges, others of a deep flame colour, yet not like the rays of a conflagration;—thus divided, but according harmoniously by successive and gradual shading, they resemble a brilliant rainbow with its circle broken, and scattering its

luminous fragments across the firmament. This was the third time that this fine phenomenon of the rising or setting sun had appeared to us under a similar aspect since we had been in the mountainous regions of Galilee and Judea; it is the dawn and the evening as represented by the ancient painters, whose images seem false to those who have not witnessed the reality. In proportion as day advances, the distinct splendour and azure or flame colour of each of these luminous lines diminish, and melt into the general brightness of the atmosphere. The moon was suspended over our heads and still displayed colours of fire and of the rose, which by degrees became effaced and yielded to a pearly tint, itself fading in turn as in the full glow of day she assumed the appearance of a silvery disk, losing colour in proportion as it sinks deeper and deeper under water. After we had climbed a second mountain, higher and more naked than the former, the horizon suddenly opened to the right, and exhibited the whole space which extends between the last summits of Judea on which we stood and the high mountains of Arabia. This place already swam in the undulating and vaporous light of morning; beyond the smaller hills which lay under our feet rolled and broken into fragments of grey rock, the eye could distinguish nothing but a dazzling sheet of light, so like a vast ocean, that we found the illusion complete, and thought we could discern those intervals of deep shade and those rough silvery plates of light, with which the dawning day darkens or brightens a calm sea. On

the coast of this imaginary ocean towards the left of our horizon and about a league before us, the sun shone upon a square tower, an elevated minaret, and the great yellow walls of some edifices which crowned the summit of a hill, and the foundations of which were lost in the hill itself: by the points of other minarets, the battlements of some high walls, and blue and black summits of some domes which rose behind the tower and the great minaret, we could recognise a town, which stretched down the brow of the hill, and of which the most elevated portion alone was visible. This could be only Jerusalem; we had thought ourselves much farther from it, and each of us without daring to ask a question of the guide, lest the illusion should be destroyed, enjoyed in silence the first glance cast by stealth upon the Holy City; everything inspired the name of Jerusalem! It was herself! She sat detached by her yellow garb from the deep blue of the sky, and the black background of the Mount of Olives. We stopped our horses to contemplate this mysterious and dazzling apparition. Every step we were about to take in descending to the deep and sombre valleys which were under our feet would tend to veil her anew from our sight. Behind these walls and domes of Jerusalem, arose in the second line, a high and extensive hill, darker than that which supported and partly concealed the town. This second hill bounded our horizon. The sun left its western slope in the shade, but grazing with his vertical rays, its summit, which resembled a vast cupola, caused it to swim in an

ocean of light: the doubtful limits of the earth and sky were marked only by some large black trees, planted on its most elevated ridge, and between which the rays of the sun were admitted. It was the Mount of Olives, and they were the olive-trees themselves, old witnesses of so many days written on earth and in heaven, watered by Divine tears, the sweat of blood, and so many other tears shed sincethat night which rendered them sacred. A few more trees forming dark spots on the hill's sides were confusedly distinguishable; then the walls of Jerusalem cut the horizon, and hid the foot of the Holy Mountain: nearer to us, and immediately under our eyes, was nothing but the Desert of Stones, which serves as an avenue to the City of Stones: these enormous masses of uniform ash-coloured grey, extend without interruption from the spot on which we stood to the gates of Jerusalem. The hills sink and rise again, narrow valleys wind round their bases, and even open a little here and there, as if to deceive the eye of man and to promise him vegetation and life; but hills, valleys, plains, all are stone: it is but one uninterrupted foundation of rock, ten or twelve feet in thickness; the clefts of which allow only interval sufficient for the reptile to creep or the camel to break his leg.

If one conceives enormous walls of colossal stones, like those of which the coliseum and great theatres of Rome were built, each rolling in a single piece to the earth, some idea may be formed of the nature of the rocks which every where cover these last ramparts of the City of the Desert, and of the

form in which they lie. The nearer one approaches the more are the stones crowded and elevated, standing like eternal avalanches ready to swallow up the passenger. The last steps we make before reaching Jerusalem are sunk in an immoveable and funereal avenue of these rocks, rising to the height of ten feet above the head of the traveller, and allowing him only to see that portion of the sky which is immediately over him.

We had traced for a quarter of an hour this last and lugubrious avenue, when suddenly the rocks, separating on both sides, left us in face of the walls of Jerusalem, to which we had come close without knowing it. A vacant space of some hundred paces alone lay between us and the gate of Bethlehem: this area, barren, sloping, and waste, resembling the glacis which at a certain distance surrounds the fortified towns of Europe, opened to the right and descended with a gentle declivity into a narrow valley; to the left it bore five old trunks of olive-trees, bent almost horizontally under the weight of time and the sun; trees, petrified as it were, like the barren fields from whence they have painfully issued. The gate of Bethlehem, commanded by two towers, crowned with Gothic battlements, but desolate and silent as the gate of a deserted castle, stood open before us. We paused some minutes immoveable, to contemplate it; our eager desire to pass it was almost irrepressible; but the plague was at its height in Jerusalem; and we had been received into the convent of St. John Baptist of the desert, only under the most formal promise of not

entering the city. We therefore entered it not, but turning to the left, wound slowly round the long high walls, built just within a deep ditch or moat, in which we occasionally distinguished the foundation stones of Herod's ancient enclosure. At every step we passed Turkish cemeteries, whitened with funereal monuments, surmounted by the turban.

These solitudes, which the plague was nightly peopling, contained, here and there, groups of Turkish and Arab women, who came to weep their husbands and their fathers. Some tents were fixed among the tombs; and seven or eight women, seated or kneeling, held their beautiful sucking babes in their arms, and sung at intervals in lamentable cadences, chants, or funereal prayers, the religious melancholy of which assimilated wonderfully with the desolate scene before us. These women were not veiled; some of them were young and beautiful; they had by their sides baskets painted in brilliant colours, full of artificial flowers, which they set round the tombs, watering them with their tears. They bent from time to time to the earth newly moved, and chanted to the dead some stanzas of their complaint, appearing to speak in a whisper; then waiting in silence, with the ear resting on the monument, they seemed to be expecting, and listening to a reply. These groups of women and children, seated there to weep and lament throughout the day, were the only signs of human life and habitation which appeared to us during our circuit round the walls: no noise, no smoke arose; and the flying of some doves from the fig-trees to the

battlements, and from the battlements to the margins of the holy pools, was the only movement, the only sound, amid this dumb and vacant solitude.

Half-way down the descent which led us to Cedron, and the foot of the Mount of Olives, we saw, not far from the moat, the open entrance to a deep grotto under a mound of yellow rock. I would not stay there;—I wished first to see Jerusalem, and nothing but Jerusalem; to embrace the entire city at a single view, with its valleys and its hills, its Jehoshaphat and its Cedron, its temple and its sepulchre, its ruins and its horizon.

We next passed before the gate of Damascus, a charming monument of the Arab taste, flanked by two towers, crowned with arabesque battlements of stone, in the form of turbans. We then turned to the right against the angle of the city walls, which form to the north a regular square, and having to the left the deep and dark Valley of Gethsemane—the bottom of which is occupied and filled by the dry bed of the torrent of Cedron—we followed as far as the gate of St. Stephen a narrow path, under the walls, suspended on a ridge commanding the precipice of Gethsemane and the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and adorned by two fine pools, at one of which Christ cured the paralytic. At the gate of St. Stephen, the path is turned out of its line by the terraces on which formerly stood the temple of Solomon, and where now stands the mosque of Omar; and a broad steep bank descends suddenly to the left, towards the bridge which crosses the Cedron, and leads to Gethsemane and the Garden

of Olives. We crossed this bridge, and alighted from our horses in front of a beautiful building of Composite architecture, of a severe and antique character, which is nearly buried in the depth of the Valley of Gethsemane, and occupies all its breadth. It is the supposed tomb of the Virgin Mother of Christ, and belongs to the Armenians, whose convents were the chief seat of the plague. We did not, therefore, enter the sanctuary itself, and I contented myself with falling on my knees on the marble step of the court in front of this pretty temple, there to call upon Him whose tender and pious worship is early taught by every good mother to her child. On rising, I observed behind me about an acre of land, touching on one side the elevated bank of the torrent of Cedron, and on the other, rising gently to the base of the Mount of Olives. A low wall of stones, without cement, surrounds this field, and eight olive-trees, standing at about twenty or thirty paces distance from each other, nearly cover it with their shade. These olive-trees are amongst the largest of their species I have ever seen: tradition makes their age mount to the era of the incarnate God, who is said to have chosen them to conceal His divine agonies. Their appearance might, if necessary, confirm the tradition which venerates them: their immense roots, as the growth of ages, have lifted up the earth and stones which covered them, and rising many feet above the surface of the soil, offer to the pilgrim natural benches, upon which he may kneel, or sit down to collect the holy thoughts which descend from their silent heads.

A trunk, knotted, channelled, hollowed, as with the deep wrinkles of age, rises like a large pillar over these groups of roots: and as if overwhelmed and bowed down by the weight of its days, it inclines to the right or left, leaving in a pendant position its large interlaced, but once horizontal branches, which the axe has a hundred times shortened to restore their youth. These old and weighty branches bending over the trunk bear other younger ones, which rose a little towards the sky, and had produced a few shoots, one or two years old, crowned by bunches of leaves, and darkened by little blue olives, which fall like celestial relics at the feet of the Christian traveller. I separated from the caravan which had tarried round the tomb of the Virgin, and seated myself for a moment on the roots of the most solitary and oldest of these olive-trees; its foliage hid the walls of Jerusalem from me; and its large trunk screened me from the observation of some shepherds, who were tending black sheep on the brow of the Mount of Olives.

I had nothing within sight but the deep and rugged ravine of Cedron, and the tops of other olive-trees which, from this spot, cover the extent of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. No noise arose from the dry bed of the torrent; no leaf trembled on the tree; I closed my eyes for a moment, and reverted in thought to that night, the eve of the redemption of the human race, when the Divine Messenger drank to the dregs the chalice of agony, before meeting his death at the hands of man as the reward of his celestial message. I inquired of my

heart what part I had in the salvation He came to purchase for the world at so heavy a price; I represented to myself the extremity of anguish which must have rent the bosom of the Son of Man when he contemplated at a single glance all the misery, the darkness, the bitterness, the vanity, the iniquities of the lot of man; when it was His will, alone to lift the burden of the crimes and misfortunes under which human nature, bowed down and groaning, passes through this valley of tears; when He perceived that even a new consolation, and truth itself, could not be brought to man but at the price of His life: when drawing back in terror before the shadow of death, which He already felt upon him, he said to his Father, "Let this cup pass from me!"—and I, feeble, ignorant, miserable man, I also may cry at the foot of the same tree, "Lord! may my cup of bitterness pass from me, may it be poured by Thee into the chalice already drunk for us! He had strength to drink it to the dregs; He knew Thee; He had seen Thee: He knew wherefore he was about to drink it; He knew the immortal life which awaited him beyond his tomb of three days;—but I, Lord, what do I know, except the sufferings which rend my heart, and the hopes which they have taught me?"

I arose and admired the divine predestination of this spot for the most mournful scene of the Saviour's passion. It was a deep and narrow valley; enclosed on the north by dark and barren heights which contained the sepulchres of kings; shaded on the west by the heavy and gigantic walls of a city

of iniquities; covered at the east by the summit of the Mount of Olives, and crossed by a torrent which rolled its bitter and yellow waves over the broken rocks of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. At some paces distance, a black and bare rock detaches itself like a promontory from the base of the mountain, and, suspended over Cedron and the valley, bears several old tombs of kings and patriarchs, formed in gigantic and singular architecture, and strides like the bridge of death over the valley of lamentations.

At that period, no doubt, the sloping sides of the Mount of Olives, now nearly bare, were watered by brooks from the pools, and by the still running stream of Cedron. Gardens of pomegranate, oranges, and olives, covered with a thicker shade the Valley of Gethsemane, which delves likea s anctuary of grief into the narrowest and darkest depths of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The man despised and rejected, the man of sorrows, might here hide nimself like a criminal amongst the roots of trees and the rocks of the torrent, under the triple shadow of the city, the mountain and the night; he might hear from hence the secret steps of his mother and his disciples as they passed by, seeking their son and their master; the confused noise, the stupid acclamations of the city rising around him to rejoice in having vanquished truth and expelled justice; and the moans of Cedron rolling its waters under his feet, soon destined to behold its city overthrown, and its sources broken up in the ruin of a blind and guilty nation. Could Christ have

chosen a more suitable spot for his tears? could he water with the sweat of his blood a soil more furrowed by miseries, more saturated by griefs, more impregnated with lamentations?

I remounted my horse, and turning my head every instant to see something more of the valley and the city, I climbed in a quarter of an hour the Mount of Olives; every step which my horse took in the path which leads up the Mount, opened to me a new quarter and another building in Jerusalem. I reached the summit crowned by a ruined mosque covering the spot where our Lord ascended to Heaven after his resurrection; I declined a little to the right of this mosque to gain two broken columns lying on the ground at the foot of some olive trees, on a platform which overlooks at once Jerusalem, Sion, and the valley leading to the Dead Sea. The Dead Sea itself shone through the openings in the mountains, whose diversified summits form the outline of the horizon, terminating in the mountains of Arabia. Here I sat down, and this was the scene before me. ———

The Mount of Olives slopes suddenly and rapidly down to the deep abyss called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which separates it from Jerusalem. From the bottom of this sombre and narrow valley, the barren sides of which are every where paved with black and white stones—the funereal stones of death—rises an immense hill, with so abrupt an elevation, that it resembles a fallen rampart; no tree here strikes its roots, no moss even can here fix its filaments; the slope is so steep that the

earth and stones continually roll from it, and it presents to the eye only a surface of dry dust, as if powdered cinders had been thrown upon it from the heights of the city. Towards the middle of this hill or natural rampart, rise high and strong walls of large stones, not externally sawed by the mason, which conceal their Hebrew and Roman foundations beneath the same cinders, and are here from fifty to one hundred, and further on from two to three hundred feet in height. The walls are here cut by three city gates, two of which are fastened up, and the only one open before us seems as void and as desolate as if it gave entrance only to an uninhabited town. The walls rising again beyond this gate sustain a large and vast terrace which runs along two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem on the eastern side, and judging by the eye, may be a thousand feet in length, and five or six hundred in breadth. It is nearly level, except at its centre, where it sinks insensibly, as if to recall to the eye the Valley of Little Depth, which formerly separated the hill of Sion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, prepared no doubt by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime pedestal upon which arose the Temple of Solomon; it now supports two Turkish mosques: the one El-Sakara, in the centre of the platform, on the very spot where the Temple formerly stood; the other at the south-eastern extremity of the terrace, adjoining the walls of the city. The mosque of Omar, or El-Sakara, is a block of stone and marble of immense dimensions,

and admirable Arab architecture; it has eight fronts; each front ornamented by seven arcades terminating in an ogive; above this first order is a terraced roof, whence ascends quite another order of arcades more confined, finished by a graceful dome of copper, formerly gilt. The walls of the building which are enamelled blue, terminate in light Moorish colonades corresponding to the eight gates of the mosque. Beyond these arches, detached from any other edifice, the platforms are continued, one to the northern extremity of the city, and the other to the walls on the south side. Lofty cypresses, scattered as if by accident, some olive trees and green ornamental shrubs, growing here and there between the mosques, set off their elegant architecture and the brilliant colouring of the walls by their pyramidal form and sombre verdure, interposing between the façades of the temples, and the domes of the city. Beyond the platform, the two mosques, and the site of the temple, the whole of Jerusalem is stretched before us, like the plan of a town in relief, spread by an artist upon a table; the eye loses not a roof or a stone. This city is not, as it has been represented, an unshapely and confused mass of ruins and ashes, over which a few Arab cottages are thrown, or a few Bedouin tents pitched; neither is it like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbling walls, where the traveller seeks in vain the shadow of edifices, the trace of streets, the phantom of a city;—but it is a city shining in light and colour! presenting nobly to view her intact and battlemented walls, her blue mosque with

its white colonades, her thousand resplendent domes, from which the rays of the autumnal sun are reflected in a dazzling vapour; the façades of her houses, tinted by time and heat, of the yellow and golden hue of the edifices of Pæstum or of Rome; her old towers, the guardians of her walls, to which neither one stone, one loophole, nor one battlement is wanting; and above all, amidst that ocean of houses, that cloud of little domes which cover them, is a dark elliptical dome, larger than the others, overlooked by another and a white one. These are the churches of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary; from hence they are confounded and appear drowned in the immense labyrinth of domes, edifices, and streets, which encompass them; and one finds it difficult to credit such a situation for Calvary and the Sepulchre; which, according to the ideas we derive from the gospel history, should be placed on a separate hill without the walls, and not in the centre of Jerusalem. The city, confined on the side of Mount Sion, has no doubt enlarged herself on the north to embrace within her circuit those two sites which make her shame and glory, that of the murder of the just man, and the resurrection of the incarnate Deity!

Such is the city from the height of the Mount of Olives! She has no horizon behind her to the west nor to the north. The line of her walls and her towers, the points of her numerous minarets, the arches of her shining domes, stand out in bold relief against the deep blue of an orient sky; and the town, thus exhibited on its broad and elevated plat-

form, seems again to shine in all the antique splendour of its prophecies, or to be only waiting the word to rise in dazzling glory from its seventeen successive ruins, and to be transformed into that New Jerusalem which is to come out of the bosom of the desert, radiant with brightness.

The view is the most splendid that can be presented to the eye, of a city that is no more; for she still seems to exist as one full of life and youth; but on contemplating the scene with more attention, we feel that it is really no more than a fair vision of the City of David and Solomon. No noise arises from her squares and streets, no roads lead to her gates from the east or from the west, from the north or from the south, except a few paths winding among the rocks, on which you meet only half-naked Arabs, some camel-drivers from Damascus, or women from Bethlehem or Jericho, carrying on their heads a basket of raisins from Engaddi, or a cage of doves, to be sold on the morrow under the trebinthuses beyond the city gates.—No one passed in or out; no mendicant even was seated against her curbstones; no sentinel showed himself at her threshold; we saw, indeed, no living object, heard no living sound; we found the same void, the same silence, at the entrance of a city containing thirty-thousand souls, during the twelve hours of the day, as we should have expected before the entombed gates of Pompeii or Herculaneum.

We saw nothing pass the gate of Damascus, except four funeral processions, silently winding their way along the walls to the Turkish cemetery; nor

the gate of Sion, while we were within view, except a poor Christian, who had died in the morning of the plague, and was carried by four grave-diggers to the Grecian burial-place. They passed close by us; stretched the infectious corpse upon the ground, wrapped in its own garments, and in silence commenced digging its last bed under our horses' feet. The earth all around the city was freshly disturbed by similar sepultures, which the plague multiplied daily; and the only sensible noise outside the walls of Jerusalem was the monotonous plaints of the Turkish women bewailing their dead! I know not whether the plague was the only cause of the emptiness of the roads and the profound silence that reigned within and around Jerusalem; but I think not; for the Turks and Arabs turn not away from the inflictions of Omnipotence, which they are convinced may every where reach them, and that there is no road by which to escape.—A sublime idea, but which often leads to the most fatal consequences.

To the left of the platform, the Temple, and the walls of Jerusalem, the hill which supports the city suddenly sinks, stretches itself, and descends in gentle slopes, sometimes broken by terraces of falling stones. On its summit, at some hundred paces from Jerusalem, stand a mosque, and a group of Turkish edifices, not unlike a European hamlet, crowned with its church and steeple. This is Sion! the palace, the tomb of David! the seat of his inspiration and of his joys, of his life and his repose! A spot doubly sacred to me, who have so often felt

my heart touched, and my thoughts rapt by the sweet singer of Israel! the first poet of sentiment! the king of lyrics. Never have human fibres vibrated to harmonies so deep, so penetrating, so solemn. Never has the imagination of poet been set so high, never has its expression been so true. Never has the soul of man expanded itself before man, and before God, in tones and sentiments so tender, so sympathetic, and so heartfelt! All the most secret murmurs of the human heart found their voice, and their note, on the lips and the harp of this minstrel! And if we revert to the remote period when such chants were first echoed on the earth; if we consider that at the same period the lyric poetry of the most cultivated nations sang only of wine, love, war, and the victories of the muses, or of the coursers at the Eleian games, we dwell with profound astonishment on the mystic accents of the prophet-king, who addresses God the Creator, as friend talks to friend; comprehends and adores His wonders, admires His judgments, implores His mercies, and seems to be an anticipatory echo of the evangelic poetry, repeating the mild accents of Christ before they had been heard. Prophet or not, as he is contemplated by the philosopher or the Christian, neither of them can deny the poet-king an inspiration bestowed on no other man! Read Horace or Pindar after a psalm?—For my part I cannot!

I, the feeble poet of an age of silence and decay, had I domesticated at Jerusalem, should have selected for my residence and abiding place, precisely

the spot which David chose for his at Sion. Here is the most beautiful view in all Judea, Palestine or Galilee. To the left lies Jerusalem with its Temple and its edifices, over which the eyes of the king or of the poet might rove at large without his being seen from thence. Before him, fertile gardens descending in steep declivities, lead to the bed of that torrent, in the roar and foam of which he delights. Lower down, the valley opens and extends itself; fig-trees, pomegranates, and olives overshadowing it. On one of these rocks suspended over the rolling tide; in one of these sonorous grottos, refreshed by the breeze and by the murmur of the waters; or at the foot of a trebinthus, ancestor of that which shelters me, the divine poet doubtless awaited those inspirations which he so melodiously poured forth! And why will they not here also visit me, that I might recount in song the griefs of my heart, and of the hearts of all men, in these days of perplexity, even as he sang of his hopes in an era of youth and of faith? Song, alas! no longer survives in the heart of man, for despair sings not! And until some new beam shall descend upon the obscurity of our times, terrestrial lyres will remain mute, and mankind will pass in silence from one abyss of doubt to another, having neither loved nor prayed, nor sang.

But to return to the palace of David. Here the eye rest upon the once verdant and watered Valley of Jehoshaphat; a large opening in the eastern hills conducts it from steep to steep, from height to height, from undulation to undulation, even to

the basin of the Dead Sea, which, in the far distance, reflects the evening sunbeams in its dull and heavy waters, giving, like the thick Venetian chrystal, an unpolished and leaden tint to the light which gleams upon it. This sea is not, however, what the imagination may picture it, a petrified lake amidst a dull and colourless horizon! It resembles one of the most beautiful lakes of Switzerland or Italy as it is seen from hence, reposing its tranquil waters beneath the shadow of the lofty mountains of Arabia (which stretch like the Alps as far as the eye can reach behind its waves), and amidst the projecting, pyramidical, conical, unequal, jagged and sparkling ridges of the most distant mountains of Judea. Such is the view from Sion. We will now proceed.

There is another feature in the landscape of Jerusalem, which I could wish to have indelibly engraven on my memory, although I neither draw nor paint. It is the Valley of Jehoshaphat! That valley, celebrated in the traditions of three religions, in which Jews, Christians, and Mahommedans unite to place the terrible arena of Supreme judgment. That valley which has already witnessed on its confines the grandest scene of the Evangelical drama: the tears, the groans, and the death of Christ! That valley which all the prophets have successively visited, sending forth a cry of bitterness and horror, with which it seems still to vibrate! That valley through which shall one day pour the awful sound of a torrent of souls about to present themselves before their God for final judgment!

Same date.

We returned to the convent of St. John in the desert, without having violated a single condition of the treaty we had concluded with the monks. We were received with a kindness and confidence which affected us; for had we not been men of honour, had one only of our Arabs escaped our vigilance and communicated with those who carried the persons infected with the plague into the very midst of us, we should probably have spread desolation and death throughout the convent.

29th October, 1832.

We departed at five o'clock in the morning from the Desert of St. John, with all our horses, escorts, Abougosh's Arabs, and four horsemen sent by the governor of Jerusalem. We established our camp within two gunshots of the walls, alongside a Turkish burying ground, entirely covered with little tents whither the women come to weep. These tents are filled with women, children, and slaves, carrying baskets of flowers which they plant during the day around the tombs. Our troopers of Naplous entered the city alone to inform the governor of our arrival. Whilst they carried our message, we took off our shoes, our boots, and our cloth socks, which are susceptible of harbouring infection, and in their stead put on Turkish shoes of morocco leather; we also anointed ourselves with oil and garlic, a precaution of my own invention, from its being known at Constantinople, that the

venders and bearers of oil are but little subject to contagion. In about half an hour we saw issuing from the Bethlehem gate, the governor's kiaya, the interpreter of the convent of Latin monks, five or six horsemen habited in brilliant uniforms and carrying canes headed with gold and silver; finally, our own troopers of Naplous, and some young pages also on horseback. We went to meet them; they formed a line around us, and we entered by the Bethlehem gate. The bodies of three persons who had died of the plague in the night, were carried out by it at the same moment, and for an instant we disputed the passage with their bearers under the sombre arch of entrance to the city. Immediately upon clearing this arch, we found ourselves in a crossway composed of little miserable houses, and of some uncultivated gardens, whose walls of inclosure had fallen to decay. We followed for a moment the most considerable road of this crossway, which led us to one or two little streets, sufficiently dark, close, and dirty. We saw nothing moving in these streets, except funeral companies, passing with hurried steps, but who drew up under the walls on our approach, at the command and under the raised bâton of the governor's janissaries; here and there some venders of bread and of fruits sat, covered with rags, on the thresholds of little stalls, with their baskets upon their knees and crying their goods as in the markets of our great cities; and occasionally a veiled female would appear at the wooden grated windows of the house, or a child open the low and gloomy door,

and come forth to purchase the family provisions for the day. Besides these parties we met only a few equestrian Bedouins; not bearing the noble and chivalrous air of the Scheiks of Syria and Lebanon, but with ferocious countenances, the eye of the vulture, and the dress of a bandit; they were mounted on Arabian mares whose feet continually sank into the holes with which the roads of the city abound. Its streets are obstructed with rubbish, accumulated filth, and heaps of linen or cotton rags, of a blue dye, wheeling before the wind like fallen leaves; a contact with which we could by no means avoid, but which are the efficient and ever ready means of communicating the plague in this and other Eastern cities. We spent some time in making the circuit of Jerusalem, but saw nothing in it which could announce it as the dwelling of a people; not one sign of riches, or even of life and motion. The exterior aspect had deceived us, as it had often done before in other cities of Syria and Greece. The most miserable hamlet of the Alps or the Pyrenees, the most neglected alleys of such of our Faubourgs as are given up to the lowest class of the labouring population, exhibit more cleanliness, luxury, and even elegance, than the desolate streets of the Queen of Cities.

Our attention was from time to time arrested by the interpreter of the Latin Convent, who, in pointing out to us a dilapidated Turkish house, an old rotten wooden door, or the ruins of a Moorish window, would observe:—that is the house of Veronica; that is the gate of the Wandering Jew; or

the window of the Judgment Hall: words which could make only a painful impression on our minds, belied as they were by the evidently modern appearance of the objects, and the manifest improbability of these arbitrary designations. These are pious frauds of which nobody is guilty, because nobody knows from whom they are derived; and because they have, perhaps, been repeated for centuries to pilgrims, to the ignorant credulity of whose predecessors they may be originally imputed. The interpreter pointed out to us the roof of his monastery, but we could not obtain admission to the interior, as it is always closed during the prevalence of the plague. A small house, belonging to it, is alone open to strangers, under the charge of the Curate of Jerusalem; it contains but one or two rooms, and, as they were occupied, we declined to go there. We were shown, however, into the little square court of the convent, inclosed within high arched walls, surmounted by terraces. Upon these the monks came out, and conversed a short time with us in Spanish and Italian, but none of them spoke French. Those whom we saw were almost all old men, with mild, venerable, and happy countenances. They received us with cheerfulness and cordiality; and appeared greatly to regret that the existing calamity interdicted all communication with guests exposed as we were to receive and to impart infection. We told them the news of Europe, and they offered us all the assistance of which their situation admitted. A butcher killed some sheep for us in the court; and some new bread was handed

down to us by means of a cord from the top of the terrace. We received from them also, by the same conveyance, a provision of crosses, rosaries, and other pious curiosities, with which their stores are always well furnished; and, in return, remitted to them some alms and letters which their friends in Cyprus and Syria had entrusted to our charge. Every thing which was conveyed from us to them was first submitted to a rigorous fumigation, then plunged into a vessel of cold water, and hoisted at length to the height of the terrace in a copper basin, suspended by a cord. These poor monks appeared much more terrified than we were by the surrounding danger. They had so often experienced that a slight neglect in the observance of their sanitary regulations had speedily carried off an entire convent, that they paid the most faithful attention to them; and could not understand how we could voluntarily, even with satisfaction, throw ourselves into this ocean of contagion—a single drop of which was enough to produce death. The Curate of Jerusalem, on the contrary, being obliged by his profession to share the chances of his parishioners, would willingly have persuaded us that there was no pestilence at all.

After enjoying half an hour's conversation with these monks, the bell summoned them to mass. We made them our grateful acknowledgments, and, in return, they gave us their good wishes for our journey; we sent the viands with which we had been provided to our camp, and left the court of the convent.

Having walked down some other streets, similar to those I have already described, we found ourselves in a little square, open at the north to a point of the heavens and to the Mount of Olives; a descent of a few steps to the left brought us to an open court, in which the *facade* of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was displayed. This church has been so often, and so well described, that it is needless for me to enter upon the subject anew. It forms, especially in its exterior, a vast and beautiful monument of the Byzantine age; its architecture is severe, solemn, grand, and rich, for the period in which it was built; and it is a temple worthy of being erected, by the piety of man, over the tomb of the Son of Man. In comparing this church with others which the same epoch produced, it will be found superior to them all. St. Sophia, much more colossal, is also much ruder in its structure; outwardly it is but a mountain of stone, flanked by little hills of stone: the Holy Sepulchre, on the contrary, presents an ærial and carved cupola; its scientific and graceful figure, with its doors, its windows, its capitals and cornices, displays, in addition to its massiveness, the incalculable cost of that ingenious fret-work, by which stone seems converted into lace, to render it worthy of a place in this monument erected to the grandest of human conceptions; and it bears impressed, no less on its details than on its aggregate effect, the idea to which it is dedicated. It is no longer, indeed, that Church of the Holy Sepulchre constructed by Saint Helena, the mother of Constantine; the

Kings of Jerusalem, successively, retouched it, and embellished it with architectural ornaments in that half Western, half Moorish style, of which the East furnished them both with the taste and with models. But such as it now stands, the exterior, in its Byzantine mass, its Greek, Gothic, and Arabesque decorations—even its fractures, the impress of time and barbarism upon its *facade*—offers no revolting contrast to the thoughts we bring to it, the thoughts it expresses: its aspect excites no painful perception of a grand idea inadequately represented; of an exalting reminiscence profaned by the hand of man: on the contrary, the involuntary feeling inspired by it equals what I expected—man has done his best. The monument is not worthy of the tomb, but it is worthy of the human agents, whose wish has been to do honour to this illustrious sepulchre—and we enter the vaulted and sombre vestibule of the nave under the influence of this first and serious impression.

On the left of the entrance to the vestibule, which opens upon the same court as the nave, in a large deeply hollowed niche, the Turks, the present guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, to whom belongs exclusively the privilege of opening or closing it, have established their divan, which is covered with rich Aleppo carpets; and there, when I passed, were squatted five or six venerable Turkish figures, with long white beards, their coffee cups and pipes placed before them on the carpet. They saluted us with dignity and grace, and ordered one of the superintendants to accompany us to all parts of the

church. I saw no trace in their countenances, their discourse, or their gestures, of the irreverence of which they are accused. They do not enter the church, but content themselves outside its doors, and address Christians with a seriousness and respect becoming the place and the object of visiting it. Possessors, by the vicissitude of war, of the sacred monument of the Christians, they do not destroy it and cast its ashes to the winds; they preserve it, they maintain around it an order, a police, a reverential silence which the Christian communities, who contend for it, are far from observing themselves. They watch over the preservation of a relic common to all who bear the name of Christians, for the benefit of all, that every communion may enjoy in its turn the worship which all would gladly offer at the Holy Tomb. But for the Turks, that tomb, disputed by the Greeks, the Catholics, and the innumerable ramifications of the Christian world, would already have been a hundred times an object of strife between those rival and hostile communities; would have passed alternately into the exclusive possession of either party, and have been interdicted doubtless by each during their hour of triumph, to all professors of the common faith who came not within their own pale. I see no justice in the calumnies heaped upon the Turks; the pretended brutal intolerance with which they are charged, was manifested to my observation only in respect for what other men venerate and adore. Wherever a Mussulman sees the image of God in the opinions of his fellow-creatures, he bows down and he re-

spects, persuaded that the intention sanctifies the form. They are the only tolerant people. Let Christians examine themselves, and ask in sincerity how they would have acted if the fortune of war had placed Mecca and Kaaba in their hands. Would the Turks then resort thither from all parts of Europe and of Asia, to revere, in peace, the carefully preserved monuments of Islamism?

At the end of the vestibule we stood under the large cupola of the church; the centre of which, deemed by local tradition the centre of the earth, is occupied by a small monument enclosed within a larger, as a precious stone is enchased in other minerals; it is an oblong square, adorned with pilasters, a cornice, and a cupola, all of marble; the whole of a laboured and eccentric design, and executed in bad taste. It was rebuilt in 1817, by an European architect, at the expense of the Greek Church now in possession of it. All around this interior pavilion of the sepulchre extends the space of the external cupola, within which we walk freely, and find in the intervals between the piers, chapels of great depth, each assigned to one of the mysteries of Christ's passion; and all containing some testimonies, real or supposed, of the scenes of the Redemption. That part of the church which is not under the cupola is divided from it by a partition of painted wood, hung with pictures of the Greek school, and is exclusively reserved for the schismatic Greeks. In spite of the singular profusion of bad paintings and ornaments of every description, with which the walls and altars are overloaded, the

general effect is solemn and religious; conveying the assurance that prayer under every form has taken possesion of this sanctuary, and that pious zeal has accumulated within it every object which generations of superstitious, but sincere worshippers, have deemed precious in the sight of God. From hence a flight of steps, cut in the rock, conducts to the summit of Calvary, where the three crosses were posted,—so that Calvary, the Tomb, and several other sites of the drama of Redemption, are united under the roof of a single edifice of moderate dimensions; a circumstance that appears but ill to accord with the Gospel histories; we are not prepared by them to find the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which was cut in the rock, outside the walls of Sion, fifty paces from Calvary, the scene of executions, and enclosed within the circumference of the modern walls; but such is tradition, and it has prevailed. The mind cannot dispute over a scene like this the difference of a few paces between historical probability and tradition. Whether it were here or there, it is certain the events occurred at no great distance from the points marked out.—After a few moments of deep and silent meditation devoted in each of these sacred spots to the remembrances awakened, we re-descended to the body of the church, and penetrated within the interior monument which serves as a sort of stone curtain or envelope to the sepulchre itself. This is divided into two small sanctuaries; the first containing the stone on which the angels were seated when they answered the holy women, "*He is not here, he is risen;*" the second

and last sanctuary enclosing the sepulchre itself, but covered with a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, which surrounds and entirely conceals from the eye the actual substance of the primitive rock in which the sepulchre was cut. This sacred chapel is lighted by lamps of gold and silver, perpetually maintained, and perfumed incense is burnt there night and day, warming and embalming the air. We suffered none of the temple officials to penetrate it with us, but entered one by one, separated by a curtain of crimson silk from the first sanctuary; we chose that no witness should disturb the solemnity of the place, and the privacy of the impressions each might experience according to his individual notions, and the measure and nature of his faith in the great event which the Tomb commemorates. We staid each about a quarter of an hour, and none of us left it with dry eyes. Whatever form religious sentiments may have assumed in the soul of man; whether influenced by private meditation, by the study of history, by years, or the vicissitudes of the heart and mind; whether he have retained Christianity in its literal interpretation, and in the doctrines imbibed from his parents, or is only a philosophical and spiritual Christian; whether Christ be to him a crucified God, or no more than a holy man deified by virtue, inspired by supreme truth, and dying to bear testimony to his Father;—whether Jesus be in his eyes the Son of God, or the Son of Man, Divinity incarnate, or Humanity deified; Christianity is still the religion of his memory, of his heart, and of his imagination;

and will not have so wholly evaporated before the winds of time and life as that the soul on which it was shed shall preserve no vestige of its primitive odour, or that its fading impressions can resist the revivifying and awfully affecting influence of its birth-place, and of the visible monuments of its earliest profession. To the Christian or to the philosopher, to the moralist or to the historian, this tomb is the boundary of two worlds, the ancient and the modern. From this point issued a truth that has renewed the universe; a civilization that has transformed all things; a word which has echoed over the whole globe. This tomb is the sepulchre of the old world, the cradle of the new; never was earthly stone the foundation of so vast an edifice; never was tomb so prolific; never did doctrine, inhumed for three days or three centuries, so victoriously rend the rock which man had sealed over it, and give the lie to death by so transcendant, so perpetual a resurrection.

In my turn, and the last, I entered the Holy Sepulchre; my mind filled with these stupendous reflections, my heart touched by impressions yet more sacred, which remain a mystery between man and his soul, between the reasoning insect and his creator. Such impressions admit not of words; they exhale with the smoke of the holy lamps, with the perfume of the censers, with the vague and confused murmur of sighs; they fall with those tears that spring to the eyes from remembrance of the first names we have lisped in infancy—of the father and the mother who inculcated them—of the bro-

thers, the sisters, the friends with whom we have whispered them. All the pious emotions which have affected our souls in every period of life; all the prayers that have been breathed from our hearts and our lips in the name of Him who taught us to pray to his Father and to ours; all the joys and griefs of which those prayers were the interpreters, are awakened in the depth of the soul; and produce by their echoes, by their very confusion, a bewildering of the understanding, and a melting of the heart, which seek not language, but transpire in moistened eyes, a heaving breast, a prostrate forehead, and lips glued in silence to the sepulchral stone. Long did I remain in this posture, supplicating the Father of Heaven, in that very spot from whence the most pathetic and comprehensive of prayers ascended for the first time to His throne; praying for my father here below, for my mother in another world, for all those who live or are no more, but our invisible link with whom is never dissolved; the communion of love always exists; the names of all the beings I have known and loved, or by whom I have been beloved, passed my lips on the stones of the Holy Sepulchre. I prayed last for myself, but ardently and devoutly. Before the tomb of Him who brought the greatest portion of truth into the world, and died with the greatest self-devotion for that truth of which God has made Him the Word, I prayed for truth and courage. Never can I forget the words which I murmured in that hour, so critical to my moral life. Perhaps my prayer was heard; a bright ray of reason and con-

viction diffused itself through my understanding, giving me more clearly to distinguish light from darkness, error from truth. There are moments in the life of man, in which his thoughts, long fluctuating like the waves of a bottomless sea in vague uncertainty, touch at length upon a shore against which they break, and roll back upon themselves with new forms, and a current contrary to that which has hitherto impelled them. Was such a moment then mine? He who sounds all thoughts knows, and the time will perhaps come when I shall comprehend it. It was a mystery in my life which will hereafter be made plain.

Same date.

On leaving the church of the Holy Sepulchre, we followed the Via Dolorosa, of which M. de Chateaubriand has given so poetical an itinerary. Here is nothing striking, nothing verified, nothing even probable. Ruined houses, of modern construction, are everywhere exhibited to the pilgrims by the monks as incontestible vestiges of the various stations of Christ. The eye cannot even doubt; all confidence in these local traditions is annihilated beforehand by the history of the first years of Christianity, where we read that Jerusalem no longer retained *one stone upon another*, and that Christians were for many years exiled from the city. Some pools, and the tombs of her kings, are the only memorials Jerusalem retains of her past eventful story: a few sites alone can be recognized; as that of the Temple, indicated by its terraces, and

now bearing the large and magnificent mosque of Omar-el-Sakara: Mount Sion, occupied by the Armenian convent, and the tomb of David; and it is only with history in one's hand, and with a doubting eye, that the greater part of these can be assigned with any degree of precision. Except the terraced walls in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, no stone bears its date in its form or colour; all is in ashes, or all is modern. The mind wanders in uncertainty over the horizon of the city, not knowing where to rest; but the city itself, designated by the circumscribed hill on which it stood, by the different valleys which encircled it, and especially by the deep Valley of Cedron, is a monument which no eye can mistake. There, truly, was Sion seated; a singular and unfortunate site for the capital of a great nation: it is rather the natural fortress of a small people, driven from the earth, and taking refuge with their God and their Temple on a soil that none could have an interest in disputing with them; on rocks which no roads can render accessible; amidst valleys destitute of water, in a rough and sterile climate; its only prospect, mountains calcined by the internal fire of volcanoes—the mountains of Arabia and Jericho, and an infectious lake, without shore or navigation—the Dead Sea. Such is Judea! Such the site of a people whose destiny it has been to be proscribed in almost all periods of their history, and with whom the nations have disputed even their capital, thrown like an eagle's nest, on the summit of a group of mountains: yet this people was the chosen depositary of the

great truth of the Divine Unity, a truth, the inherent importance of which was itself sufficient to distinguish them from all other people, and to make them proud of their proscriptions, and confident in their doctrines of Providence.

Same date.

After making a tour of the different quarters of the city, all as bare, as miserable, as dismantled, as those through which we had entered, we descended on the side of the famous mosque which has replaced Solomon's Temple; adjoining the gardens and walls of which is the seraglio of the governor of Jerusalem, to whom we paid our visit of thanks.

The court of the seraglio is surrounded by dungeons, at whose grated windows appeared the figures of some bandits from Jericho and Samaria, awaiting there either their deliverance or a stroke of the pacha's sabre. Horsemen lying at the feet of their steeds, sheiks from the desert, and Arabs from Naplous, waited in groups upon the steps, or under the sheds, for the hour of the divan. The governor, informed of our arrival, sent a message, desiring to see us, by his son, about thirty years of age, the handsomest Arab, perhaps the handsomest man, I have ever seen. We were all struck by the strength of character, grace, intelligence, and mildness, harmoniously blended in his countenance, and sparkling from his blue eye. He is a Samaritan, and the governor of Jerusalem, his father, the most powerful of the Arabs of Naplous. Persecuted by Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, and frequently at war

with him, he had been compelled, during the domination of the Turks, to retreat with his family into the mountains beyond the Dead Sea; but Ibrahim Pacha's victory over Abdallah had recalled him to his country, where he had recovered both his wealth and influence, and put his enemies to flight. Though the Pacha of Egypt, to supply the deficiency of his Egyptian troops in Judea, had confided to him the government of Samaria and Jerusalem, his whole force consisted of a few hundred horsemen of his own tribe, by whose aid, however, he not only maintained order, but also the dominion of Ibrahim over all the neighbouring people.

We entered the divan, a large saloon, with no other ornament than some carpets or mats, pipes, and cups of coffee on the ground. The governor, surrounded by a great number of slaves and armed Arabs, with some secretaries kneeling and writing on their hands, was employed in administering justice, and despatching orders. He rose on our approach, and advanced to meet us; ordering the carpets, which might communicate the plague, to be removed, and Egyptian mats substituted, as they are not conductors of contagion. We took our seats, and were presented with pipes and coffee. My drogueman made the usual compliments to the governor, in my name, and I personally thanked him for the pains he had taken to enable us, strangers as we were, to visit without danger places consecrated by our religion. He answered with an obliging smile, that he had only fulfilled his duty: that Ibrahim's friends were his, and that he was

answerable for every hair of their heads; that he not only willingly did what he had done for me, but was ready, at my desire, to accompany me in person with his troops, wherever, within the limits of his government, curiosity or piety might inspire me with a wish to go; such being the Pacha's orders. He then inquired from us news of the war, and of the part taken by the European powers in the fortunes of Ibrahim. My reply was of a nature to give him satisfaction: I told him that Europe admired in Ibrahim Pacha a civilizing conquerer, and in that character warmly interested herself in his victories; that it was time the benefits of an improved administration should be participated by the East; that the Pacha of Egypt was the armed missionary of European civilization in Arabia; that Ibrahim's bravery, and the tactics he had borrowed from us, made his triumph over the Grand Vizier, then advancing to meet him in Caramania, certain; that in all probability he would there obtain a signal victory, and march upon Constantinople; that he would not enter that city, because the European powers would not yet permit him to do so; but that he would conclude a peace under their mediation, and would retain Arabia and Syria in permanent sovereignty.—These sentiments touched the heart of the old rebel of Naplous; his eyes drank in my words, and his son and friends inclined their heads over mine, that they might lose no syllable of a conversation which augured for them a long and peaceable dominion in Syria. Seeing the governor so favourably disposed, I signified my

desire, not for admission into the mosque of Omar, aware that this would be contrary to the customs of the country, but for a near view of its exterior. "If you require it," said he, "all shall be open to you, but I should expose myself to the risk of grievously irritating the Mussulmans of the city; they are still ignorant, and believe that the presence of a Christian within the precincts of the mosque would be perilous to them, because a prophecy says, that whatever a Christian may ask of God in the interior of El-Sakara he shall obtain; and they have no doubt that the petition of a Christian to his God would be the extermination of Mussulmans and the ruin of their religion. For my own part," added he, "I believe nothing of the matter; all men are brothers, and all adore, in their several languages and forms, the common Father, who bestows nothing on one party at the expense of another, but makes His sun to shine upon the adorers of all the prophets. Men know nothing, but God knows all things; Alla Kerim, God is great!" and he bowed his head smiling.—"God forbid!" said I, "that I should abuse your hospitality and expose you to danger, to satisfy the vain curiosity of a traveller! Although, were I in the mosque of El-Sakara, I should not pray for the extermination of any people, but for the happiness and enlightenment of all the children of Alla." At these words we rose, and he led us through a corridor to a window overlooking the exterior courts of the mosque. The entire outline was not so well defined from this spot as from the top of the Mount of Olives: but

the walls of the cupolæ; some Moorish porticos of elegant architecture, and the tips of the cypresses growing in the interior gardens were discernible. I then took leave of the governor, announcing my intention of encamping for eight or ten days in the environs of the city, and of setting out on the morrow to explore the Dead Sea, Jordan, Jericho, and as far as the foot of the mountains of Arabia Petræa; that I should several times visit the interior of Jerusalem, as I had done to-day; and that I had nothing to ask of him, beyond a sufficient number of horsemen to guarantee our safety during the different excursions we proposed making in Judea. We left Jerusalem by the same gate of Bethlehem near which our tents were pitched that day, and in the evening finished our inspection of all the other consecrated or remarkable sites around the city walls.

Same date.

I passed the evening in making a tour of the Slopes stretching south of Jerusalem, between the tomb of David and the Valley of Jehoshaphat; the only side of the city presenting the smallest appearance of vegetation. At sun-set I seated myself opposite to the Mount of Olives, four or five hundred paces above the fountain of Silhoa; nearly on the spot where once bloomed the gardens of David. Jehoshaphat was at my feet; the lofty walls and terraces of the Temple a little above my level to the left; in view the tips of those beautiful cypresses that rear their pyramidical heads over the

porticoes of the mosque El-Sakara, and the domes of the orangery covering the fine fountain of the Temple called the Fountain of the Orangery; which name reminds me of one of the most delightful of oriental legends, invented, transmitted, or preserved by the Arabs, detailing the circumstances which dictated Solomon's selection of a site for the Temple. Here it is:—

"Jerusalem was a ploughed field, and the ground on which the Temple now stands, the joint inheritance of two brothers; one of whom was married and had several children, the other lived a bachelor. They cultivated in common the field which had devolved on them in right of their mother; at harvest time, the two brothers bound up their sheaves, and made of them two equal stacks, which they left upon the field. During the night a good thought presented itself to the younger; 'My brother,' said he to himself, 'has a wife and children to maintain; it is not just that our shares should be equal, let me then take a few sheaves from my stack, and secretly add them to his; he will not perceive it, and therefore cannot refuse them.' This project the young man immediately executed. That night the elder awoke, and said to his wife, 'My brother is young, and lives alone, without a companion to assist him in his labours and console him under his fatigues; it is not just that we should take from the field as many sheaves as he does; let us get up and secretly go and carry a certain number of sheaves to his stack: he will not find it out to-morrow, and therefore cannot refuse them;' and they did so

accordingly. The next day both brothers went to the field, and each was much surprised to find the two stacks alike; neither being able in his own mind to account for the prodigy. They pursued the same course for several successive nights, but as each carried to his brother's stack the same number of sheaves, the stacks still remained equal, till one night both determining to stand sentinel to elucidate the mystery, they met, each bearing the sheaves destined for his brother's stack.

"Now the spot where so beautiful a thought at once occurred to, and was so perseveringly acted upon by two men, must be a place agreeable to God; and men blessed it, and chose it whereon to build a house to His name."

How charming is this tradition! How it breathes the unaffected benevolence of patriarchal morals! How simple, primeval, and natural is the inspiration leading men to consecrate to God a spot on which virtue has germinated upon earth! I have heard among the Arabs a hundred legends of the same description. The air of the Bible is breathed all over the East.

The aspect of the Valley of Jehoshaphat corresponds with the destination which Christian opinion has assigned to it. It resembles one vast sepulchre, though still too narrow for the tides of human kind which should be there accumulated. Itself possessing as tumular landmarks the pyramidical tombs of Jehoshaphat and Absalom cut in the living rock, it is overlooked on all sides by funereal monuments; closed in at its southern extremity by the rock of

Silhoa, which, pierced all over with sepulchral caves, has the appearance of a huge hive of death; shadowed on one side by the dark outline of the Mount of Offence, and on the other by the crumbling ramparts of the Temple; such a place is naturally impregnated with holy horror, early destined to become the *Gemoniæ* of a great city, and to present itself to the imagination of the prophets as the scene of Death, Resurrection and Judgment. We picture to ourselves the Valley of Jehoshaphat as a vast enclosure of mountains, through which the broad black torrent of Cedron pours its lugubrious waters with murmurs of lamentation, opening spacious gorges to the four winds to afford passage to four torrents of the dead sweeping along from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south; the colossal piles of the mountains ranging themselves tier above tier in an amphitheatre, to make room for the innumerable children of Adam congregating to bear each his part in the final consummation of the great human Drama; but the reality is far different. The Valley of Jehoshaphat is nothing more than a natural trench hollowed between two mounds, on one of which stands Jerusalem, while the other is crowned by the Mount of Olives; the ramparts of Jerusalem rolling into ruins, would nearly suffice to fill it; not a pass is to be found; Cedron, which springs from the rising ground a few paces above the Valley, is nothing more than a brook formed by the accumulation of waters from the winter rains, in some olive plantations below the tombs of the kings; it is crossed by

a bridge of a few paces length, facing one of the gates of Jerusalem in the middle of the valley, which at that point does not exceed its stream in breadth. The river itself, almost destitute of water, may be better described as a dry shelving bed of white pebbles forming the bottom of the ravine. The Valley of Jehoshaphat, in short, exactly resembles the entrenchments of some large fortified city into which the overflowings of the city sewers discharge their defilements, where some of the poorer inhabitants of the suburbs dispute with the ramparts the property of a corner of land for cultivating a few vegetables, or where loose goats and asses browse, upon the steep banks, a spare herbage stained with filth and dust. Sow such a spot with sepulchral stones appertaining to every earthly form of worship, and you will have before your eyes the Valley of Judgment.

Same date.

Here is the fountain of Silhoa, the only spring of the valley—the source of inspiration to kings and prophets. I cannot understand how so many travellers have had difficulty in discovering it, and are still at issue upon the site it occupied; for here it is, not to be mistaken; its full, limpid and delicious spring pouring the refreshing breath of waters through the burning and dust-impregnated air of the valley; dug to the depth of twenty steps into the rock upon which stood the palace of David, its arch composed of blocks of stone, polished by the lapse of centuries, their crevices carpeted with damp

mosses and eternal ivy. The steps, worn by the feet of the women, who come from the village of Silhoa to fill their pitchers at the fountain, are shining as marble. I descended and sat myself down for a moment upon those cool slabs, listening that I might ever carry the sound in my remembrance to the soft ripple of the spring. I washed my hands and forehead in the waters; and repeated the lines of Milton to invoke for myself his inspiration so long silent. This is the only spot in the vicinity of Jerusalem where the traveller can moisten his finger, quench his thirst, or rest his head under the welcome shade of rocks, and of two or three tufts of verdure. A few diminutive gardens planted with pomegranates and other shrubs by the Arabs of Silhoa, surround the fountain with pastures of pale verdure which are nourished by the overflowing of the stream. It is here that the Valley of Jehoshaphat terminates; below, a gently sloping plain carries the eye towards the wide and deep gorges of the volcanic mountains of Jericho and St. Saba; and the Dead Sea forms the horizon.

Banks of the River Jordan beyond the Plain of Jericho, at some leagues from the entrance of the River in the Dead Sea.

Set out, the 30th of October, from Jerusalem at seven in the morning, with all my caravan, comprising six soldiers of Ibrahim Pacha; the nephew of Abougosh and four of his horsemen; and eight Arab horsemen of Naplous sent by the Governor

of Jerusalem. We made the circuit of the town, and descended to the bottom of the valley of Jehosaphat; we retraced the whole length of the Mount of Olives, leaving at our right the *mons offensionis*, and traversed at its southern extremity the chain of heights which form a succession to the Mount of Olives.

Arrived at the village of Bethulia, still peopled by a few Arab families, we observed the remains of a Christain temple. Here, there is a delicious spring; the Arabs drew water during an hour, to refresh our horses, and fill our jars, which were suspended to the saddles of our mules; there is no more water to be found till we reach Jericho, a march of ten or twelve hours. We left Bethulia at four in the afternoon, descending a broad road formed by art in the rugged sides of the mountains which continually succeed each other. This, presenting the only trace of a road that I saw in the East, is the road to Jericho, and to the fertile plains watered by the Jordan: it led to the possessions of the tribes of Israel, who had the course of this river and the plain of Tiberias divided amongst them, up to the environs of Tyre and to the foot of Lebanon. It led also into Arabia and Mesopotamia, and thereby into Persia and India, in which country, Solomon had established great commercial relations. It was doubtless he who formed this road. It was by these valleys likewise, the Jewish people passed for the first time, when they descended from Arabia Petræa, crossed the Jordan, and possessed themselves of their inheritance.

On quitting Bethulia, there is no longer either a

dwelling or a place of cultivation to be seen; the mountains are completely destitute of vegetation; they are, indeed, barren rocks, or are covered with a blackish rocky cinder, which the wind ploughs up and scatters like a funereal shroud over the surface. From time to time these mountains have cracked and split into narrow abysses, where no pathway is found, and where the eye can discover nothing but an eternal repetition of the self-same scene. All the heights have a volcanic appearance; the masses which have been rolled down their sides, and on the road, by the torrents of winter, resemble blocks of lava, hardened and cracked by the progress of ages; one even perceives here and there in the distance on some skirts of rock, that light, yellow, sulphurous tint, which is seen upon Vesuvius and Etna. It is impossible to struggle long against the impression of sadness and horror which this scene inspires; the heart is afflicted, and the eye wearied by it. When the summit of one height is attained, and the horizon momentarily expands, as far as the eye can reach, it rests on nothing but a black chain of hills, whose truncated and mutilated peaks are heaped upon each other, and exhibit a savage outline relieved against the deep blue of the firmament. Thus, it is a boundless labyrinth of rocky avenues of every form, torn, split, and jagged into gigantic heaps; attached to each other by some rough links and divided at intervals by frightful ravines, where one might hope at least to hear the rushing of a torrent, but where nothing except silence reigns; where neither herb, shrub, moss nor plant

is to be found! the ruins of a calcined world! the boiling upward of a mighty melting globe, whose bubbling has subsided into the form of billows of rocks and earthy stone.

At six, we discovered in the depths of a ravine, the walls of a ruined caravansera, and a little spring protected by a wall, on which were carved some sentences of the Koran; the spring only gives its waters drop by drop, into the basin of stone beneath it; our Arabs applied their lips to it in vain; we gave our horses a moment's rest in the shade of the caravansera; we had descended for so long a time that we thought ourselves on the level of the Plain of Jericho and of the Dead Sea; we again set forward already overpowered by the heat and the fatigues of the day. Our Arab horsemen flattered us with the hope of being at Jericho in a few hours, but the daylight diminished every instant, and the twilight added new horrors to those of the scenery that invested us.

After another hour's march in the hollow of the ravine, we found ourselves again on the rugged steeps of a new chain of mountains, which seemed, at length, the last that separated us from the Plain of Jericho; the darkness of night had totally obscured the horizon: we had but just enough light to distinguish at our feet those bottomless precipices whereinto the least false step of our horses would have inevitably rolled us. Our jars were emptied, and we were parched with thirst. One of the Samaritans having told our drogueman that he knew of a spring in the neighbourhood, we decide on halt-

ing where we are, that he might seek this water; after waiting half an hour he returns without discovering it; we must proceed; we have still four hours' route to accomplish; we place the Arabs of Naplous at the head of the caravan, each horseman having the strictest orders to follow step by step the one who precedes him, without losing the trace of his foot; the most profound silence reigns through all the band: the darkness is such that it is impossible to distinguish even the horses' heads; each man follows his companion by the sound of his steps. At every instant the whole caravan is stopped, because the leading horsemen *sound* their path, lest all should be precipitated into the abyss: we all alight from our horses, the better to feel our way; we are constantly stopped by the cries that issue from the front or rear of the caravan.—A horse slips, a man falls; we are often on the point of pausing altogether, and awaiting there, in perfect stillness, the passing of this long and fearful night;—but the leaders advance, and we must advance also. After three hours passed in this state of anxiety, we hear loud cries and musket shots at the head of the caravan. Supposing that the Arabs of Jericho have attacked us, each prepares to fire at hazard; but, one by one, we learn that it is the Naplousiens who fire and shout, to signalize our having passed the dangerous path. The road grows smoother under our feet. I prepare to remount: my young Arabian courser, smelling water at a distance, becomes restive, and, by his resistance, precipitates himself and me into the ra-

vine: the darkness is such that no one perceives us. Not having lost hold of the bridle, I succeed in mounting, and, abandoning the animal to his natural instinct, he sets off, neighing, in a rapid gallop, and only stops on the banks of a stream—wide, shallow, and bordered by thorny shrubs—to slake his thirst in the pure waters. At my left, I hear the cries and firing of the Arabs, who have discovered my absence, and seek me in the plain. I see a fire sparkling through the branches. Directing my steed towards it, in a few minutes more I find myself at the door of my tent, just planted on the banks of this same stream. It is midnight: we eat a piece of bread, dipped in the water, and lie down to sleep, not knowing where we are, and wondering by what prodigy we had passed all at once from our late frightful solitude on the dry and barren mountain, to the smiling borders of a stream, which, seen by the light of our torches, and the fire of the Arabs, appears like a brook of the Alps, with its curtain of willows, and its tufts of rushes and cresses.

If Tasso had, as M. de Châteaubriand pretends, been inspired by the scenes themselves in writing his "Jerusalem Delivered" (and I avow that, greatly as I admire Tasso, I cannot praise him in this respect; for it is hardly possible to have less felt the sites, and more falsified the manners of the Holy Land, than he has done: yet, what imports the sites and manners of the country—poetry is of the heart, and relates not to sites and manners): if, I say, he really had been thus inspired, it is, no

doubt, upon the borders of this streamlet that he would have placed his Herminia flying on her courser, abandoned to his will; and where she would have met the shepherd of Arcadia, not Arabia, of whom he gives us such an exquisite description. We were awakened, as she was, by the music of a thousand birds, singing in the branches of the trees, and by the murmurings of the water over its bed of pebbles. We quitted our tents to reconnoitre the site whereupon the darkness had thrown us. The mountains of Judea, which we had traversed during the night, were to the east, about a league distant from our camp: their chain, always sterile and rugged, extended to the north and south, as far as the sight could reach; and from distance to distance we perceived wide passes opening on the plain, and from which the nocturnal vapours issued like a flood, spreading themselves in sheets of fog on the undulated sands of the shores of Lake Asphaltite. To the west, a broad desert of sand divided us from the borders of the Jordan (which was imperceptible), from the Dead Sea, and from the blue mountains of Arabia Petrea. These mountains, seen at this hour and at this distance, seemed, from the playing shadows on their heights and in their valleys, to be spotted with cultivation, and shaded by immense forests; and in the white ravines, which cut into their sides, imitated, most correctly, the falling and the dazzling spray of the waters of a cascade. But there was nothing real: when I approached I found that they presented the same desolate and barren aspect as the mountains of Judea

Around us, all was cool and smiling, though uncultivated. Water indeed animates everything, even the desert itself; and the light shrubs which were scattered like artificial groves, in groups of three or four, upon the banks, reminded us of some of the most lovely of the sites that we had previously witnessed.

We mounted our horses; we ought to be only an hour's distance from Jericho, but could see neither walls, nor smoke in the plain; and we hardly knew which way we should direct our steps, when about thirty Bedouin Arabs, mounted upon superb horses, appeared between the hillocks of sand, and advanced, their horses capering and snorting, towards us. It was the scheik, and principal inhabitants of Jericho, who had been informed of our approach by an Arab of the governor of Jerusalem, and were come to seek us in the desert, and form an addition to our suite. We only knew the Arabs of the Desert of Jericho, by the renown they have throughout Syria for ferocity and brigandage, and we were hardly aware, at the first moment, whether they came to us as friends or enemies, but nothing in their conduct during the several days they remained with us, denoted the smallest ill intention on their part; subdued by the terrors of the name of Ibrahim, whose emissaries they supposed we were, they offered us of everything which the country produced—the freedom of the desert, the water of their fountains, and a little barley and doura to feed our horses. I thanked the scheik and his friends for the escort they offered us: they joined

our troop, and riding here and there on our flanks, appeared and disappeared amidst the hillocks of sand, with the rapidity of lightning. I remarked amongst them a horse admirable for form and fleetness, rode by the brother of the scheik, and I desired my drogueman to buy it for me at any price; but as such an offer could not be made directly, without a sort of outrage to the delicacy of the possessor of the animal, some days of negociation were necessary before he was transferred to me. He was so ultimately, however, and then I realized my wish of giving him as a present to my daughter.

JERICHO.

After an hour's march, we found ourselves unexpectedly beneath the ramparts of Jericho. These ramparts are real walls twenty feet in height, by from fifteen to twenty feet broad, and are formed of faggots of thorns piled one upon the other, and arranged with admirable industry, so as to stop the way against either man or beast;—fortifications certainly not to be shaken down by the sound of a trumpet; but which a spark from a shepherd's fire, or the foxes of Sampson, would destroy. This fortress of dried thorns has two or three large gates, always open, and where the Arab sentinels keep watch during the night. In passing before these gates, we saw on the flat roofs of some mud huts, all the women and children of this City of the

Desert collected and grouped together in the most picturesque position to see us pass. These women, whose only covering was a piece of blue cotton fastened round their waists with leather belts, had their arms and legs encircled by numerous bracelets of gold or silver. Their curling hair flowed over their necks and shoulders; some of them had platted, and interwoven it with an immense profusion of piastres and sequins, which fell like a cuirasse on their backs and bosoms. There were some amongst them who were remarkably handsome, but they had none of that air of softness, that timid, modest, yet voluptuous languor of the women of Syria. They indeed can scarcely be called *women*, but rather female barbarians. They have in their eyes and attitudes the same audacity, the same ferocity, as the Bedouins. Amongst them were many negresses, who did not appear to be slaves. The Bedouins espouse alike negresses and whites; the difference in colour making no distinction of rank: these females uttered savage cries of laughter, on seeing us pass. The men, on the contrary, appeared to reprove the indiscretion of their curiosity, and exhibited toward us more gravity and respect.

Not far from these walls of thorns, we passed in front of two or three houses of the scheiks, built of mud, dried in the sun: these houses are but a few feet in height, and the terrace, covered with mats or carpeting, is the principal apartment of the family, who pass there both night and day. Before the door is a wide bench of dried mud, whereon

a carpet is spread for the chief. Here he takes his seat in the early part of the morning, surrounded by his slaves, and is visited by his friends. Pipes and coffee are taken here unceasingly. An extensive court filled with horses, camels, goats, and cows, surrounds the house; there are always two or three fine mares kept ready saddled and bridled for the chief's amusement. We stopped a short time before the mud palace of the scheik, who gave us water, coffee, and pipes, and had a calf and several sheep killed for our caravan; we also received presents of doura, corn roasted, of poultry, and of pastiques.

Having started again, preceded by the scheik, and fifteen or twenty of the principal Arabs of the city, we found some well-cultivated fields of maize and of doura in the environs of Jericho, with several gardens of orange-trees and pomegranates. Some fine palm-trees also encircle the houses that are scattered round the city;—then all becomes again a sandy desert.

This desert is an enormous plain, disposed in numerous sections, which descend progressively to the banks of the Jordan by regular steps, like those of a natural staircase. The eye at first sees nothing but a level tract; but after marching for an hour, we find ourselves all at once on the edge of a terrace, which is descended by a rapid slope. Again, an hour's march, then again another slope, and so on in succession. The soil consists of a hard white sand, which is covered by a concrete saline crust, produced no doubt by the fogs of the

Dead Sea, which, in evaporating, leave this saline deposit; there is neither stone nor earth, except on nearing the mountains, or the borders of a river. One sees a vast and extended horizon, and can at an enormous distance distinguish an Arab galloping on the plain. As the desert is the theatre of their brigandage, and of the pillage and massacre of the caravans, that journey from Jerusalem to Damascus, or from Mesopotamia into Egypt, the Arabs have taken advantage of some natural hillocks formed by the moving sands, and have also themselves raised several artificial ones, in which to hide themselves and look out for the caravans at a distance; they dig down into the sand on the summit of the hillock, and there bury themselves with their horses. The moment they perceive their prey, they dart off with the rapidity of the falcon, and inform their tribe, returning in company to the attack. This is their sole occupation, their highest glory; the extent of their civilization consists in murder and robbery, and they attach as much value to success in this kind of exploit as our conquerors do to the subjugation of a province. Their poets—for they have poets—celebrate in their verses these scenes of barbarism, and thus transmit from generation to generation the honoured remembrance of their courage and their crimes. Their horses also have a part in the glory of these recitals; here is one that the son of the scheik related to us as we journeyed on:—

"An Arab and his tribe had attacked a caravan of Damascenes in the Desert. The victory was

complete, and the Arabs were already occupying themselves in arranging their rich booty, when the cavalry of the Pacha of Acre, who were sent to meet the caravan, fell at once on the victorious ravagers, killed a vast number, and made prisoners of the rest, whom they bound with cords and led off to Acre as a present to the pacha. Abou-el-Masch, the name of the Arab chief, had received a ball in his arm during the combat; as the wound was not mortal, the Turks had fastened him upon a camel, and having seized upon his horse, led both on the way. The evening of the day they were to have reached Acre they encamped with their prisoners amid the mountains of Saphadt.

"The wounded Arab had his legs fastened by a leather strap, and was stretched near the tent where the Turks were sleeping. During the night, being kept awake through the anguish of his wound, he heard the neighing of his horse amongst the other steeds fastened round the tents, according to the custom of the Orientals. He recognized its voice! and unable to resist the desire of speaking once more to the companion of his life, he painfully dragged himself along the ground, and succeeded, on his hands and knees, in reaching his beloved courser. 'Poor valued friend,' said he, 'what will become of thee amongst the Turks? Thou wilt be imprisoned under the ceiling of a khan with the horses of an aga, or a pacha; no more will the women and the children carry thee the camel's milk, and grains of barley and of doura in the palms of their hands; no more wilt thou

gallop freely in the Desert, like the wind of Egypt; no more will thy broad chest divide the waters of Jordan, or thy sleek skin be refreshed by them, white as thy foam; at least, though I am become a slave, be thou free as air: there! go! return to the tent thou knowest; go, tell my wife that Abou-el-Masch will behold her no more; and pass thy head between the curtains of the tent to lick the hands of my little ones.' Thus saying, Abou-el-Masch gnawed with his teeth the cord of goat's hair with which the Arabs fetter their horses. The animal was free! but seeing his wounded master in bonds at his feet, the intelligent and faithful courser, with that natural instinct which no language could have explained to him, bowed down his head and smelt his master, then seizing him with his teeth by the leather belt round his waist, set off on the full gallop and carried him even to his tents. Having reached them, and thrown his master on the sand at the feet of his wife and children, the noble horse expired with fatigue. All the tribe wept over him; the poets sang his praises; and his name is honoured, from tongue to tongue, by the Arabs of Jericho."

We, Europeans, have no idea of the extent of intelligence and attachment to which the habit of living with the family, of being caressed by the children, fed by the women, and encouraged or reprimanded by the voice of the master, can raise the natural instinct of the Arabian horse. The race is of itself more sagacious and more tameable than that of our climates; and this is the same with

other animals in Arabia; nature itself has endowed them with a higher degree of instinct, and a closer fraternity with man, than in our countries. They seem to retain some remembrance of Eden, where they voluntarily submitted themselves to the dominion of man, the king of nature. I have often, in Syria, seen birds caught in the morning by the children, and perfectly tame by evening; having need neither of cage nor string to retain them with the family that had adopted them, but fluttering freely amongst the orange and mulberry-trees of the garden, coming when called, and perching of their own accord on the children's fingers, or the heads of the young girls. The horse I had bought of the Scheik of Jericho, and which I rode, knew me as his master in a few days: he would no longer suffer another to mount him, but would break through the whole caravan to come at my call, though my voice and language were foreign to him: gentle and kind to me, and soon accustomed to the attention of my Arabs, he marched peacefully and quietly in his place in the caravan so long as he saw only Turks, or Syrians, or Arabs dressed like Turks; but when, even a year after, he saw a Bedouin mounted on a horse of the Desert, he became in an instant another animal. His eyes flashed fire, his neck grew inflated, his tail lashed like whips upon his flanks, he reared on his hind legs, and marched in this way for some minutes under the weight of the saddle and his rider. He did not neigh, but uttered a warlike cry, like that of a brazen trumpet; a cry that frightened all the other

horses, and caused them to arrest their steps and dress up their ears to listen to him.

Same date.

After a five hours' march, during which the stream seemed to me to get further and further from us, we arrived at the last ledge, at the foot of which we were to find it; but though at a distance from it of only two or three hundred paces we saw nothing but the desert and the plain in front, without a single trace of valley or of stream. I imagine it is this illusion that has caused some travellers to say and think, that the Jordan rolls its muddy waters in a bed of pebbles between banks of sand in the Desert of Jericho. Those travellers had not been able to attain the river, and seeing from a distance one vast sea of sand, they could not fancy that a cool, deep, shady, and delicious *oasis* was hollowed between the platforms of this monotonous desert, and invested the full waves and murmuring bed of Jordan with curtains of verdure that the Thames itself might envy. This is the truth, however. We were first confounded by it, then charmed. When arrived on the edge of the last platform, which terminates very abruptly, we had before our eyes one of the loveliest vallies that ever was beheld—we rushed down into it at full gallop, attracted by the novelty of the spectacle, and by the moisture, coolness, and shade that reigned within it; it was one continued grass-plat of the brightest green, where here and there grew tufts of rushes in blossom, and bulbous plants, whose

large and brilliant corollas enamelled the grass and the foot of the trees with stars of every colour. There were groves of tall and slender shrubs, whose branches fell back like plumes over their numerous trunks; lofty Persian poplars, with light foliage, not rising into pyramids like ours, but spreading their branches freely on every side, as nervous as the oak, and with bark which glittered smooth and white in the changing rays of the morning sun; forests of willow of every species; and tall osiers so thick that it was impossible to penetrate them, so closely were they interwoven by innumerable liane plants (a sort of convolvolus), which crept round their roots, and, twisting from stem to stem, formed an inextricable network between them.

These forests extended as far as we could see, along the sides, and on both shores of the river. We were obliged to alight from our horses, and establish our camp in one of the glades of the forest, to penetrate on foot to the edge of the Jordan, which we heard, but did not yet see. We advanced with difficulty, sometimes in the thick brushwood, sometimes in the long grass, and sometimes through the tall stems of the rushes. At length we found a spot where grass alone bordered the edge of the water, and here we dipped our hands and feet in the flood. It might be from a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet wide; its depth appeared considerable, and its course as rapid as that of the Rhone at Geneva; its waters are of a pale blue colour, slightly tinged by the mixture of grey earths which it flows over and scoops up, and great

masses of which we heard to give way from time to time. The banks are perpendicular, but filled up to the rushes and trees which cover them. These trees are continually undermined by the water, and frequently hang over it; they are therefore often uprooted, and wanting sufficient support for their weight in the earth, they lean over the stream with all their branches, and all their leaves, which dip into it, and stretch like verdant arches from one side to the other. Occasionally one of these trees is carried away, with the portion of soil that it grows on, and floats in full leaf down the stream, its liane plants torn up and twisting amidst its branches, its nests under water, and its birds still perched upon its sprays. We saw several of these pass during the few hour that we rested in this charming oasis. The forest follows all the sinuosities of the Jordan, and weaves for it a perpetual garland of leaves and branches, which dip in the water and cause its light waves to murmur.

Our Arabs warned us not to walk without our arms, and to advance with precaution, because this coppice, and thick underwood, is often the haunt of a lion, a panther, or a tiger-cat. We saw none, however, though we often heard amid the shady thickets the howling of these mighty animals, and the noise made by them in piercing the depths of the woods. In some places, the Arabs of the savage tribes of the mountains of Arabia Petrea (at the foot of which we were), had set fire to the forest, to penetrate into it, or carry away the wood. There remained large quantities of trunks, merely

calcined on the bark; but new shoots had sprung up around them, and the creeping plants of this fertile soil had already so interlaced both the withered trunks and healthy young trees, that the appearance of the forest seemed more singular from the mischief done, but not less vast or less luxuriant. Having gathered an ample provision of branches of willow, poplar, and other trees with long stems and smooth rinds, whose names I am ignorant of, to give them to our friends in Europe, we rejoined the camp, which our Arabs had removed to another place during our excursion on the river side.

They had discovered a site still more picturesque and suitable for our tents than any of those we had hitherto seen. It was a grass-plot of herbage, as fine and thick as if it had been browsed by a flock of sheep. Here and there some broad-leaved plants, and young tufts of plaintains and of sycamores, were scattered over the grass, serving to shelter us and keep the horses cool. The Jordan, not twenty yards distant, had scooped out a little shallow gulf in the midst of the glade, and its waters rippled there, at the foot of two or three tall poplars. An accessible slope led to the stream, allowing us to lead down our thirsty horses one by one, and to bathe in it ourselves. Here then we pitched our tents, and made a halt.

The following day, November 2nd, we continued our route, drawing towards the highest mountains of Arabia Petrea, quitting and revisiting the Jordan according to the sinuosities of its course, and approaching towards the Dead Sea. There are, not

far from the course of the river, in a part of the desert that I hardly know how to describe, the still imposing remains of a castle of the Crusaders, built by them, probably, to guard this road; decayed as it is, it is inhabited, and might well serve as a shelter for the Arabs in ambuscade, who despoil the caravans. Placed in the midst of these waves of sand, it produced the effect of the shattered hull of an abandoned vessel, seen on the horizon of ocean.

As one draws towards the Dead Sea, the undulations of the ground gradually diminish, and the slope inclines insensibly towards its shores. The sand becomes spongy, and the horses sinking in at every step, advance with difficulty. When we at length heard the reverberation of the waves, we could no longer restrain our impatience; we set off at full gallop to precipitate ourselves into the first that lay sleeping before us, shining like molten lead on the sand. The Scheik of Jericho and his Arabs, who had continued to follow us, supposing we wished to run the *djerid* with them, started off in all directions over the plain, and returning on us with loud cries, brandished their long and pliant lances, as if they would have pierced us; then stopping short their steeds, and throwing them back on their haunches, they let us pass them, and set off anew, to return again.

I arrived first, thanks to the fleetness of my Turcomanian horse; but at thirty or forty paces from the waves, the bed of sand and earth became so swampy, and of such a marshy bottom, that the animal sank into it up to his belly, and I had every

fear of being engulphed myself. I retraced my steps, and alighting, approached the shore on foot.

The Dead Sea has been described by various travellers; I neither noted its specific gravity, nor the relative quantity of salt contained in its waters. It was neither science nor criticism that I came to seek; I came simply because it lay in my way, because it was in the midst of a famous desert, and was famous itself; because it had swallowed up all the towns that formerly stood where I now see its motionless flood extended. Its shores are flat on the eastern and western sides; on the north and south the high mountains of Judea and Arabia close it in, descending nearly to its waves; those of Arabia, however, are not so near, particularly on the side of the mouth of the Jordan, where we then were. The shores are completely desolate, the air is fœtid and unwholesome, and we felt its influence during the whole time we were in the desert. A sense of heaviness in the head, and a slight fever, attacked us all, and only quitted us when we left this injurious atmosphere. There is no island to be seen; about sunset, however, I fancied I could distinguish two, at the extremity of the horizon, towards Idumea. The Arabs knew nothing of them; the sea is in this place at least thirty leagues across, and they have never ventured to follow it so far. No traveller has indeed ever attempted the circumnavigation of the Dead Sea; it has never yet been seen at its other extremity, nor at its shores of Judea and Arabia. I think we are the first who have explored it freely on the three sides,

and if we had had more time at our disposal, nothing would have prevented us from having planks of fir brought here from Lebanon, Jerusalem, or Jaffa; from constructing a skiff on the spot, and visiting in this way the whole extent of this wonderful internal sea. The Arabs, who do not generally allow travellers to approach it, and whose prejudices are opposed to all desire for navigating it, were at this time so devoted to our slightest wishes, that they would have offered no obstacle; and I should certainly have executed such a design if I had at all foreseen the favourableness of their conduct towards us; but it was too late, we must have sent back to Jerusalem for carpenters to construct the bark: this, with the time for navigating, would have occupied three weeks at least, and we had not so many days to spare. I, therefore, gave up the idea, though not without regret; another traveller in the same circumstances could easily accomplish it, and throw that light on this natural phenomenon and geographical question which science has so long demanded.

The aspect of the Dead Sea is neither funereal nor gloomy, except to the imagination. To the eye, it is a shining lake, whose immense and silvery surface reflects the rays of light like a mirror. The beautifully shaped mountains throw their shadows even to its borders. It is said that no fish exists in its waters, nor bird on its banks; I cannot decide this; I certainly neither saw petrels, sea-gulls, nor those beautiful white marine doves, that swim all the day on the waves of the Syrian Sea, and

accompany the skiffs on the Bosphorus; but at some hundred paces distance from the Dead Sea, I shot at and killed some birds resembling wild ducks, that rose from the swampy borders of the Jordan. If the air had been really mortal to them, they would not thus have braved, so near, its mephitic vapours. Nor did I, either, see any thing of the buried towns which are said to exist at a trifling depth below the surface, and which the Arabs who were with me pretend are sometimes visible.

I followed the borders of this sea a long time, sometimes on the Arabian side, where the mouth of the Jordan lies (which river is in this part precisely what travellers have described it, a stagnant pool of dirty water in a bed of mud); sometimes on the side of the mountains of Judea, where the shore rises and assumes occasionally the form of little downs. The sheet of water presented every where the same appearance of silvery brightness and perfect stillness. Mankind has well preserved the faculty given by God in Genesis, of calling things by their proper names. This sea is splendid, it illuminates, it inundates with the reflection of its waters, the immense desert which it covers; it attracts the eye, it interests the mind—but it is dead! neither sound nor movement exists on it. Its surges, too heavy for the wind to act upon, roll not in sonorous waves, nor ever does the white edge of its foam break on the roughness of its sides. It is a sea that seems petrified. And how has it been formed? Most likely, as the Bible tells us, and as all probability declares, it was the vast centre of a

chain of volcanic mountains, which, stretching from Jerusalem to Mesopotamia, and from Lebanon to Idumea, burst open in a crater, at a time when seven cities were peopled on its plain. The cities would have been overthrown by the earthquake. The Jordan, which most probably flowed at that time through the plain, and emptied itself into the Red Sea, being stopped all at once by the volcanic hillocks, rose high above its bed, and engulphing itself in the craters of Sodom and Gomorrah, might have formed this sea, which is corrupted by the union of sulphur, salt, and bitumen—the usual productions of volcanic eruptions. This is the fact from all appearances; and it neither adds to nor diminishes the action of that sovereign and eternal will, that some call miracle, and others nature; nature and miracle—are they not one? and the whole universe, is it any thing else, than one eternal, changing, yet continued miracle?

Same date.

We returned by the southern side of the Dead Sea, following the course of the Valley of Saint Saba. The desert is much more uneven about this part. It is ploughed into enormous waves of earth and sand, which must be continually climbed over, or wound round. The train of our caravan was marked in undulations over these waves of sand, like a long flotilla on a stormy sea, whose vessels sometimes disappear, then are seen again, according as they rise or sink between the waves.

After three hours march, sometimes on little plains over which we galloped, sometimes on

the edges of ravines of sand, into which several of our horses rolled, we perceived the smoke of Jericho. The Arabs set off towards it; two only remaining with us to show us the road. On approaching Jericho, some of the principal Arabs came back to meet us. We encamped in the midst of a field, shaded by some palm trees, and watered by a little river. Our tents were promptly pitched, and we found an excellent supper ready, thanks to the presents of every sort brought by the Arabs to our camp. The Arab who was mounted on the handsome horse that I wished to have, seemed to admire the Turcomanian steed I had mounted the day before. In a conversation, dexterously turned, on the subject of our horses, much praise was bestowed on mine. I proposed the exchange of his against my Turcomanian. We bargained all the evening on the surplus I was to give, but could decide on nothing. The moment I named a price, he showed such grief at the idea of parting with his horse, that we slept without coming to a conclusion. The next morning, at the moment of starting, I made him another offer; he persuaded himself to mount my Turcomanian, and to gallop him across the plain. Seduced by my horse's brilliant qualities, he sent me his Arabian by his son, by whom I remitted nine hundred piastres. I mounted the horse on starting; all the tribe seemed to regret him. The children talked to him, the women pointed him out; the scheik turned back repeatedly to look at him, and made him certain cabalistic signs that the Arabs always take the precaution of making to the horses they buy or sell.

The animal himself seemed to understand the separation, and sorrowfully bending his head, overshadowed by his superb and flowing mane, looked right and left on the desert, with a sad and inquiet eye. The eye of an Arab horse is a language of itself: by that fine eye, whose fiery pupil starts from the lucid orb around it, they both speak, and comprehend every thing.

For several days I had ceased to ride that one amongst all my horses that I most preferred. Amongst the innumerable superstitions of the Arabs, they have seventy signs, either good or bad, in the horoscope of a horse, and this is a science known to almost every man in the desert. The horse I speak of, and that I had called Lebanon, (because I had bought him in the mountains of that name), was a young and magnificent stallion; high, strong, courageous, unwearied, quiet, and without exhibiting the shadow of a vice during the fifteen months I rode him; but he had on his chest, in the accidental disposition of his fine sleek coat, one of those marks that the Arabs count amongst the fatal signs (the hair turned the wrong way). I had been warned of this when I bought him, but I did so from a reason they could clearly understand; that a bad sign for a Mahometan was a good sign for a Christian. To this they had nothing to answer, and I mounted Lebanon whenever I had a day's journey that was longer or worse than another. When we approached a town or tribe, and that they came to meet our caravan, the Arabs and Turks, struck by the beauty and vigour of this

animal, began by complimenting me on the possession of such a steed, and by admiring him with an envious eye; but after some minutes of satisfaction, the fatal sign being discovered, (though partly hidden by the silken collar and amulet that every horse always wears,) the Arabs approached me with anxiety and sorrow in their countenances, and entreated me by signs not to mount him again. This was of little importance in Syria; but in Judea, and amongst the tribes of the desert, I feared that it would be injurious to my reputation, and weaken the respect, and custom of obedience which they showed us. I therefore ceased to mount him, and he was led by one of my suite. I believe that we owed a vast portion of the deference and servile respect that was shown us to the beauty of the twelve or fifteen horses that we rode, or that followed us. A horse in Arabia is a man's fortune: it augurs all other things; it replaces all other things; a high idea was entertained of a Frank who possessed so many horses, equally fine as those of their scheik, or of the pacha.

We returned to Jerusalem by the same valley that we had traversed during the night in departing. Before we entered the first pass in the mountains we saw, on a fine elevation that overlooked the plain, some evident traces of ancient buildings, and we supposed that it was the real site of ancient Jericho. A great progress in civilization must have taken place for cities to be built in the plain: one is never deceived when one seeks for ancient cities on the heights. It is in this pass that the

touching parable of the good Samaritan has placed the scene of human suffering and human charity. It seems that even in the time of the Evangelists these mountains were ill-famed.

This was a fatiguing day, from the monotony of fourteen hours' march, and the ardour of the sun, reflected from the steep sides of the valley. In all these fourteen hours we only met with one single person, an Arab shepherd, watching an innumerable herd of black goats on the brow of a hill.

November 2d, 1832.

Encamped near Solomon's Pool, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Wishing to consecrate a day to devotion on the spot to which Christians turn in praying, as the Mahometans turn towards Mecca, we requested the priest, who alone did duty at Jerusalem, to come and celebrate, for our relations, living and dead, for our friends of all places and periods, and for ourselves also, the commemoration of that great and dolorous sacrifice which had watered the earth with the blood of the Just, that it might bring forth the germs of charity and hope. Each joined in this duty with the feelings and the remembrance of his griefs, his losses, his wishes, and his hopes, that his peculiar degree of piety and belief inspired. We chose for our altar and our temple the Cave of Gethsemane, in the hollow of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It was into this cavern, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, that Christ retired, according

to tradition, to escape sometimes from the persecution of his enemies, and the importunities of his disciples; it was here he communed with his own divine reflections, and that he implored his Father that the bitter cup which he had filled for himself, and which we fill for ourselves, should pass from his lips. It was here that he enjoined his three disciples to watch and pray, the evening before his death, and not to sleep—and that three times he returned and awakened them, so prompt is human zeal and charity to slumber. It was here He passed the terrible hours of his agony—the ineffable struggle between life and death; between instinct and will; between the soul that wishes to be free and matter which resists because of its blindness. It was here He sweated blood and water; and that, weary of combating with himself without obtaining that victory of his intellect which would give peace to his thoughts, he uttered those words which sum up all human godliness; those words which are become the wisdom of the wise, and which ought to be the epitaph of every life, and the sole aspiration of every created being; "MY FATHER! NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE!"

The site of this cave, scooped in the rock of Cedron, is one of the most probable and best justified sites (by the aspect of the places) of all those that pious popular credulity have assigned to the different scenes of the Evangelic drama. It is truly the valley seated in the shadow of death, the hidden gulf under the walls of the city, the deepest hollow, and probably at that time, the most shunned by

men, wherein Christ (who was to have all men for enemies, because he warred against their falshoods) retired to seek a shelter, to look within himself, to meditate, to pray, and to suffer! The impure stream of Cedron flows at some paces off; it was at that time only a drain or sewer of Jerusalem. The Mount of Olives winds itself to join with the hills that contain the tombs of the kings; and forms there a hollow curve, with clumps of olive, mastick, and fir-trees. And those fruit-trees that the poor people always cultivate in the very dust of the rock about the neighbourhood of a large town, must have hidden the entrance of the cave; moreover, this site was not altered and rendered impossible to be known again, by the ruins that buried Jerusalem. It remained: a valley is not effaced like a street, and the smallest rock lasts longer than the most magnificent temple.

The Cave of Gethsemane, and the rock which covers it, are at present surrounded by the walls of a little chapel, kept locked, and the key in the possession of the Latin priests of Jerusalem; this cave and the seven olive trees of the neighbouring field belong to them; the door, cut in the rock, opens on the court of another pious sanctuary, that is called the Virgin's Tomb; this one belongs to the Greeks; the cave is deep and high, and divided into two cavities, which communicate by a sort of subterranean portico. There are several altars also cut in the rock. This sanctuary, formed by nature, has not been disfigured by so many artificial ornaments as the other sanctuaries of the holy

sepulchre. The roof, the floor, and the sides are of the rock itself, still sweating out like tears the cavernous damp of the surrounding earth. Above each altar, however, they have placed a bad representation, on sheets of copper painted flesh-colour, and as large as life, of the scene of Christ's agony; with the angels, who present to him the cup of death. If one removed these despicable pictures, which destroy those that the pious imagination would create for itself in the obscurity of that empty grotto: if one's moistened eyes could rove freely without encountering sensible objects, towards the thoughts which fill this obscurity, this cave would be the most perfect religious relic of the mountains of Sion; but mankind must always do some degree of harm to what they touch. Alas! if they had only spoiled the stones and ruins of these visible scenes! but what have they not done to the dogmas, the doctrines, the examples of that religion of reason, simplicity, love, and humility that the Son of Man had taught them at the price of his blood?

When God permits a truth to fall upon the earth, mankind begins by cursing, and by stoning him who brings it, but they seize on that truth itself, which they have not been able to destroy because it is immortal; it is their spoil, their heritage; but like the precious stone of which the wicked despoils the celestial pilgrim, they encumber it with such a mass of error, that it becomes impossible to recognise it, until the light shines on it anew, and until separating, after the lapse of ages, the diamond

from the dross, wisdom exclaims: behold the true, behold the false—this is truth, this is error! It is hence that all religions have two natures, whose association astonishes the mind: the one consists of miracles, legends, disgraceful superstitions; the impure dross with which the ages of ignorance and darkness tarnish the work of heaven. A rational and philosophical nature the other discovers, brilliant and immutable, effacing with its hand the rust of humanity!—and which, presented to the eternal and incorruptible light of reason, reflects it pure and entire, illumining all things, and all intelligence, with the beams of truth and love, beneath which one sees, and one adores, the evident Being, the Almighty God.

Same date.

Not far from the Cave of Gethsemane there is a little spot of earth, still shaded by seven olive trees, which popular tradition designates as the trees under which Jesus laid down and wept. These olive trees really bear on their trunks and enormous roots, the date of the eighteen hundred years which have passed since that memorable night. Their trunks are immense, and are formed, like those of all other very old olive trees, of a great number of stems that seem bound together and incorporated under the same bark, thus forming an assemblage of united pillars. Their branches are almost withered, but they still bear some olives. We gathered up those which had fallen on the ground under the trees; with pious caution we got down a

few more, and placed them safely in our baggage to take as relics to our friends. I can easily imagine the sweet delight to a Christian soul of praying while he rolls in his fingers the fruit of those trees, whose roots were watered and fecundated by the tears of Jesus, when he himself wept for the last time upon earth. If they are not in reality the very identical trunks, they are most probably the shoots of those sacred trees; but there is nothing which goes to prove that they are not positively the self-same stocks. I have visited every country of the globe where olive-trees grow. They live for ages; and I have never yet seen any so large as these, though planted in a rocky and arid soil. I have seen on the summit of Mount Lebanon the cedars said to have been Solomon's: this is by no means impossible. Nature has given to certain of its vegetable productions more duration than to empires; certain oak trees have seen many dynasties pass away; and the acorn that we tread under our feet, the olive stone that I roll between my fingers, and the cedar cone that is swept by the wind, may reproduce, may flourish, and cover the ground with shade, when the hundreds of generations which may come after us will have given back to the earth that handful of dust that they alternately have borrowed from it.

This is no sign that creation has a contempt for man. The relative importance of created beings must not be measured by their duration, but by the intensity of their existence. There is more of life, in one hour of thought, of contemplation, of prayer,

or of love, than in the whole existence of a being purely physical. There is more life in a single idea, which glances over the earth, or mounts to heaven, in an instant of time, in even the part of a second, than in the eighteen hundred years of the olive trees that I touch, or in the two thousand five hundred years of the cedars of Lebanon.

Same date.

Breakfasted, sitting on the steps of the fountain of Silhoa; wrote some poetry; tore it up, and threw the fragments into the stream. Speech is an imperfect delineator. The loveliest verses are those which one cannot write. The words of every language are incomplete; and, day by day, the heart of man finds, in the shades of his sentiments and imagination, or in the impressions of visible nature, ideas that his lips cannot express. The heart and imagination of man are, in fact, like a musician forced to play, on an octave of notes, the infinite varieties of which the whole scale of the science is capable. It is better to be silent. Silence is the finest poetry at certain moments of existence. The spirit hears it, and the Creator understands it—that is enough.

Same date.

On retracing my way along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, I passed by the tomb of Absalom; it is a mass of stone, hewn in the rock itself of the mountain of Silhoa, and which is not separated from the primitive rock, which serves for its base;

it is about thirty feet high, and twenty long on every side; I speak at random, for I measure nothing; the rule belongs only to the architect. The form is a square basement, with a Grecian doorway in the centre; the cornice is Corinthian, bearing a pyramid on its summit; there is nothing of the Greek or Roman style about it; the appearance is grave, singular, monumental, and grotesque, like the Egyptian monuments. The Jews had no style of architecture of their own—they borrowed from Egypt, from Greece, but more particularly, I think, from India; the key of every thing is in India; the generation of ideas and of arts appears to me to go back there; they created Assyria, Chaldea, Mesopotamia, Syria; the great cities of the desert, as Balbec; then Egypt, then the Islands, of Crete and Cpyrus; then Etruria, then Rome; then night came on, and Christianity, cradled at first by the Platonic philosophy, and afterwards by the barbarous ignorance of the middle ages, gave birth to our civilization and our modern arts. We are young —we are hardly arrived at the age of virility. A new creation of ideas, of social forms, and of arts, will probably arise before many ages, out of the grand ruin of the middle age, which we ourselves are in. One feels that the moral world is big with fruits, which it will produce in convulsions and in grief. Original ideas, multiplied by the press, convey discussion, criticism, and examination every where; and, by directing the light of intelligence to every point of fact or of speculation in the world, will lead on, invincibly, to the age of reason.

Revelation will be made to all, by all—that light Divine, which is reason and religion, will penetrate to the very centre of humanity. A splendid volume might be made of the history of the Holy Spirit in the different phases of humanity—of the history of the divinity in man: where one should find this religious principle acting at first, in the earliest times known, by instincts and blind impulses; then singing by the voice of poets, *mens divinior;* then manifesting itself on the tablets of the legislators, or in the mysterious initiations of the Indian, Egyptian, and Hebrew theocracy. When these mythological forms vanished from the human mind, worn out by time, and exhausted by the credulity of man, it was disseminated and scattered in the great philosophical schools of Greece and Asia Minor, and in the Pythagorean sects, which sought in vain universal symbols, until Christianity embraced all speculative and contested maxims in these two great practical and incontestable truths:—adoration of one God, and fraternity and charity amongst all men! Christianity itself, obscured and mixed with error (like every doctrine, become popular, by the credulity of the ages it has traversed), appears destined to transform itself; to emerge more rational and purified from the superabundant mysteries with which it has been enveloped; and to mingle its divine brightness with that of the religious reason which first sanctioned it, and elevated it so high on the horizon of humanity.

Same date.

A little above the entrance to the Valley of Cedron, north of Jerusalem, we traversed some fields of sterile earth, of a reddish colour, covered with a wood of olive trees. At about five hundred paces from the town, we found ourselves on the borders of an immense quarry. We descended. To the left, a mass of rock, richly sculptured, extended itself the whole length of the quarry, and shewed beneath it a narrow opening, half closed by earth and broken stones. A man could hardly introduce himself; nevertheless, we got into it, but, as we had neither flints nor torches, we returned immediately, and did not visit the cavities within; these were the Sepulchres of the Kings. The frieze, magnificently sculptured, and of the best Greek workmanship, which adorns the exterior rock, refers this decoration of the monuments to the most flourishing epoch of the arts in Greece. Nay, it dates, perhaps, from Solomon; for who can tell what this great prince had borrowed from the genius of India or of Egypt?

3d November, 1832.

The plague, which ravages Jerusalem and its environs more and more, did not permit us to enter into Bethlehem, the convent and the sanctuary being closed: however, we mounted our horses in the evening, and, after riding over a plain of about two leagues, which lies to the east of Jerusalem, we arrived on a height, at a small distance from Bethlehem, and from whence we could discern,

perfectly, the whole of that little town. We were hardly seated there, when a numerous cavalcade of Bethlemite Arabs arrived, and requested to be presented to me. After the usual ceremonies, they told me they were deputed by all the population of Bethlehem to entreat me to cause the tax to be taken off, which Ibrahim Pacha had laid on their town. That they knew from report, and from the Arabs of Abougosh, their chief, that Ibraham Pacha was my friend, and certainly would not refuse me, if I would solicit his indulgence for them. As these Bethlemite Arabs are the most detestable race of these countries—always at war with their neighbours—always plundering the Latin Convent of Bethlehem—I answered them with much gravity (reproaching them, at the same time, with their rapines), that I would attend to their request, and present it to the Pacha; but, on condition that they would have respect towards the Europeans, the pilgrims, and, more particularly, the Convents of Bethlehem and the Desert of St. John: averring that, if they permitted themselves the smallest violation of the homes of those poor monks, the resolution of Ibrahim was to exterminate them all, or to drive them into the Deserts of Arabia Petræa. I added, and this appeared to make a strong impression on them, that if the forces of Ibrahim Pacha were not sufficient, the Pachas of Europe were resolved to come themselves and chastise them. In the meantime, I recommended them to pay the tribute. From that time to the time of my departure, I had constantly in my suite, in spite of

all my efforts to dismiss them, a certain number of the Bedouin Scheiks of Bethlehem Hebron and the Desert of St. John, who did not cease to implore me for the reduction of the tribute. Returned to the valley of the Pool of Solomon, under the walls of Sion, I received the visit of Abougosh, who came with his uncle and his brother to inquire after me. I gave them coffee and pipes; and we conversed for an hour at the door of my tent, each seated under an olive-tree.

Same date.

A courier from Jaffa brings me letters from Europe and from Bayreut, and gives them to me under the walls of Jerusalem. These letters reassure me of my daughter's health; but, as she adds at the end of her mother's letter that I positively must not think of going to Egypt at this moment, I change my route; I countermand my caravan of camels at El-Arisch; and I determine to return by the coast of Syria. We strike our tents: I send a present of five hundred piastres to the convent, besides the fifteen hundred piastres that I had paid for chaplets, relics, crucifixes, &c.; and we take, anew, the road to the Desert of St. John.

The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be painted in a few words; mountains without shade, valleys without water, earth without verdure, rocks without terror or grandeur; some blocks of grey stone piercing the friable and cracked earth; from time to time an olive-tree; a gazelle or a jackall creeping occasionally between the broken pieces of

rock; some plants of the vine making their way along the grey or reddish ashes of the soil; and now and then a bouquet of pale olive-shrubs, throwing a little spot of shadow on the steep sides of the more distant hills. On the horizon, a mastick or a black carob-tree relieving itself sorrowfully and singly against the blue of the sky. The grey walls and towers of the fortifications of the city appear from a distance on the brow of Sion. Such is the earth:—the sky, pure, deep, unspotted—where never floats the smallest cloud, nor colours itself with the purple of morning or of evening. On the Arabian side an enormous gulf descends between the dark mountains, and conducts the eye even to the dazzling waves of the Dead Sea and to the violet horizon of the ridges of the hills of Moab.

Not a breath of wind murmurs amongst the battlements, or stirrs the dry leaves of the olive-trees; not a bird sings; no cricket chirps in the furrow without herbage—a complete eternal silence reigns in the town, on the highways, in the country.

Such was Jerusalem during the days we passed under its walls; I heard nothing there but the neighing of my horses who fretted in the sun around our camp, and who pawed the ground into dust; and from hour to hour the melancholy song of the *muezlin* crying the hour from the tops of the minarets, or the cadences of lamentation of the Turkish mourners who accompanied in long files the bodies of the dead to the different cemeteries which surround the walls. Jerusalem, where one would visit one only sepulchre, is itself the tomb of a whole people;

but a tomb without cypresses, without inscriptions, without monuments, whose stones have been broken up, and whose ashes seem to have covered the earth around it with mourning, with silence, and with sterility. On quitting it we often looked back from the top of each hill from whence we could still perceive it, and at length saw for the last time the crown of olive-trees which surmounts the mountain of the same name, and which, long continuing to float on the horizon when the city was lost to the view, at last sinks itself in the heavens, and disappears like those garlands of pale flowers that one throws into a sepulchre.

We were, however, to return there once more—but alas! with widely different feelings; not then to weep over the miseries of others, but to groan over our own; and to give our own tears to drink to that earth, which has drunk of and dried up so many.

Yesterday, I had pitched my tent in a rocky field, where grew a few knotty and stunted stumps of olive-trees, under the walls of Jerusalem, at a few hundred paces from the tower of David, a little above the fountain of Silhoa, which still flows over the worn-out stones of David's grotto, not far from the tomb of the poet-king who has so often sung of it. The high and black terraces, where formerly stood the temple of Solomon, rose on my left, crowned by three blue cupolas, and by the light aerial columns of the mosque of Omar, which hovers over the ruins of the house of Jehovah. The city of Jerusalem, now ravaged by the plague, was inundated

by the dazzling sunbeams reflected from its thousand domes, on its white marbles, its towers of gilded stone, and its walls that are polished by the lapse of ages, and by the saline winds of Lake Asphaltite; no sound arose from out it; all was silent and mute like the couch of the dying; its large gates were open, and one perceived from time to time the white turban and red mantle of the Arab soldier, the useless guardian of these deserted doors: nothing went in by them, nothing came out. The morning breeze alone raised the impalpable waving dust of the road, and caused for a moment the illusion of an approaching caravan; but when the breeze had passed and died away, slightly whistling through the battlements of the Pisan Tower, or through the three palm trees of the house of Caïaphas, the dust became laid, the desert reappeared, and neither the step of a camel or a mule disturbed the stillness of the road; but at about every quarter of an hour, the two small iron wickets of all the gates of Jerusalem opened, and we saw the dead carried out whom the plague had just swept off, two naked slaves conveying each on a bier to the tombs which were scattered around us. Sometimes a long procession of Turks, Arabs, Armenians, and Jews, accompanied the corpse, and defiled, chaunting, between the trunks of the olive trees; then returned with slow and silent steps into the city. More frequently the corpse was unaccompanied; and when the two slaves had hollowed out the sand or the earth of the hill to a shallow depth, and laid the body in its last bed, they seated themselves

on the heap they had just raised, divided the clothing of the dead between them, and lighting their long pipes they smoked in silence and watched the vapour from their chibouks as it rose in a light blue column, and lost itself gracefully in the light transparent limpid air of those days of autumn. At my feet the Valley of Jehoshaphat extended itself like a vast sepulchre. The dried-up bed of the brook Cedron ploughed it with a whitened furrow strewed with pebbles; and the sides of the two hills which bordered it were white with tombs and sculptured turbans, the common symbol of the Osmanlis; a little to the right the Mount of Olives diminished and permitted the horizon (between the linked chains of the volcanic cones and naked mountains of Jericho and Saint Saba) to stretch and prolong itself like an avenue of light between the peaks of the uneven cypresses; the image of itself fell there, reflected by the silvery lustre of the Dead Sea, which shone like molten lead at the foot of the steps of these mountains; and behind, the blue chain of the hills of Arabia Petræa bounded the prospect. But bounded is not the word, for these mountains appeared transparent like the crystal, and we saw, or thought we saw, beyond them a vague and indefinite horizon extend itself again, and float in the ambient vapours of an atmosphere dyed with amber and purple.

It was the hour of noon; the time when the muezlin spies the sun on the highest gallery of the minaret, and cries the hour, and the prayer of every hour; an animated, living voice, which understands

what it pronounces, and what it cries, and is infinitely superior, in my opinion, to the unconscious voices of the enormous bells of our cathedrals. My Arabs had given their barley, in the sack of goat's hair, to my horses fastened here and there about my tent, their feet chained to rings of iron. These fine and noble animals were immoveable: their heads hung down, and were shaded by their long and flowing manes; their sleek grey coats shining and smoking under the rays of a burning sun. The men were assembled under the shade of the largest olive-tree; they had spread their Damascus mats on the ground, and were smoking and telling each other the tales of the Desert, or singing the verses of Antar.

Antar is the type of a wandering Arab—at the same time shepherd, warrior, and poet— who has written the desert, the whole desert, in his national poetry; epical as Homer, plaintive as Job, amorous as Theocritus, philosophical as Solomon; his verses, which tranquillize or inflame the imagination of the Arabs as highly as the fumes of the tobacco in their Persian pipes, were uttered in guttural sounds amongst the animated group of my Saïs; and when the poet had touched more tenderly or more vigorously the sensitive cord of these ferocious but susceptible men, one heard a slight murmur of their lips; they joined their hands above their ears, and bending down their heads, they cried, "Alla! Alla! Alla!"

At a later period, the recollection of the hours I had passed in this way, listening to these verses that I could not understand, caused me to seek carefully

for some fragments of the popular Arab poetry, and particularly of the heroic poem of Antar. I succeeced in procuring a certain number, and I had them translated to me by my dragoman during the winter evenings that I passed in Lebanon. I began to understand a little Arabic myself, but not enough to read it; my interpreter translated the fragments of the poem into common Italian, and I then translated them word for word into French. I preserved these poetic essays, unknown in Europe, and shall insert them in the course of this volume. It will then be seen that poetry is of all ages, all places, and all degrees of civilization.

The poetry of Antar is, as I have already said, the national poetry of the wandering Arab, the holy book of his imagination; how many times have I not seen groups of Arabs squatted in the evening round the fire of my bivouac, stretching their necks, lending their ears, and directing their looks of fire towards one of their companions, who was reciting to them some passages of these admirable poems, while clouds of the smoke arising from their pipes formed a fantastic dreamy atmosphere above their heads, and while our horses, with eyes bent down towards him, seemed themselves to be attentive to the monotonous voice of the orator. I have seated myself not far from the circle, and listened also; not that I could comprehend the verses, but I understood the tone of voice, the play of the countenance, the shuddering of the auditors. I knew that it was poetry, and I figured to myself wonderful, dramatic, touching strains

which I internally recited. It is thus that, listening to passionate or melodious music, I fancy I can hear words, and that the poetry of language sung, reveals and pronounces to me the poetry of language written. May I acknowledge all? I have never yet read any poetry that could at all come up to that I have listened to, in the, to me, unintelligible language of the Arabs. Imagination always went further than reality; I fancied I heard the patriarchal primitive poetry of the desert. I saw the camel, the gazelle, the horse: I saw the oasis rearing its head of yellowish-green palm-trees above the enormous downs of moving sand; the combats of the warriors, and the young Arab beauties captured and retaken in the fight, and recognizing their lovers in their liberators. This brings to my mind that I have always had more pleasure in reading a foreign poet in a detestable and vapid translation, than in the original itself: it is, that the very finest original always leaves something to be desired in the expression, and that the bad translation only indicates the idea, the poetic motive; that the imagination, embroidering this motive herself, with words that are, to her, transparent as the idea, enjoys a pleasure that is perfect, and that she herself creates. Infinity being in the mind, it is supposed in the expression, and the pleasure is thus infinite. To feel this pleasure one must be to a certain extent a poet, or musician; but who is not?

Antar, at once the hero and the poet of the wandering Arab, is little known amongst us; we

are almost ignorant of his history, and even the precise date of his existence. Some learned men pretend that he lived in the sixth age of our era; local tradition carrying the date much farther back. Antar, according to the traditions borrowed partly from his poem, was a negro slave, who earned his liberty by his exploits and virtues, and obtained his mistress, Ablla, by his persevering love and heroism. The poem of Antar is not, like that of Homer, written entirely in verse; it is in the poetic prose of the purest and most classic Arabic, interspersed with verses. What is most singular in this poem is, that the portion written in prose is infinitely superior to the lyric fragments that are interspersed with it. The poetic part is laboured, and savours of affectation and the style of literature in its decline; nothing, on the contrary, can be more simple, natural, and truly passionate, than the recitative. All that I have read of Arabic poetry, ancient or modern, partakes more or less of this unhappy laboured style; it is, if not exactly a series of puns, or playing upon words, at least a play on ideas, a play on images more calculated to amuse the mind than to touch the heart. Art will require ages before it reaches the sublime and simple expression of nature. For the Arabs' verses are but an ingenious mode of trifling with their minds and their sentiments. I except some religious stanzas, written about thirty years ago by a Maronite bishop of Mount Lebanon. I have brought some home with me, which are worthy of the scenes that inspired them, and of the sacred

subjects to which this pious monk had exclusively directed his powerful genius. These religious poems are more solemn, and more penetrating, than any of those I am acquainted with in Europe. There are in them, some remains of the accents of Job, of the grandeur of Solomon, and of the melancholy of David.

I regret that some experienced orientalist does not undertake to translate all Antar for us; this would be more important than travels, for nothing paints the manners so correctly as a poem. Our own inspirations would be refreshed by the newness of colouring that Antar has elicited in his solitudes. It would, besides this, be as amusing as Ariosto, and as touching as Tasso: I cannot doubt but that the Italian poetry of Ariosto and Tasso is a twin sister to the Arabian poetry. The same course of ideas that has produced the Alhambra, Seville, Grenada, and some of our cathedrals, has also produced the "Jerusalem Delivered," and the charming dramas of the poet of Reggio. Antar is more interesting than the "Arabian Nights," because it is less marvellous. All the interest is drawn in the heart of man, and in the adventures, true, or seemingly true, of the hero and his beloved. The English have a translation, almost entire, of this delicious poem; we only possess some fragments, disseminated in our literary reviews. The reader will hardly be able to perceive the admirable beauties of the original, through the imperfections of the fragments placed in the course of this volume.

At a short distance from me a young Turkish woman was weeping for her husband, on one of those little monuments of white stone which are scattered about all the hills in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem: she hardly appeared to be eighteen years of age, and I had never seen such a fascinating image of grief. Her profile, which her veil, thrown back on her soulders, permitted me to glance at, had all the purity of outline of the finest heads of the Parthenon; but, at the same time, that softness, suavity, and graceful languor of the Asiatic women—a style of beauty far more feminine, more lovely, and attractive to the heart than the severe and masculine beauty of the Grecian statues; her hair was golden auburn, like the bronzed copper of the antique statues—a colour much esteemed in this region of the sun, of which it seems a permanent reflection; it was loosened from her head, falling all around her, and, literally, sweeping the ground. Her bosom was entirely bare, as is the custom of the women of this part of Arabia; and when she stooped to kiss the turban of stone, or to press her ear upon the grave, it touched the earth, in its nakedness, and left its mould in the dust, like the model of the beauteous breast of the buried Atala, which the sand of the sepulchre still retains in the admirable epic of M. de Chateaubriand. She had scattered all sorts of flowers on the grave, and on the earth around it. A handsome Damascus carpet was spread under her knees; on the carpet there were some vases of flowers, and a basket filled with figs and barley cakes; for she was to pass the en-

tire day there in thus weeping. A hole pierced in the ground, and which was supposed to correspond with the ear of the deceased, was intended as a speaking tube between her and that other world where he, she came to visit, was reposing. From time to time she leaned down to this opening, and there she sang some words intermixed with her sobs, then fixed down her ear again as if she waited the reply—then sang again, and wept, aad then again she listened. I tried to understand the words which she thus murmured, and which reached even to me, but my Arab drogueman could not either catch or render them. How much I regret this! what secrets of grief and love! what animated sighs for all the life of two souls torn asunder, these words (confused and drowned in tears) must have contained. Alas, if any thing could wake the dead, it certainly would be such words, pronounced by such a mouth.—Close by this woman, under a little awning of black cloth, raised on two bamboo reeds, stuck into the ground, to serve as a parasol, her two little children were playing with three black slaves of Abyssinia, squatted, like their mistress, on the sand that the carpet covered. These three women, each of them young and handsome also, with graceful forms, and the aquiline profiles of the Abyssinian negroes, were grouped in various attitudes, like three statues cut out of the same block. One knelt on one knee, and held one of the children on the other, while its little arms were stretched towards its weeping mother; the second had both her feet folded under her, and her hands

clasped like the Magdalen of Canova, on her apron of blue cloth; the third was standing up, and leaning a little over her two companions, while she rocked herself from side to side, endeavouring, in vain, to make the younger infant sleep, which she pressed to her scarce formed bosom. As the sobs of the young widow reached her children, they broke out into fresh fits of crying, and the three black slaves, after answering by sobs to those of their mistress, began to sing sleepy airs, and use the infantine phrases of their country, to amuse and tranquillize the infants.

It was on a Sunday; at two or three hundred paces from me, behind the thick high walls of Jerusalem, I heard frequent gushes of distant voices, which issued from the black cupola of the Greek convent, where the vesper service was performing. The hymns and psalms of David rose on the air, after three thousand years of time, from the lips of foreigners, and in another language, upon those same hills which had inspired them; and I saw on the terraces of the convent some gliding figures, aged monks of the Holy Land, who were passing and repassing with their breviaries in their hands, murmuring those prayers already murmured by so many lips, and in so many different tongues, through so many ages. And I! I too was there to join these strains; to study past ages in their cradle; to retrace up to its source the mystic stream of our civilization, and our religion; to inspire myself with the spirit of the place, and with the hidden sense of histories and monuments on that

ground which is the starting-point of our modern world; and to imbue with more real wisdom, and more true philosophy, the grave and reflective poetry of the age we live in!

This scene, placed by chance before my eyes, and added to the thousand other souvenirs of my travels, shewed me the destinies and almost perfect phases of all poetry. The three black slaves rocking the children with their native, light, and innocent songs, represented the pastoral and instinctive poetry of the infancy of nations; the young Turkish widow, weeping her husband and singing apostrophes to the earth, brought to mind the poetry of elegy and passion,—the poetry of the heart; the soldiers and the Mukre Arabs reciting the warlike, amorous, and marvellous fragments of Antar, illustrated the epic and warlike poetry of a wandering and conquering people; and the Greek monks chanting psalms on their solitary terraces, the sacred lyric poetry of the ages of enthusiasm, and of religious renovation; and I, meditating under my tent, and gathering historic truths and observations respecting all the earth, would embody the poetry of philosophy and reflection;—offspring of an epoch, wherein human nature studies itself and renews itself, even in the songs with which it amuses its hours of ease and leisure.

This is the progress of poetry in ages past, but in the future, what will she become? * * *

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

We insert here, before the author leaves Jerusalem, and the grottoes of Gethsamene, which he has just described, the Verses which he wrote fourteen months after the loss of his only child. The scenery and images in this Poem refer to the places he had been visiting. These Verses, which he has allowed us to insert in this volume, have never been published; nor ever read by him to any of his most intimate friends.

They will be understood on perusing them.

GETHSEMANE;

OR THE DEATH OF JULIA.

E'EN from my cradle have I been
A man of grief! my heart has known
Tears for its blood;—alas! my God
Has turned its waters into stone.
Tears have no soothing charm for me—
Gall is my honey, grief my gladness;
No path allures me, save I see
Some ruin, or some sign of sadness.

GETHSEMANI;

OU LA MORT DE JULIA.

Je fus dès la mamelle un homme de douleur;
Mon cœur, au lieu de sang, ne roule que des larmes,
Ou plutôt, de ces pleurs Dieu m'a ravi les charmes,
Il a pétrifié les larmes dans mon cœur;
L'amertume est mon miel, la tristesse est ma joie;
Un instinct fraternel m'attache à tout cercueil,
Nul chemin ne m'arrête, à moins que je n'y voie
Quelque ruine ou quelque deuil!

If green fields spread beneath the sky,
And vallies open to the sea,
I say with bitter laughter, "Room!
For happiness, but not for me."
My spirit's echo is complaint;
Its home is with the voice of weeping,
And frozen tears, and ashes form
The only pillow for my sleeping.

And ask you, why? I cannot tell;
'Twould stir the gloomy depths below;
My mouth could only utter sighs,
And you must rend my heart to know.
Death in each vein has plunged the knife,
They beat while agonies consume,
So in a place of sacrifice,*
And my whole soul is but one tomb.

* Gemonies. This was, among the Romans, the place where criminals were executed, and where their bodies were exposed after death.

Si je vois des champs verts qu'un ciel pur entretienne,
De doux vallons s'ouvrant pour embrasser la mer,
Je passe, et je me dis avec un rire amer:
Place pour le bonheur, hélas! et non la mienne!
Mon esprit n'a d'écho qu'où l'on entend gémir,
Partout où l'on pleura mon ame a sa patrie,
Une terre de cendre et de larmes pétrie
Est le lit où j'aime à dormir.

Demandez-vous pourquoi? je ne pourrais le dire;
De cet abîme amer je remuerais les flots,
Ma bouche, pour parler n'aurait que des sanglots,
Mais déchirez ce cœur si vous voulez y lire.
La mort dans chaque fibre a plongé le couteau,
Ses battemens ne sont que lentes agonies,
Il n'est plein que de morts comme des gémonies;
Toute mon ame est un tombeau!

When—where our Saviour willed his birth,
I sought no sacred grove or field;
Where at his feet the poor flung palms,
Or where the Word his voice revealed:
Where loud hosannas crowned his steps,
And holy women wept their blessing,
He wiped his brow from sweat and blood,
The little children near caressing.

Lead me, my Father, where they weep,
The garden of His agony;
Who, left by God, and left by man,
Sweat blood, and tears, like those who die.
Leave me alone, I wish to know
What agony an hour can feel;
Child of despair, my faith is grief,
Here is the altar where I kneel.

Or, quand je fus aux bords où le Christ voulut naître,
Je ne demandai pas les lieux sanctifiés
Où les pauvres jetaient les palmes sous ses piés,
Où le Verbe à sa voix se faisait reconnaître,
Où l'Hosanna courait sur ses pas triomphans,
Où sa main, qu'arrosaient les pleurs des saintes femmes
Essuyant de son front la sueur et les flammes,
Caressait les petits enfans;

Conduisez-moi, mon père, à la place où l'on pleure!
A ce jardin funèbre où l'homme de salut,
Abandonné du père, et des hommes, voulut
Suer le sang et l'eau qu'on sue avant qu'on meure;
Laissez-moi seul, allez, j'y veux sentir aussi
Ce qu'il tient de douleur dans une heure infinie.
Homme de désespoir, mon culte, est l'agonie,
Mon autel à moi, c'est ici!

'Tis at Mount Olive's dusty feet,
'Neath Sion's crumbling rampart's shade,
A place where never sunbeam comes,
Where Cedron's dried up course is made.
It is the place of sepulchre;
Instead of grass are ruins growing:
The roots of ancient trunks extend,
The very tombs around o'erthrowing.

Where He the Saviour tasted death,
That gloomy cavern yawneth near;
Where thrice the sleeping ones he waked,
And bad them watch the hour of fear.
The lip, while shuddering, hopes to staunch
The drops that awful cup supplied,
The sweat of that vast sacrifice,
Is on the rock's ensanguined side.

Il est aux pieds poudreux du j ardin des Olives,
Sous l'ombre des remparts d'où s'écroula Sion,
Un lieu d'où le soleil écarte tout rayon,
Où le Cédron tari filtre entre ses deux rives;
Josaphat en sépulchre y creuse ses coteaux;
Au lieu d'herbe, la terre y germe des ruines,
Et des vieux trônes minés les traînantes racines
Fendent les pierres des tombeaux.

Là, s'ouvre entre deux rocs la grotte ténébreuse
Où l'homme de douleur vint savourer la mort,
Quand réveillant trois fois l'amitié qui s'endort,
Il dit à ses amis: Veillez, l'heure est affreuse!
La lèvre, en frémissant, croit encore étancher
Sur le pavé sanglant les gouttes du calice,
Et la moite sueur du fatal sacrifice
Sue encore aux flancs du rocher.

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I leant—my head bowed on my hand,
And mused what thought that brow divine;—
Then from their source unto their end,
I numbered every tear of mine.
I raised and took my burthen up,
I counted death and measured life;
Then in a dream my soul was lost,
My God! with what was that dream rife;

'Neath the maternal wing I left
My child, my hope, my loved alone;
Each summer gave her brow more soul:
At such an age, Heaven asks its own.
The eye her image cannot lose;
Her trace was followed from its light;
No father saw my child pass by,
But saw and envied at the sight.

Le front dans mes deux mains, je m'assis sur la pierre,
Pensant à ce qu'avait pensé ce front divin,
Et repassant en moi, de leur sourse à leur fin,
Ces larmes dont le cours a creusé ma carrière;
Je repris mes fardeaux et je les soulevai,
Je comptai mes douleurs mort à mort, vie à vie,
Puis, dans un songe enfin mon ame fut ravie.
Quel rêve, grand Dieu! je rêvai!

J'avais laissé non loin, sous l'aile maternelle,
Ma fille, mon enfant, mon souci, mon trésor;
Sont front à chaque été s'accomplissait encor;
Mais son ame avait l'âge où le ciel les rappelle,
Son image de l'œil ne pouvait s'effacer,
Partout à son rayon sa trace était suivie,
Et sans se retourner pour me porter envie,
Nul père ne la vit passer.

'Twas the sole wreck of life's long storm,
The only fruit of many flowers;
A tear to part, a kiss to meet,
Shed sunshine o'er my wandering hours.
A blithe bird sipping from my mouth,
A sunbeam o'er my lattice breaking,
A breath of melody in sleep,
A kind caress at my awaking.

And more! she had my mother's face;
Her eyes a former shadow cast;
In her the past was born again,
My joy was only changed—not past.
Ten happy years were in her voice,
Her step shed through our house its lightness,
Her look could fill my eyes with tears,
Her smile my inmost heart with brightness.

C'était le seul débris de ma longue tempête,
Seul fruit de tant de fleurs, seul vestige d'amour,
Une larme au départ, un baiser au retour,
Pour mes foyers errans une éternelle fête,
C'était sur ma fenêtre un rayon de soleil,
Un oiseau gazouillant qui buvait sur ma bouche,
Un souffle harmonieux la nuit près de ma couche,
Une caresse à mon réveil!

C'était plus; de ma mère, helas! c'était l'image,
Son regard par ses yeux semblait me revenir,
Par elle mon passé renaissait avenir,
Mon bonheur n'avait fait que changer de visage.
Sa voix était l'écho de dix ans de bonheur,
Son pas dans la maison remplissait l'air de charmes,
Son regard dans mes yeux faisait monter les larmes,
Son sourire éclairait mon cœur.

My thoughts were mirrored on her brow,
Her bright blue eye gave back my own,
Pensive or tearful with my cares,
Like shades upon clear water thrown.
But all that filled her heart was kind;
Her mouth—no serious lines were there,
Save when within her mother's hands
She raised her hands to God in prayer.

I dreamed I brought her 'mid these scenes
And held her lovely on my knee;
Cradled at length within my arms,
My head o'er her's bent tenderly.
Her face lay back upon my arm;
Her silken hair shone round the while;
Her white teeth lit her rosy lips,
Half opening with their constant smile.

Son front se nuançait à ma moindre pensée;
Toujours son bel œil bleu réfléchissait le mien;
Je voyais mes soucis teindre et mouiller le sien,
Comme dans une eau claire une ombre est retracée.
Mais tout ce qui montait de son cœur était doux,
Et sa lèvre jamais n'avait un pli sévère
Qu'en joignant ses deux mains dans les mains de sa mère
Pour prier Dieu sur ses genoux!

Je rêvais qu'en ces lieux je l'avais amenée,
Et que je la tenais belle sur mon genou,
L'un de mes bras portant ses pieds, l'autre son cou,
Ma tête sur son front tendrement inclinée;
Ce front se renversant sur le bras paternel,
Secouait l'or bruni de ses tresses soyeuses,
Ses dents blanches brillaient sous ses lèvres rieuses
Qu'entr'ouvraient leur rire éternel!

To breathe her heart, to read in mine,
She fixed on me her eyes so bright,
And the soft rays that filled my own,
God, he alone, can tell their light.
My lips for very love delayed
To kiss the rosy mouth she brought;
Turning her lip, and now her cheek,
She stole the kisses which she sought.

And in my heart's delight I said,
My God, while those eyes round me shine,
My life too thankful for its flowers,
Expands in hymn and praise of thine.
Let my hopes flourish o'er her path;
Give her my life's diviner share;
Fling round the coming shade of love,
Her bridegroom's fond and future care.

Pour me darder son cœur et pour puiser mon ame,
Toujours vers moi, toujours ses regards se levaient,
Et dans le doux rayon dont mes yeux la couvraient,
Dieu seul peut mesurer ce qu'il brillait de flamme,
Mes lèvres ne savaient d'amour où se poser,
Elle les appelait comme un enfant qui joue,
Et les faisait flotter de sa bouche à sa joue
Qu'elle dérobait en baiser!

Et je disais à Dieu dans ce cœur qu'elle enivre:
Mon Dieu! tant que ses yeux luiront autour de moi,
Je n'aurai que des chants et des grâces pour toi,
Dans cette vie en fleurs c'est assez de revivre,
Va! donne-lui ma part de tes dons les plus doux,
Effeuille sous mes pas ses jours en espérance,
Prépare-lui sa couche, entr'ouvre-lui d'avance
Les bras enchaînés d'un époux!

While thus elate with hope and prayer,
My heart far in the future flown ;
I felt not that her head declined,
That her feet chilled my hands like stone.
My Julia, wherefore art thou pale ?
Why do thy cheek's soft hues recede ?
Speak, smile, nay, play not thus my child,
Unclose those eyes wherein I read.

A purple shadow quenched the smile
Of the rose lip now pale and cold ;
Her shortened breath came fast and thick
Like wings that pant before they fold.
My ear was on her heart, to catch
What last sigh bore her soul to rest,
Mine died within me, like the child
Dead—cold—upon its mother's breast.

En tout en m'enivrant de joie et de prière,
Mes regards et mon cœur ne s'apercevaient pas
Que ce front devenait plus pesant sur mon bras,
Que ces piés me glaçient les mains, comme la pierre,
Julia ! Julia ! d'où vient que tu pâlis ?
Pourquoi ce front mouillé, cette couleur qui change ?
Parle-moi ! souris-moi ! Pas de ces jeux, mon ange !
Rouvre-moi ces yeux où je lis !

Mais le bleu du trépas cernait sa lévre rose,
Le sourire y mourait à peine commencé,
Son souffle raccourci devenait plus pressé,
Comme les battemens d'une aile qui se pose ;
L'oreille sur son sœur j'attendais ses élans,
Et quand le dernier souffle eut enlevé son ame,
Mon cœur mourut en moi comme un fruit que la femme
Porte mort et froid dans ses flancs !

Bearing my more than life—like one
Who staggers with a mortal blow;
I sought the altar, and I laid
My child upon the stones below.
O'er the closed eyes, the yet warm brow,
My lips their lingering kisses shed,
As on the place within the nest,
From whence the bird hath scarcely fled.

In one eternal hour I felt
What agonies the soul can stir,
Grief took my heart's accustomed place,
I said, "My God, I had but her."
All other loves were in this love,
She gave back all death swept away,
The only fruit upon the bough
Left by a long and stormy day.

Et sur mes bras raidis, portant plus que ma vie,
Tel qu'un homme qui marche après le coup mortel,
Je me levai debout, je marchai vers l'autel
Et j'étendis l'enfant sur la pierre attiédie,
Et ma lèvre à ses yeux fermés vint se coller,
Et ce front déjà marbre était tout tiède encore,
Comme la place au nid d'ou l'oiseau d'une aurore
Vient à peine de s'envoler!

Et je sentis ainsi, dans une heure éternelle,
Passer des mers d'angoisse et des siècles d'horreur,
Et la douleur combla la place où fut mon cœur,
Et je dis à mon Dieu: Mon Dieu! je n'avais qu'elle!
Tous mes amours s'étaient noyés dans cet amour,
Elle avait remplacé ceux que la mort retranche,
C'était l'unique fruit demeuré sur la branche
Après les vents d'un mauvais jour.

The sole link of a broken chain,
The only one blue spot in heaven;
How sweet her name! to fill our house
With music, that sweet name was given.
Her's was the voice that soothed my home,
She was my world, my life, my light,
The care, the charm that blessed my eyes,
That filled the day, and filled the night.

Her image mirrored back my heart,
My life's best days were on her brow;
One constant light of happiness,
All thy gifts, Lord! were gathered now.
Sweet burthen that around my neck,
Her mother hung—eyes glassing mine;
Voice like my voice, life of my life,
A heaven round my path to shine.

C'était le seul anneau de ma chaîne brisée,
Le seul coin pur et bleu dans tout mon horizon,
Pour que son nom sonnât plus doux dans la maison,
D'un nom mélodieux nous l'avions baptisée.
C'était mon univers, mon mouvement, mon bruit,
La voix qui m'enchantait dans toutes mes demeures,
Le charme ou le souci de mes yeux, de mes heures,
Mon matin, mon soir et ma nuit;

Le miroir où mon cœur s'aimait dans son image,
Le plus pur de mes jours sur ce front arrêté,
Un rayon permanent de ma félicité,
Tous tes dons rassemblés, Seigneur, sur un visage;
Doux fardeau qu'à mon cou sa mère suspendait,
Yeux où brillaient mes yeux, ame à mon sein ravie,
Voix où vibrait ma voix, vie où vivait ma vie,
Ciel vivant qui me regardait!

Inexorable Fate! fulfil
Our agony's perpetual doom!
Have I not drank? break now the cup—
Myself! I laid her in the tomb..
My child, my girl, my breath; see here
As yesterday her tresses swept
Caressing me—I clipped two curls,
And they are all that I have kept.

One struggling sigh and I awake,
Red is the stone from which I rise;
My cold hand trembles o'er my brow,
The tears are frozen in my eyes.
As flies the eagle to her nest,
I seek my home—I hear a sigh,
Love for my sake delayed the hour,
She waited for me but to die.

Eh bein! prends! assouvis, implacable justice,
D'agonie et de mort ce besoin immortel;
Moi-même, je l'étends sur ton funèbre autel;
Si je l'ai tout vidé, brise enfin mon calice!
Ma fille! mon enfant! mon souffle! la voilà!
La voilà! j'ai coupé seulement ces deux tresses
Dont elle m'enchaînait hier dans ses caresses,
Et je n'ai gardé que cela! . . . .

Un sanglot m'étouffa, je m'éveillai; la pierre
Suintait sous mon corps d'une sueur de sang;
Ma main froide glaçait mon front en y passant;
L'horreur avait gelé deux pleurs sous ma paupière;
Je m'enfuis; l'aigle au nid est moins prompt à courir.
Des sanglots étouffés sortaient de ma demeure,
L'amour seul suspendait pour moi sa dernière heure,
Elle m'attendait pour mourir!

Now all within my house is dead,
Two eyes are ever weeping there;
I rove, I wait, I know not what,
My arms extend and clasp the air.
My days, my nights, wear one same hue,
Prayer in my soul, with hope lies low;
'Tis thy God smites—my soul be strong,
And kiss the hand that deals the woe.

Maintenant, tout est mort dans ma maison aride,
Deux yeux toujours pleurant sont toujours devant moi,
Je vais sans savoir où, j'attends sans savoir quoi;
Mes bras s'ouvrent à rien et se ferment à vide.
Tous mes jours et mes nuits sont de même couleur,
La prière en moin sein avec l'espoir est morte,
Mais c'est Dieu qui t'écrase; ô mon ame! sois forte,
Baise sa main sous la douleur!

4th November, 1822.

I passed the evening and night in the Desert of St. John, to take leave of our excellent monks, whose remembrance will always accompany us. The recollection of virtues, humble, but perfect, remains in the soul like the perfumed odours of a temple. We left, with these good fathers, an alms, barely sufficient to indemnify them for the expenses we had occasioned them: the risks they had run for us they reckoned as nothing: they intreated me to recommend them to the protection of the terrible Abougosh, whom I was to see again at Jeremy.

We set off before daybreak to avoid the importunities of the Bedouins of Bethlehem, of the Desert, and of St. John, who ceased not to follow, and even began to menace me.

At eight in the morning we had crossed the high mountains crowned by the tombs of the Maccabees, and were seated under the fig trees of Jeremy, smoking our pipes, and taking coffee with Abougosh, his uncle, and his brothers. Abougosh lavished new marks of respect and kindness on me. He offered me a horse, which I refused, as I determined not to make him a present of any sort, lest it should be construed an acknowledgment of the tribute he commonly imposed on pilgrims—a tribute from which Ibrahim had released them. I placed the monks of St. John, of Bethlehem, and of Jerusalem, under his protection. I have since found that he really went and delivered them from the annoyances of the Bedouins of the Desert. No doubt, he little thought, when I asked his protection for the poor Frank Monks, exiled in these mountains, that, eight months later, he would have to send and implore mine, for the deliverance of his own brother, led prisoner to Damascus; and that I should be so happy as to be useful to him in my turn.

Having taken our coffee, and refreshed our horses, we again set forward, escorted by the whole population of Jeremy, and encamped further on than Ramla, in a magnificent wood of olive-trees, which surrounds the town. Overpowered with lassitude, and destitute of anything to eat, we sent to ask hospitality of the monks of the Convent of the Holy Land, which they refused, from fear of the plague being amongst us. We were, therefore, obliged to fast; but we laid down, and fell asleep,

lulled by the soft sea-breeze, as it played on the peak of the Mount of Olives. It was there that the Virgin, St. Joseph, and the Child, passed the night, on their way into Egypt—and these thoughts gave softness to our beds.

We left Ramla at six in the morning; breakfasted at Jaffa with M. Damiani; and passed the day in reposing ourselves and making preparations for returning into Syria along the coast.

Nothing can be more delightful than these journeys, *en caravane*, when the country is fine; when the horses, having rested long enough, step lightly, at morning dawn, over a smooth and sandy soil; when the prospects succeed each other without monotony; and, above all, when the sea, blowing in our faces those cool undulations of air produced by its supple and regular waves, breaks at the feet of our horses, and scatters, at intervals, its light spray around. This pleasure we experienced in coasting along the charming gulf which separates Kaipha from St. Jean d'Acre. The desert, formed by the Plain of Zebulon, is hidden to the right by the high tufts of reeds, and by the ridge of palm-trees which separates it from the strand: one walks on a bed of fine white sand, continually watered by the waves which break on, and cover it with a sheet of whiteness: the gulf, closed in on the east by the high peak of Cape Carmel, surmounted by its monastery, and on the west, by the white shattered walls of St. Jean d'Acre, resembles a vast lake, whereon the smallest and lightest barks might rock with impunity—but such is not the case: the

coast of Syria, dangerous everywhere, is doubly so in the Gulf of Kaipha. The vessels which take refuge in it from the storm, and cast out their anchors on an unsolid bottom, are frequently thrown upon the coast—as many sad, though picturesque remains, too well attested. The whole strand is, indeed, bordered by wrecked vessels, half buried in the sand: some still shew their shattered prows, wheron sea-birds build their nests; while others have only their masts above the sand; and those naked trees, destitute of leaves or branches, seem like funereal crosses planted above the ashes of the departed. Some have their yards and scraps of rigging encrusted by saline vapours from the sea, and hanging about the masts. The Arabs never touch these wrecks of vessels; time only, with the winter tempests, has the charge of completing their destruction, aided by the sands which bury them day by day.—We saw, here, the Arab mode of fishing, which is the same in almost all the other seas of Syria. A man, holding a small net, folded up, above his head, ready to be thrown, advances a few steps into the sea, choosing the place and hour when the sun is behind him, and illuminates the wave without dazzling him. He awaits the waves that come forward before him, and breaking, as they reach him, on the rock or sand. He darts a penetrating and experienced look into each wave, and if he sees that it brings fish with it, he throws in his net, at the moment before it breaks, and would carry back what it contains in its reflux; the net falls, the wave retires, and the fish remain. The

weather should be rather rough for this sort of fishing, as, when the sea is calm, the fisherman sees nothing;—the waves only become transparent when they rise high from the surface, towards the sun.

The infected odour of a field of battle now announced the neighbourhood of Acre, and we were only at a quarter of an hour's distance from its walls. It is a heap of ruins. The domes of the mosques are open to the day, the walls exhibit enormous breaches, the towers are crumbling in the port; it has just sustained the seige of a year, and been carried by assault, by the forty thousand heroes of Ibrahim.

The policy of the East is ill understood in Europe. It is supposed to spring from design; but has no foundation save caprice: without any plan, it displays only passion; and reverting, not to the future, it provides but for to-day and to-morrow. The aggression of Mehemet Ali is imagined to be the premeditation of a long and progressive ambition; whilst in fact it was nothing more than the result of those favourable circumstances which led him on, from one step to another, almost involuntarily, until he shook the throne of his master, and conquered half the empire. Another chance may lead him farther still.

It was thus that the quarrel arose. Abdalla, Pacha of Acre, an inconsiderate young man, who had been raised to the government of Acre by a sport of chance and favour, had revolted against the Grand Signior: being vanquished, he had implored the assistance of the Pacha of Egypt, who bought his pardon from the Divan. Abdalla, soon forget-

ting the gratitude he owed to Mehemet, refused to keep certain conditions which he had sworn to him during the time of his misfortune. Ibrahim marches to force him, and experiences a most unexpected resistance at Acre. His anger is inflamed: he requires new troops of his father, which arrive, and are again repulsed. Mehemet Ali, wearied, recalls him, and releases his son from all his oaths; the wounded pride of Ibrahim resists this; he resolves to die under the walls of Acre, or force it to submission to his father. By the sacrifice of troops, the gates at length are forced; and Abdalla, a prisoner, awaits his death; Ibrahim sends for him under his tent, addresses to him some bitter sarcasms, and expedites him to Alexandria. Instead of the bowstring or the sabre, Mehemet Ali sends him his horse, makes him enter in triumph, and placing him by his side on the Divan, commends him for his bravery and fidelity to the Sultan, and rewards him with a palace, slaves, and immense revenues.

Abdalla deserved this treatment by his bravery. Shut up in Acre, with three thousand Osmanlis, he had resisted during a year all the Egyptian forces by sea and land. The fortune of Ibrahim, like that of Napoleon, staggered before this barrier. If the grand Signior, solicited in vain by Abdalla, had sent him a few thousand troops in time, or had even launched on the seas of Syria two or three of those fine frigates which float in uselessness on their anchors before the caiques of the Bosphorus, all would have been over with Ibrahim, and he would have gone back to Egypt,

convinced of the impotence of his rage: but the Porte was faithful to its system of fatality, and suffered the ruin of its Pacha to be accomplished. The boundary mark of Syria was upset, and the Divan awoke too late. Notwithstanding, Mehemet-Ali wrote to his general to return, but Ibrahim, a man of courage and adventure, had resolved to try his fate, and the weakness of the Sultan, to the end.

He advanced. Two important and ill-disputed victories, those of Homs in Syria and of Konia in Asia Minor, rendered him absolute master of Arabia, Syria, and all the states of Pontus, Bythnia, and Cappadocia, which now form Caramania. The Porte might still have cut off his retreat, and by disembarking troops behind him, might have retaken the towns and provinces, where he could not leave sufficient garrisons; a body of six thousand men thrown in this way into the defiles of Taurus and Syria, would have made Ibrahim and his army their prey, and imprisoned him in the midst of his victories. The Turkish fleet was infinitively more numerous than Ibrahim's, or rather the Porte had an immense and magnificent fleet, while Ibrahim had only two or three frigates; but at the beginning of the campaign, Kalil-Pacha, a young man of elegant manners, favourite of the Sultan, and named by him Capitan Pacha, fled from the sea before the insignificant force of Ibrahim. I myself saw him quit the bay of Rhodes, and shut himself up in that of Marmorizza, on the coast of Caramania, at the bottom of the gulf of Macri. Once with his vessels in this port, whose entrance is excessively nar-

row, Ibrahim with two ships could have prevented his getting out again—in fact, he did so, and during the whole winter, when the military operations were the most important and decisive on the shores of Syria, the vessels of Ibrahim alone appeared on these seas, and carried him reinforcements and ammunition without obstacle; and yet Kalil-Pacha was neither a coward nor a traitor; but thus it is with the affairs of a people who remain inactive while all around them is moving; the fate of nations is in the genius of their leaders. The Turkish genius now quakes before that of its weakest Pacha. The rest of the campaign is well known, and reminds one of that of Alexandria. Ibrahim is incontestably a hero, and Mehemet Ali a great man, but all their fate rests on their own heads; these two men the less, there is no more Egypt; no more Arabic empire; no more Maccabees for Islamism; and the East returns to the West by that invincible law which carries empire where there is knowledge.

Same date.

The sands which border the gulf of St. Jean d'Acre became more and more fœtid; we began to perceive the bones of men, horses, and camels, scattered on the strand and whitening in the sun, washed by the froth of the waves; at every step these collected heaps were multiplied before us, and presently all the shore between the sea and the ridge of rocks was covered by them, and the noise of our horses' feet disturbed the hordes of wild dogs, hideous jackalls, and birds of prey, which had for

two months been employed in devouring the remains of the horrible feast that the cannon of Ibrahim and Abdalla had prepared them; some dragged away in their flight the half-buried members of men and the limbs of horses to which flesh still clung; some eagles, perched on the bony heads of camels, rose at our approach, with cries of anger, and returned hovering alike over our guns, and their horrible prey; the herbage, reeds, and shrubs farther off, were also strewed with these frightful remains of men and animals. All was not the fruits of war. The typhus, which had ravaged Acre for several months, completed what arms had spared, and hardly left twelve or fifteen hundred living in a town of twelve or fifteen thousand souls. Every day there were thrown outside the walls or in the sea, new heaps of dead which the sea rejected at the bottom of the gulf, or the jackalls disinterred in the plains. We approached the eastern gate of the unhappy town; the air was no longer supportable; we did not enter, but turning to the right along the ruined walls, where a few slaves were working, we crossed the field of battle in its whole extent, from the walls of the city to the country residence of the ancient Pachas of Acre, built in the midst of the plain at one or two hours from the shore. On approaching this palace of magnificent appearance, and flanked by kiosks of elegant Indian architecture, we observed long furrows a little more raised by the plough than on our lands. These furrows covered a distance probably half a league long, by nearly the same breadth—the top of each furrow rising one

or two feet above the level of the soil.—It was the site of Ibrahim's camp, and the tomb of fifteen thousand men that had been buried in these sepulchral trenches. We marched slowly and with difficulty over the ground, which barely covered the remains of so many victims of the ambition and caprice of what is called a hero. We pressed on our horses, who stumbled constantly against the dead and broke the bones that the jackalls had left; we encamped in about an hour from this fatal spot, in a charming site on the plain, well watered by a running stream, shaded by palm-trees, orange-trees, and sweet-limes, and beyond the reach of the wind from St. Jean d'Acre, whose emanations had pursued us. These gardens, stretched like an oasis on the naked plain of Acre, had been planted by the last Pacha but one, who was the successor of the famous Djezzar-Pacha; some poor Arabs, sheltered in the huts of mud and earth, furnished us with oranges, eggs, and fowls; we slept there.

The next morning, M. de Laroyère could scarcely rise from his mat, to mount his horse; all his limbs, benumbed by pain, refused the slightest movement. He felt the first symptoms of typhus, which his medical knowledge enabled him to distinguish better than we could; but the place neither affording shelter nor resources of any kind for a sick man, we hastened to quit it before the malady became too severe, and slept fifteen leagues from it, on the plain of Tyre, upon the banks of a stream that was shaded by enormous rushes, and not far from an isolated ruin, apparently belonging to the time

of the Crusades. The heat and movement had re-animated M. de Laroyère; we placed him under the tent, and left him, to kill some wild-geese and ducks that rose like a cloud out of the rushes—that day the whole of our caravan was fed by them.

The next day, we met, on the sea-coast, in a delightful spot, shaded by maritime cedars and magnificent plane trees, a Turkish Aga, who was returning from Mecca, with a numerous suite of men and horses. We fixed ourselves under a tree, near the fountain, not far from another tree, where the Aga was breakfasting. His slaves were walking his horses. I was struck with the perfection of form and lightness of a young thorough-bred Arab stallion. I desired my drogueman to enter into conversation with the Aga. We sent him a present of some of our provisions, and a pair of pistols; he presented us, in return, with a Persian yatagan. I ordered my horses to pass before him, that the conversation might turn naturally on the subject; we succeeded thus far, but the difficulty lay in asking him to sell me his. My drogueman related to him that one of our party was so unwell, that he could not find a horse whose paces were easy enough to carry him; the Aga said he had one on whose back one might take one's coffee at a gallop, without spilling a single drop out of the cup. It was precisely the lovely animal I so much admired, and so much wished, for my wife. After much circumlocution, and many words, we concluded the affair, and I led off the horse, which I named El Kantara, as a memento of the place, and of the fountain where

I had bought him; I mounted him immediately, to finish the day's journey; I never mounted such an easy animal; one neither felt the elastic movement of his shoulders, nor the reaction of his hoof on the rock, nor the slightest weight of his head on the reins; his forehead was so beautifully formed that one might fancy oneself mounted on a bird, whose wings supported an almost insensible movement. He also galloped better than any other Arab horse with which I tried him. His coat was of a bright pearl grey. I gave him to my wife, who would never mount on any other during our stay in the East. I shall always regret this accomplished horse. He was a native of Khorassan, and only five years old.

In the evening, we reached the wells of Solomon: the next day, early, we entered Said, the ancient Sidon, escorted by the Franks of the country, and the sons of M. Giraudin, our excellent vice-consul at Said. We also found M. Cattafago there, whom we had seen at Nazareth, with his family. He had just had a house built in the town, and was busied with preparations for the marriage of one of his daughters. As the ancient Sidon retains no vestige of its former grandeur, we gave ourselves up entirely to the kindness and care of M. Giraudin, and to the pleasure of conversing on Europe and the East, with this interesting old man. Become a patriarch, in the land of Patriarchs, he presented, in himself and his family, the image of every patriarchal virtue; and reminded us of their habits and manners in his own.

The symptoms of typhus become more characterized in the increasing illness of M. de Laroyère. Being no longer able to rise, or mount his horse, we freighted a bark at Said, to convey him by sea to Bayreut. We set out again with the rest of the caravan: I despatched a courier to Lady Stanhope, to thank her for her obliging efforts in my favour with the chief, Abougosh, and to request her to seize every opportunity that might offer, for informing the Arabs of the Desert of Bka, of Balbec, and Palmira, of my safe arrival.

5th November, 1832.

Slept in an ancient deserted ruin on the coast, and wrote some verses during the night in the pages of my Bible.—I rejoice at approaching Bayreut, after a journey so happily accomplished; I met an Arab horseman on the road, bearing a letter from my wife. Julia is blooming with health. I am expected to pass some days at the Monastery of Antoura in Lebanon, with the Catholic Patriarch, who has arrived to invite us there.

At four in the afternoon a frightful storm, the mass of clouds appearing to fall at once on the mountains to our right. The noise of the flux and reflux of these heavy clouds against the peaks of Mount Lebanon (which tear them), is not unlike the roaring of the sea, which itself resembles a plain of snow stirred up by a furious wind. The rain does not fall in larger or smaller drops, as in the West; but in heavy and continued streams, which strike and weigh on man and horse like the hand of the tem-

pest; day has completely disappeared; our horses walk in a torrent mixed with rolling stones, and are likely every moment to be swept into the sea. When the sky clears and light returns, we find ourselves at the ridge of pine-trees of Facardin, at half a league from the town. Home has something dear to animals as well as men; those of my horses who knew the spot, as having often carried us there, neigh, dress up their ears, and bound with joy on the sand. I leave the caravan to defile slowly under the pines. Lebanon starts off at a gallop, and I reach, my heart trembling with anxiety and joy, the arms of my wife. Julia is at play in a neighbouring house with the daughters of the Prince of the Mountain, become Governor of Bayreut during my absence. She has seen me galloping, from off the terrace; I hear her flying to meet me, and crying "Where is he? is it really him?"—She comes! She throws herself into my arms, she covers me with caresses; then runs about the room, her fine eyes sparkling with tears of joy, raising her arms, and repeating "How happy I am! how happy I am!"—then comes again to sit upon my knee, and embraces me again and again. There were in the room two young jesuit fathers of Lebanon, on a visit to my wife; I could not for some time address them even a word of politeness; dumb themselves before that innocent and passionate expression of tenderness of soul in a child for her father, and before the celestial brilliancy which her happiness added to the beauty of that radiant head, they stood struck with silence and admiration. Our friends and our

suite arrive, and fill the mulberry plantations with our horses and tents.

Several days of repose and happiness are passed in receiving the visits of our friends of Bayreut. The sons of the Emir Beschir, come down from the mountains, by order of Ibrahim, to invest the country, which threatens to rise in favour of the Turks, are encamped in the Valley of Nar-el-Kelba, at about an hour from my abode.

7th November, 1832.

The Sardinian Consul, M. Bianco, who has been intimate for many years with these princes, invites us to a dinner which he gives them. They arrive, dressed in splendid caftans woven entirely in gold thread; their turbans also composed of the richest cashmere. The eldest, who commands the army of his fathers, has a poniard, of which the handle is entirely encrusted with diamonds of inestimable value. Their suite is numerous and singularly composed. Amongst a vast number of Mussulmans and black slaves, there is a poet exactly similar, by his attributes, to the bards of the middle ages. His functions consist in singing the virtues and exploits of his master—in composing tales to amuse him when called upon to stand behind him during his repasts, and extemporize verses or political toasts in his honour, or in honour of the guests that the Prince wishes to distinguish. There is also a chaplain or Maronite Catholic confessor, who never quits him even at table, and to whom only entrance into the harem is allowed. He is a monk of a jovial

and warlike countenance, exactly resembling what we should understand by almoner of a regiment. The chaplain, owing to his sacred profession, sits at table; the poet stands. These princes, particularly the eldest, do not appear at all embarrassed by our customs, nor by the presence of European women; they converse with us all by turns, with the same ease and grace of manner, the same *apropos*, the same freedom of intellect, as if they had been brought up in the most polished Court of Europe.

Oriental civilization is always on a level with ours, because it is older, and originally more pure and more perfect. To an unprejudiced eye there is no comparison between the nobleness, decorum, and dignified grace of Arab, Turkish, Indian, and Persian manners, and our own. We are felt to be a youthful people, just emerging from a hard, coarse and imperfect civilization; they are felt to be the well-born inheritors of antique wisdom and virtue; their nobleness, which is but the filiation of primitive virtues, is written on their foreheads, is stamped on all their habits—besides, there is no *vulgar* amongst them. Moral civilization, which is all I note, is on a level every where. The shepherd and the emir are of the same family, speak the same tongue, have the same usages, participate in the same wisdom, the same grandeur of traditions,—which form the atmosphere of a people.

At dessert, the wines of Cyprus and Lebanon circulated freely: the Arab Christians, and the family of the Emir Beschir, which is Christian, or believes itself so, drank without hesitating when

occasion required. Toasts were drank to the success of Ibrahim, to the deliverance of Lebanon, to the friendship of the Franks and Arabs; and at length the Prince proposed one to the ladies present at this fête; his bard then extemporized, by order of the Prince, and sang, with a powerful voice, in recitative, some Arab verses, of which the following is pretty nearly the sense:—

"Let us drink of the juice of Eden, which intoxicates and rejoices the heart of the slave and of the Prince. It is wine from those plants that Noah himself planted, when the dove, instead of an olive branch, brought him from Heaven the stem of the vine. By the virtue of this vine the poet for a moment becomes Prince, and the Prince becomes poet.

"Let us drink it in honour of those young and beauteous Franks who come from the country where all women are Queens. The eyes of the Syrian women are soft—but they are veiled. In the eyes of the women of the West there is more intoxication than in the transparent cup I drink.

"To drink of wine, and look at the faces of women is, to a Mussulman, two sins; to an Arab it is two causes of delight, and two manners of blessing God."

The chaplain himself seemed enchanted with these verses, and sang the chorus to the bard, laughing and emptying his glass. The Prince proposed to us the sight of sporting with the falcons, the habitual diversion of the Princes and Scheiks of Syria. It was from hence that the Crusaders brought this custom into Europe.

9th November, 1832.

The climate, with the exception of an occasional gust or gale on the sea, and of some storms of rain in the middle of the day, is as fine as the month of May in France. As soon as the rains begin, a new spring commences: the walls of the terraces which support the cultivated slopes of Lebanon, and the fertile hills of the environs of Bayreut, are so covered with vegetation in a few days, that the ground is entirely hidden under the moss, the grass, the lianes, and the flowers; green barley carpets the fields, which were only dust when we arrived. The mulberry trees, with their second leaves form, round the houses, forests impenetrable to the sun. One sees, here and there, the tops of houses scattered on the plain, which rise from this ocean of verdure; and the Greek and Syrian women, in their rich and brilliant costume, are like Queens who take the air on the pavilions of their gardens. Little foot-paths, formed in the sand, lead from house to house, and from hill to hill, across this continuation of gardens, which reach from the sea to the feet of Lebanon. In following them, one finds, all at once, at the entrance of these small houses, the most delicious scenes of patriarchal life; the women and young girls crouched under the mulberry and fig-trees at their doors, work rich carpets, in wool of the most brilliant and contrasted colours; others, fastening the ends of their unwound silks to distant trees, wind them up, walking slowly and singing, from tree to tree: the men, on the contrary, walk backwards, from

tree to tree, and are occupied in making pieces of silk and throwing the shuttle, which others throw back to them. The children are lying in cradles of rushes, or on mats in the shade; some are suspended to the orange branches; the large Syrian sheep, with immense tails, that train after them on the ground, too heavy to stir, are laying in holes, dug on purpose for them in the cool earth, before the door; one or two handsome goats, with long ears, hanging down like our spaniels, and sometimes a cow, complete the rural picture. The master's horse is always there, also, covered with his splendid trappings, and ready to be mounted. He forms a part of the family, and seems to take an interest in all that is done, and all that is said around him—his physiognomy grows animated like a human countenance: when a stranger appears and speaks to him, he dresses up his ears, raises his lips, extends his nostrils, bends his head to the wind, and snuffs at the unknown who flatters him; his soft but deep and pensive eyes sparkle like fire under the long and handsome tuft of mane on his forehead. The Arab, Greek, and Syrian labouring families, who inhabit these houses at the foot of Lebanon, have nothing wild or barbarous about them. Better informed than the peasants of our provinces, they can all read, and understand two languages, the Arabic and Greek; they are mild, quiet, industrious, and sober; occupied all the week with farming or their silk, they repose on Sunday, and, with their families, attend the long and shewy service of the Greek or Syriac Church; then re-

turn home to a somewhat richer repast than on the week days. The women and young girls, dressed in their richest costume, and their hair plaited and thickly strewn with orange blossoms, purple wall-flowers, and carnations, remain seated on their mats at the doors, with their neighbours and friends.

It is impossible to paint with the pen the admirable and picturesque groups of richness of costume and beauty that these women form in the country. Every day I see faces of young girls or of women such as Raphael never pictured even in his artist-dreams; it is much more than Grecian or Italian beauty—it is purity of lines, delicacy of contour; in a word, all that Rome and Greece have left us of most perfect; and this is rendered still more intoxicating by a primitive innocence and simplicity of expression, by a serene and voluptuous languor, by the celestial light that their blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes, throw over the features, and by an ingenuousness of smile, a harmony of proportion, an animated whiteness of the skin, an indescribable transparency of complexion, a metallic lustre of the hair, a grace of movement, a strangeness of attitude and musical vibration of the voice, which make of a young Syrian a Houri of Paradise to the eyes.

These varied and admirable beauties are also extremely common: I never go walking for an hour in the country without meeting with several belles going to the fountains, or returning with their Etruscan vases on their shoulder, and their naked legs encircled by bracelets of silver. The men

and young boys go on the Sundays, and seat themselves, their only amusement, on the mats spread at the foot of some great sycamore, not far from a fountain; they remain there immoveable the whole day, relating marvellous histories, and drinking from time to time a cup of coffee, or of fresh water; others go upon the tops of the hills, and you see them there peacefully grouped under their vines, or their olive-trees, and seeming to enjoy with delight the view of the sea, the lucidity of the sky, the music of the birds, and all those delicious instincts of pure and unsophisticated man, which our populations have exchanged for the noisy intoxication of taverns, and the fumes of a debauch. Never were finer scenes of the creation peopled and animated by purer or finer impressions. Nature is truly, here, a perpetual hymn to the goodness of the Creator; and no false note, no spectacle of misery or vice, disturbs the ravishing harmony of this hymn. Men, women, birds, animals, trees, mountains, sea, sky, climate, all is fine, all is pure, all is splendid and religious.

November 10th, 1832.

This morning I started early with Julia to ramble on the hill that the Greeks call San-Dimitri, about a league from Bayreut, in nearing Lebanon, and following obliquely the curve of the line of the sea. Two of my Arabs accompanied us, the one to serve as guide, the other to walk at the head of Julia's horse and restrain him, or receive her in his arms, if he became too animated. When the paths be-

came too steep, we quitted our horses awhile, and strayed on foot over the natural or artificial terraces which form the whole hill of San-Dimitri into steps of verdure. In my childhood, I have often figured to myself this terrestrial paradise, this Eden, that all nations hold in their remembrance as a lovely dream, or as a tradition of a more perfect time and place. I have followed Milton in his delicious descriptions of this enchanting abode of our first parents; but here, as in all things, the work of Nature infinitely surpasses that of imagination. God has not bestowed on man the power of even dreaming such beauties as his hand has made. I had dreamt of Eden; I can now say, I have seen it.

When we had walked for half an hour under the arches of nopals which border all the paths of the plain, we began to ascend by little narrow steep roads, which lead successively to the platforms; from whence the prospect of the country, the sea, and of Lebanon, becomes successively more extended.

These platforms, of a moderate breadth, are all surrounded by forest trees, unknown in our climates, and of whose nomenclature I am unfortunately ignorant; but their trunks, the form of their branches, the novel and strange shapes of their conical heads, dishevelled, pyramidal, or spreading out like wings, give to this border of vegetation a grace and novelty of aspect purely Asiatic; their leaves also are of every form and every colour, from the sombre verdure of the cy-

press, to the pale green of the olive or the bright yellow of the citron and orange; from the broad leaves of the Chinese mulberry, each of which is sufficient to hide the sun from the face of a child, to the light cuttings of the tea-tree, the pomegranate, and innumerable other shrubs, whose leaves are like parsley leaves, and form slight draperies of vegetable net-work between the spectator and the horizon. Along the edges of these borders of wood, lay parterres of verdure and flowers growing in shade. The interior of each platform is sown with barley, and in one or other of the angles two or three heads of palm-trees, or the dark and well-rounded dome of a colossal carob-tree, shows the spot where an Arab labourer has built his cabin, surrounded by some vine plants, by a hollow protected by green pallisades of Indian fig-trees, covered with their prickly fruit, and a little garden of orange-trees, wall-flowers, and carnations, to ornament the hair of his daughters. When the pathway happened to lead us to the door of these dwellings, immersed, like human nests, in these masses of verdure, we neither saw surprise, anger, nor ill-humour on the countenances of the good and happy inhabitants. They saluted us, while smiling at Julia's beauty, with the pious salutation of the orientals, *Saba-el-Kair*, May the day be blessed to you. Some of them entreated us to stop under their palm-trees; and brought us, according to their riches, either a mat or a carpet, offering us fruits and milk, or flowers from their gardens: sometimes we accepted their kindness,

and promised them to return, and to bring them something curious from Europe. But their hospitality and politeness was by no means interested. They say they love the Francs, who know how to cure all sickness, and the virtues of all plants, and adore the same God as they do.

From each of these platforms we mounted to another, exhibiting the same scenes, the same arrangement of the trees, the same Mosaic of vegetation on the ground which they encompass: only from platform to platform the magnificent horizon enlarges; those below are spread out like a chess-board and of all colours, where the hedges of shrubs, brought together by optical illusion, form woods and dark spots beneath one's feet. We followed these platforms from hill to hill, redescending from time to time into the valleys which separate them, valleys a thousand times more shaded, more delicious than the hills: all hidden by the curtains of trees of the terraces above them, all buried in these waves of odoriferous vegetation; but all however having at their entrances a narrow outlet of view toward the plain and the sea. As the plain has disappeared, (from the great elevation of these valleys,) they seem to terminate immediately on the strand; their trees form a dark outline on the blue of the waves, and we amused ourselves sometimes, while sitting under a palm-tree, in watching the sails of the vessels, in reality at four or five leagues from us, glide slowly from tree to tree, as if they were navigating a lake, directly bordered by these valleys.

At length chance led our steps to the most perfect and enchanting of these landscapes.

It is one of the highest valleys, open from east to west, and sunk in the folds of the last chain of hills, which advance on the great valley through which the Narh-Bayreut flows. Nothing can express the prodigious vegetation which carpets its bed and its sides; and though these sides are formed of the rock itself, they are so clothed with mosses of every sort, so saturated with humidity, which distills drop by drop, so covered with tufts of heath, of fern, of odoriferous herbs, of lianes, of ivy, and shrubs enrooted in their imperceptible cracks, that it is impossible to suppose it is the rock itself which produces such luxuriant vegetation. It is a leafy carpet of one or two feet thick; a vegetable velvet strewed in all colours, with bouquets of flowers unknown to us, of a thousand forms and a thousand odours, which sometimes sleep as motionless as the bouquets painted on the hangings of our saloons; and sometimes, when the light breeze sweeps over them, raise themselves with the herbs and branches from whence they issue, like the hair of an animal stroked backwards, becoming shaded with many tints, and resembling a river of flowers and verdure that flows in perfumed waves. At those moments gusts of intoxicating odours load the air, and multitudes of insects with variegated wings fly out, and innumerable birds sing on the neighbouring trees. The air is filled with their music, with the hum of swarms of bees and insects, and with that soft mur-

mur of the earth in spring which might be almost thought a sound from the millions of plants and redundant vegetation growing out of its surface.

Drops of night-dew fell from each leaf, shone on each blade of grass, and refreshed the bed of this little valley, as the sunbeams rose and stole along the tops of the high rocks and trees that encompass it. We breakfasted there, on a stone near a cavern, where two gazelles had taken refuge at our approach. We were careful of disturbing the retreat of these charming animals, who are to these deserts what the lamb is to our meadows, or the doves and tame pigeons to the roofs and courts of our houses.

All the valley was hung with the same moving curtain of foliage, and carpeted with mosses and redundant vegetation. We could not restrain an exclamation at every step. I never remember to have seen so much life in nature heaped together and overflowing in so small a space. We followed the whole length of this valley, seating ourselves from time to time where the shadows were most cool, and striking the verdure now and then to force out gusts of delicious odours, and myriads of insects, which rose like golden dust out of its bosom. How great is the Creator! how profound and infinite the source from whence such life, such splendour, and such goodness flow! If there is so much to see, to admire, to astonish, to astound, in this one single corner of universal nature, what will it be when the curtain of all worlds shall be raised for us, and that we shall see the wondrous work complete and without end?

It is impossible to see and think, without being inundated with that interior evidence of the Deity which is borne in on the mind, while all created nature is strewed with fragments of the sparkling mirror in which God has reflected himself.

As the western opening of the valley is approached, its cliffs gradually sink, admitting a more extended view of the sky, the ground at the same time gently declining under our steps. The eye descends from those eternal snows upon patches black with the pine, cypress, and cedar; and then, upon deep and gloomy ravines of which darkness seems to have taken possession as a nest for its everlasting repose; below these again, upon the golden peaks of rocks, at whose feet range the lofty Maronites and the villages of the Druses; resting finally on a fringe of olive forests which fade away on the borders of the plain. The plain itself, extending between the hills on which we stood and the roots of the gigantic Lebanon, may be a league in breadth. It is so sinuous that the eye can embrace at once only about two leagues of its length, mounds covered with sombre forests of pine intercepting the prospect. The Nahr-Bairout, or stream of Bairout, which escapes at some miles distance, through one of the deepest and most rocky gorges of all Lebanon, divides the plain in two. It flows gracefully between its well-filled banks, sometimes restricted within their barriers and edged by beds of reeds, which resemble fields of sugar-cane, sometimes overflowing, and throwing out little glittering lakes amid the verdant greensward, or under the

groves of mastick trees. Its borders are luxuriant with vegetation; and we distinguished asses, horses, goats, black buffaloes, and white cows dispersed in herds along the river, while Arab shepherds forded the stream mounted on their camels. Farther off, on the first ledge of the mountain, were seen Maronite monks, clothed in their black robes, after the fashion of a sailor's cloak, silently guiding the plough under the olive trees of their fields. The convent bells were heard occasionally calling them to devotion, whereupon they would stop the oxen, rest the stilt against the beam of the plough, and throwing themselves on their knees, give their team a few minutes breathing time, while their own aspirations were addressed to Heaven.

As we advanced farther, and began to descend towards the river, we suddenly discovered the sea, which the mountainous wall of the valley had hitherto excluded from our view, and the large mouth of the Nahr-Bairout, which here joins it. The river is spanned at no great distance from its mouth by a Roman bridge nearly in ruins, its arches lofty and without parapets. A long caravan from Damascus to Aleppo was crossing at the moment, and appeared one by one, some on dromedaries, some on horses, emerging from the shade of the rose bushes which overhang the mouldering arches, slowly climbing the summit, reflected there for a moment from the blue waves with their singular but splendid costumes and motley bearers, then redescending from this pinnacle of ruins, and the whole long pile of asses and camels again disap-

pearing amongst the tufts of rose trees, rose laurels, and plantains, with which the further banks of the river is shaded. A little beyond they were once more discernible, moving along the sands where the swelling waves rolled their crest of foaming surf under the very feet of the animals on which they were mounted. The immense peaked rocks of a distant promontory at length concealed them, and advancing into the sea bounded that side of our horizon. The sea, at the mouth of the river, exhibits two totally distinct coats of colouring; blue and green, and sparkling with moving brilliants, where its waters are unmixed; yellow and dull where the descending river struggles with its waves, and tinges them with the golden sands which it incessantly bears down into this roadstead. Seventeen vessels at anchor in the gulf swayed heavily upon the huge breakers with which it is always furrowed, their masts rising and sinking like so many long reeds agitated by the breeze. The masts of some were bare as wintry trees, while others extending their sails to dry in the sun, resembled the great white birds of these seas which hover in the air without their wings being seen to vibrate.

The gulf, brighter than the sky which canopied it, reflected part of the snows of Lebanon and the battlemented monasteries stationed on the prominent peaks. Some fishing-boats were passing in full sail to take shelter in the river. The valley at our feet, the declivities towards the plain, the current sweeping through its pyramidal arches, the sea with its creeks amongst the rocks, the immense

block of Lebanon, with its innumerable varieties of structure, those pyramids of snow which seemed to pierce like silver cones the heights of Heaven, where the eye searched for them as for stars; the insensible sounds of insects around us, the melody of a thousand birds among the trees, the lowing of the buffaloes, the almost human plaints of the camels of the caravan, the dull and periodical roar of the breakers dashing upon the sand at the entrance of the river, the interminable horizon of the Mediterranean, the green and serpentine bed of the Nahr-Bairout on the right, the gigantic and indented wall of Lebanon in front, the serene and beaming dome of Heaven, skirted with the summits of the mountains and the conical heads of colossal trees, the coolness and perfume of the air in which every thing appeared to swim like an image in the transparent waters of a Swiss lake,—all these objects, noises, and shadows,—this light and these impressions,—constituted the most sublime and beautiful landscape my delighted senses ever drank in. What must it then have been to Julia? she was all sensibility,—radiant, trembling with ecstacy; and for my part, I delighted to impress such spectacles upon her childish imagination. The Deity is depicted in them more forcibly than in the lines of a catechism; He is there represented in traits worthy of him; the sovereign, the surpassing bounty of excelling nature reveal him such as he is to the infant mind, which translates the perception of physical and material beauty into a sentiment of moral beauty. As the statues of Greece are displayed to

the artist, to inspire him with the instinct of loveliness, the young mind should be initiated in the finer and grander scenes of nature, that the image it may form to itself of the Author of Nature may be worthy of her and of Him!

We remounted our horses at the foot of the hill, in the plain at the river side; crossed the bridge, and climbed a few wooded hillocks of Mount Lebanon, as far as the first monastery, which rose like a csstle fort on a pedestal of granite. The monks knew me by the report of their Arabs, and received me in the convent—the cells, refectory, and chapels of which I examined. The monks returning from their labours, were occupied in unyoking their oxen and buffaloes in the vast court, which exhibited all the features of a large farm-yard, encumbered with ploughs, cattle, dunghills, poultry, and all the instruments of rustic life. These labours were carried on without noise or clamour, yet without any affectation of silence, and as if by men actuated rather by a natural sense of decorum than by obedience to a severe and inflexible rule. The countenances of these individuals were mild and serene, breathing peace and content, the aspect of a community of labourers. When the bell summoned them to their repast, they entered the refectory, not in a body, but one by one, or two by two, according as they had earlier or later accomplished the work of the moment. The meal consisted, as it did every day, of two or three cakes made of kneaded flour, dried rather than baked on hot stones, of water, and fine olives preserved in oil; sometimes a little cheese,

or sour milk, was added; and this is the whole nourishment of these recluses, who take it standing or seated on the ground. All the furniture of our countries is unknown to them. After partaking of their dinner, tasting their cake, and drinking a glass of excellent wine of Lebanon, which the superior ordered for us, we visited some of the cells, which are all alike. A small chamber, five or six feet square, contains for its only furniture a rush mat and a carpet; while some images of the saints nailed against the wall, an Arabic Bible, and some Syriac manuscripts, form its decorations. A long interior gallery, covered with thatch, serves as an avenue to all the chambers. The prospect enjoyed from the windows of this, and indeed of nearly all the monasteries, is admirable; the first heights of Lebanon below us, the river Bairout and its plain, the aerial domes of the pine forests intersecting the red horizon of the sandy desert; then the sea, set as it were in a frame of capes, gulfs, creeks, and rocks, with the white sails at all times floating on its bosom—such is the landscape constantly before the eyes of these monks. They laded our asses with presents of dried fruits and leathern bottles of wine, and we quitted them to return by another route to Bairout. I shall have more to say of them hereafter.

We descended by steep steps cut in detached blocks of the yellow and soft freestone which covers all the lower plains of Lebanon, the path winding among these blocks. In the interstices of the rocks, a few herbs and even shrubs find root, with

beautiful flowers similar to the tulips of our gardens, but infinitely larger. We started several gazelles and some jackalls, which take shelter in the hollows formed by the rocks. Great numbers of partridges, quails, and woodcocks, flew away at the sound of our horses' feet. Arrived in the plain we again found barley, the vine, and the palm-tree, under cultivation, and surrounded by a rich vegetation; we traversed nearly half of it, which brought us to the foot of an eminence covered by a forest of Italian pines, with broad glades, in which we perceived at a distance herds of camels and goats.

This height concealed from us the course of the Nahr-Bairout, the southern branch of which we intended to cross. We plunged into the lofty vaulted groves of beautiful pines, and after journeying about a quarter of an hour under their shade, suddenly heard great outcries and the sound of a multitude of human feet; men, women, and children were running to meet us with the beating of drums, and the music of flutes and fifes. In an instant we were encircled by five or six hundred wild-looking Arabs, whose chiefs, attired in costumes once magnificent, but now dirty and in rags, advanced towards us at the head of their musicians; they saluted and appeared to pay us some very respectful compliments, the words of which, however, were quite unintelligible; but aided by their own gestures and clamour, and those of their whole tribe, we discovered that their meaning was an urgent, perhaps I should say, compulsory request, that we should follow them into the heart of the forest, where their camp was

pitched. It was a tribe of Kurds, who from the provinces adjoining Persia, emigrate for the winter with their families and flocks, sometimes to the plains of Mesopotamia near Damascus, sometimes to those of Syria. There they take possession of an unoccupied wood, valley, or hill, and establish themselves for five or six months. Far behind the Arabs in civilization, their invasion and neighbourhood is dreaded; in fact, they may be called the armed Bohemians of the East.

Surrounded by this crowd of men, women, and children, we marched for some minutes to the sound of their savage music, and to the cries of a multitude, who regarded us with cusiosity, half jocular, half ferocious. We soon reached the centre of the camp, and at the entrance of the tent of one of their Scheiks we dismounted. Our horses, which they greatly admired, were committed to the charge of a few young Kurds; and we were ourselves seated at the foot of a tree, on some Karamanian carpets, the Scheik's slaves presenting us with pipes and coffee, while the women brought camels' milk for Julia.

The appearance of this camp of wandering savages, in the midst of a sombre forest, merits description.

The trees of that part of the forest were thinly scattered, and interspersed with large glades. At the foot of each tree a family tent was pitched, consisting, for the most part, of a piece of black goat's-hair cloth, fastened on one side to the trunk of the tree by a cord, and supported on the other

by two stakes planted in the ground; the whole space occupied by the family was seldom surrounded by the cloth, but a fragment hung down on the side next the sun or wind, to form a shelter, either from cold, or from the solar rays. The only visible furniture was a row of jars, made of a blackish earth, laid on their sides, which are used by the women for drawing water; some bottles of goat skin; sabres and long muskets, suspended in bundles to the branches of the trees; mats, carpets, and a few male and female garments, lying about upon the ground. Some of the Arabs possessed two or three square chests, to contain their effects, ornamented with designs in gilt-headed nails.

The whole tribe produced but two or three horses. Most families had their tent surrounded by a few beautiful goats, with long black silky hair and hanging ears, some sheep and buffaloes, and a single camel, ruminating as it lay with its tall, intelligent head erect, and stretched towards the entrance of the tent. Almost all had, in addition, one or two magnificent white greyhounds of a large growth, which, according to the Mahometan custom, were fat and well kept, and seemed to acknowledge their masters; from this circumstance I infer that these tribes employ them in the chase. The Scheiks appeared to enjoy absolute authority, and the slightest signal on their part seemed to re-establish order and silence, which the tumult of our arrival had disturbed. Some children, having been incited by curiosity to certain trifling indiscretions towards us, they made the men drive them

to a distant quarter of the camp. The men, generally speaking, were large, strong, handsome, and well-made, and their dress denoted negligence rather than poverty. Several wore vests of silk, mingled with threads of gold and silver, and blue silk pelisses, lined with rich furs; their arms were equally remarkable for their rich carvings, and the silver with which they were inlayed and ornamented.

The women were neither shut up nor veiled; they were even but half-clothed, especially girls from twelve to fifteen, whose only vesture consisted of a sort of chemise, of cotton or silk, thrown over the body, and fastened by a girdle, leaving the neck and breast uncovered; and a short full kind of trowser; their feet and legs were always bare, and adorned with bracelets of silver above the ancle. Their hair, which was generally quite black, was plaited in long tresses, hanging down to the heels, and decked with pieces of coin, threaded; the neck and loins were, moreover, encased in a network of piastres, jingling at every step they took, like the scales of a serpent. These women were neither tall, fair, modest, nor graceful, like the Syrian Arabs, nor exhibited the fearful and ferocious aspect of the Bedouin females. They were, for the most part, small, thin, and sun-burnt; but gay, brisk, playful, dancing and singing to the music which had not for a moment suspended its lively and animating airs. They shewed no embarrassment under our survey, nor any modest uneasiness at their half-nakedness before the men of the tribe; and the men themselves seemed to exercise no

authority over them, contenting themselves with laughing at their indiscreet curiosity respecting us, and pushing them gently and jokingly aside. A few of the young maidens were very pretty and *piquantes;* they all tint their black eyes with henna round the edge of the lids, which greatly increases the vivacity of their expression. Their legs and hands, also, were stained of a mahogany colour; and the dazzling whiteness of their ivory teeth, set off by lips tattooed with blue, and by their tanned complexions, imparted a wild, though not ferocious, character to their physiognomy. They somewhat resembled the young women of Provence or Naples, but having a more arched forehead, a freer gait, a franker smile, and more natural manners. Their countenances remain deeply impressed upon the memory, for we are not apt to meet with such faces a second time.

We were surrounded by about one or two hundred of the tribe, and having made our observations upon their camp, their personal appearance, and their employments, we made signs of desiring to remount our horses, which were immediately brought to us—and as they were frightened by the strange aspect and cries of the surrounding throng, and by the sound of the drums, the Scheik made two of his women carry Julia to the outskirts of the forest, the whole tribe accompanying us thus far. There we remounted, and they offered us a goat and a camel as parting presents, which however, we declined. On our parts we gave them a handful of Turkish piastres (which the young girls divided

amongst themselves to add to their collars,) and two gold coins to the Scheik's wives. At a short distance from the forest we again fell in with the river, forded it, and under its fringe of rose-laurels we met another party of girls of the Kurd tribe, about a hundred in number, returning from Bairout, where they had been purchasing some earthen jars, and some pieces of stuff for a marriage in their tribe, and were stopping here to dance in the shade, each holding in her hand some article of the domestic economy, or of finery for their companion. They followed us very clamorously a long time, laying hold of Julia's dress, and of our horses' manes to obtain coin from us, and as soon as we had thrown them some they ran away, and dashed into the river with all speed to regain their camp.

After crossing the Narh-Bairout and the other half of the cultivated plain, shaded by young palms and pines, we arrived at the hills of red sand extending eastward of Bairout, between the sea and the valley; forming a portion of the Egyptian Desert, cast at the feet of Lebanon and encompassed by magnificent oases. The sand is as red as ochre, and as fine as an impalpable powder. The Arabs affirm that this desert of red sand is neither carried thither by the winds, nor accumulated by the waves, but vomited by a subterranean torrent which communicates with the Deserts of Gaza and El-Arish, pretending that springs of sand exist as well as springs of water, and pointing out in confirmation of their opinion the colour and form of the sea sand, which in fact bears not the smallest

affinity to that of the desert. The colours of the two are as distinct as those of a course of marble and of granite. Be the fact however as it may, the sand, whether discharged from subterranean sources or scattered there by the violent winds of winter, spreads itself in sheets five or six leagues in breadth, and raises mountains or scoops out valleys—changing their respective forms with every storm. After a short progress among these fluctuating labyrinths, it becomes impossible to ascertain unaided where we are, or in what direction we are advancing. Hills of sand screen the horizon on all sides, and no path can subsist on the surface of these waves, which preserve no more traces of the passage of horses or camels than do the watery billows of that of a ship or boat; all are effaced by the lightest breeze. Some of the downs were so steep that our horses could scarcely ascend them, and we were obliged to advance cautiously, for fear of being swallowed up by the quicksands which frequently occur. When the simoon of the desert arises, these hills wave like the breakers of the sea, and silently folding themselves over the adjacent hollows, swallow up the camels of the caravan. Such dismal and moveable solitudes, where no trace of vegetation can be discerned, with the exception of a few large bulbous roots which roll occasionally under the feet of the horses, give the melancholy impression of a noiseless tempest attended by images of death. They annually extend their invasion some paces over the cultivated lands in their neighbourhood. Towards their verge, therefore, are always to be seen palm or fig-trees

shooting up their withered heads from the surface like the masts of vessels absorbed in the watery wastes. The only distinguishable sound we heard during our painful transit over these pathless wilds was the dashing of the breakers at half a league distance against the rocks. The setting sun tinged the crests of those mountains of red dust with a colour which I can compare to nothing but the ardent flame of a furnace; or its rays gliding down into the valleys, inundated them with fire like the avenues of a blazing edifice. Now and then, on reaching the summit of a hill, we caught sight of the white tips of Lebanon, or of the sea with its band of surf bordering the sinuous coast of the gulf of Sidon; then suddenly we plunged again into ravines of fiery sand, and could no longer descry any object but the sky above us.

I watched Julia, who often turned to look after me, her beautiful face suffused with emotion, and bearing traces of fatigue; and in her expressive eyes, which seemed to scrutinize my feelings, I read mingled impressions of terror, enthusiasm, and delight. The increasing roar of the sea indicated our approach to the Mediterranean coast, which abruptly presented itself immediately below us as we traversed a precipitous elevation of at least two hundred feet. The solid soil resounding to our steps, though still covered with a light bed of white sand, proved that trackless waves of sand no longer formed our only footing, but were now succeeded by the rocks which girdle the whole line of the Syrian coast. We had reached a point of

it where the perpetual conflict of the rocks and waters has produced a remarkable effect; the repeated attacks of the surge, or the shock of an earthquake, have detached from the continuous block of the cliffs immense mountains of stone, which, rolling into the sea, and there fixing themselves in an upright position, have been worn, smoothed, and polished by the action of the waters for centuries, and have assumed the most extraordinary forms. One of these rocks stood before us at about a hundred feet distance, rearing its crest above the level of the coast; the waves incessantly beating against it had, in process of time, cleft it in the middle, and formed a gigantic arch, resembling the mouth of a triumphal monument: the interior walls were polished and shining as Carrara marble; the retiring billows left them nearly dry, and resplendent with the boiling spray; then soon returning in tremendous breakers, they rushed with the crash of thunder into the arch, filling it to the vaulted roof, and chafed by the concussion, rebounded in a torrent of fresh foam to the very summit of the rock, from whence they fell back in white tresses, or in dazzling showers of watery globules, as fine as dust.

Our horses shuddered with horror at every return of the waves, while we could not wrest our eyes from the conflicting elements, which for half an hour of our route inundated the shore with these magnificent sports of nature. Others of these detached rocks take the form of embattled towers; they are entirely covered with the nests of

the sea-swallow, and united to the shore by natural bridges, underneath which, the subterranean breakers are heard roaring and bellowing. In certain spots, rocks pierced through by the action of the waves, serve as pipes to throw up the saline spray in fountains; which rise in broad columns to the height of several feet from the earth, and when the surge has retired, return murmuring to their abyss. At the moment we passed the spot the sea was running high, rolling to the land in blue mountains with transparent crests, and breaking against the rocks with a crash that reverberated along a vast extent of shore, while the stupendous marine arch of rock which we were contemplating seemed to stagger beneath the shock. The interminable prospect of an immense sea, unbroken by a single sail, at that hour when the first shadows of the declining sun began to darken its surface; those gigantic fractures of the coast; and the tumultuous noise of the waves shaking enormous rocks, with as much ease as the feet of birds remove grains of sand; the loud subterranean echoes multiplying the dull roar of the tempest;—all this, immediately succeeding the silent and terrible solitudes we had passed, struck upon our senses with impressions so various, solemn, and powerful, as to deprive us of the use of speech, while tears of emotion glistened in Julia's eyes.

In silence we pursued our way over the narrowest part of the desert of red sand, which we still had to cross, and making for the hills of Bairout, at sunset reached the great pine-forest of the Emir

Fakar-el-Din. There Julia, recovering her voice, turned to me, and said in a tone of ecstacy, "Have I not had the most beautiful journey that the world can afford? Oh! how great is God, and how good to me," added she, "in selecting me, young as I am, for the contemplation of such wonderful works!"

It was night when we dismounted at the door of the house; we had other excursions in view for the days that intervened before our journey to Damascus.

THE COLONIZATION OF LEBANON.

THE MARONITES.

The cradle of the Maronites, of whom I am about to speak, is veiled in obscurity. History, incomplete and fabulous respecting all things that belong to the first centuries of our era, leaves doubts upon the various origins which have been assigned to their institutions. They have but few books, and these unsubjected to censorship or criticism; yet as the knowledge and traditions of a people concerning themselves should be always preferred to the vain speculations of the traveller, I here submit the result of their own histories.

A holy recluse, named Maron, lived about the year

400, and is mentioned by Theodorick and St. Chrysostom. He inhabited the desert, and his disciples having dispersed themselves throughout the different regions of Syria, built several monasteries, the principal of which was in the neighbourhood of Apamea, on the fertile banks of the Orontes. All the Syriac Christians who were not affected with the heresy of the Monothelites, took refuge around these monasteries, and from that circumstance received the name of Maronites. Volney, who lived several months among them, collected the best accounts of their origin; and his statements nearly coincide with the following, which I gathered from their local traditions:

Whatever their earlier history, the Maronites are, in the present day, governed by the purest theocracy that has withstood the assaults of time; incessantly menaced by Mussulman tyranny, it has been obliged to continue moderate and protective, and to allow the germination of those principles of civil liberty, now ready to develop themselves among them.

The Maronite nation, which, according to Volney, consisted, in 1784, of a hundred and twenty thousand souls, now reckons more than two hundred thousand, and is multiplying every day. Its territory is a hundred and fifty square leagues in extent, but has only arbitrary limits, spreading by degrees over the sides of Mount Lebanon, and in the valleys and plains around it, as its swarming population disperses to found new villages. The town of Zharklé, at the mouth of the Valley of

Bekaa, opposite Balbec, which, twenty years ago, scarcely contained a population of twelve hundred souls, has now as many thousands, and is daily increasing.

The Maronites are subject to the Emir Beschir, and form, with the Druses and Motoualis, a sort of despotic confederation under the government of that Emir. Although the members of these three nations differ in origin, in religion, and in manners, and are scarcely ever confounded in the same villages, the interest of defending their common liberty, and the vigorous and politic sway of the Emir Beschir, retains them under a single sceptre. Their numerous habitations cover the space comprehended between Latakia and St. John d'Acre, on one side, and Damascus and Bairout on the other. I shall have something to say separately of the Druses and the Motoualis.

The Maronites occupy the most central valleys, and most elevated ridges of the principal group of Lebanon, from the environs of Bairout to Syrian Tripoli. The slopes of these mountains towards the sea are fertile, and watered by numerous streams of never-failing cascades. They produce silk, oil, barley, and wheat; the heights are almost inaccessible, and the flanks of the mountains are in all parts pierced by the naked rock: but the indefatigable activity of this people, to whose religion those peaks and precipices offer the only secure asylum, has reduced even the rock to fertility; has erected, stage above stage, even to the highest crags, to the eternal snows, terrace walls, formed of

blocks of soft rock; has carried up to these terraces the little vegetative soil born down by the waters into the ravines; has pulverized the stone itself, to render it productive, by admixture with that spare collection of earth, and has made of Lebanon a complete garden, covered with mulberry, fig, olive, and plum-trees. The traveller cannot overcome his astonishment when, after climbing whole days over piles of mountains which are but one solid rock, he suddenly encounters, in the deep bosom of an elevated gorge, or on the platform of a natural pyramid, a beautiful village, built of white stone, inhabited by a numerous and rich population, with a Moorish castle in the centre, a monastery in the distant perspective, a torrent dashing its foam against the foot of the village, and all around him a prospect of vegetation and verdure, where pines, chestnut, and mulberry-trees overshadow vineyards, or fields of maize and corn. These villages are sometimes suspended almost perpendicularly one above another, within a stone's throw; the human voice itself may be heard from one to the other, yet the steep acclivity of the mountain requires such windings and sinuosities, that the path of communication is probably the journey of an hour or two.

In every village is found a Scheik, administering the justice of the country as a sort of feudal lord; but that justice and its administration, although summarily exercised, and in the simplest quality of police, by the Schieks, is neither absolute nor without appeal; the superior administration belongs to

the Emir and his Divan. Justice resides partly in the Emir and partly in the Bishops, between whom there is a contested jurisdiction. To the Patriarch of the Maronites is reserved solely the decision of all cases in which the civil and religious law come into contact—as in marriages, dispensations, separations. The Prince is obliged to observe the most cautious policy towards the Patriarch and Bishops, for the spiritual authority of the clergy over their flocks is immense and incontestable. The clergy consist of the Patriarch, who is elected by the Bishops, and confirmed by the Pope; of the Pope's Legate, sent from Rome, and residing in the Monastery either of Antoura or Kanoubin; of the Bishops, the Superiors of Monasteries, and the Curates. Notwithstanding that the Romish Church has severely maintained the law of clerical celibacy in Europe, and that many of her writers have affected to recognize doctrinal law in that rule of her discipline, she has been obliged to yield the point in the East, and the Maronite priests, though fervent and devout Catholics, are married men. The privilege of marriage, however, is not extended either to the monks living in community, nor to the bishops,—the secular clergy and curates alone enjoy it; and all inconveniences that might result from this rule are obviated by the seclusion in which Arab women live, the simple patriarchal manners of the people, and by custom. Far from the purity of sacerdotal morals, the popular respect for the ministers of their faith, or the precept of confession, having in any degree suffered from this

indulgence, it may be truly said, that in no country of Europe are the clergy so pure, so exclusively devoted to their pious ministry, so venerable, or so influential over the minds of the people as they are here. Those who would contemplate in actual existence all that the imagination pictures of the season of infant and pure Christianity; who would see the simplicity and fervour of the primitive faith, purity of morals, disinterestedness in the ministers of charity, sacerdotal influence without abuse, authority without domination, poverty without mendicity, dignity without pride, prayer, vigils, sobriety, chastity, manual labour—those who would contemplate all this must visit the Maronites. The most rigid philosopher would find no reform requisite in the public or private life of these priests, who are alike the example, the counsellors, and the servants of the people.

There may exist about two hundred Maronite monasteries, of various orders, on the surface of Lebanon, inhabited by from twenty to twenty-five thousand monks; but these monks are neither rich, mendicant, oppressive, nor bloodsuckers of the people. They are societies of simple and laborious men, who, wishing to consecrate their lives to prayer and spiritual liberty, renounce the cares incident to bringing up a family, and devote themselves to God and the culture of the soil in one of these retreats. Their life, as I have just shewn, is that of a laborious peasant. They tend cattle or silk-worms, cleave rocks, build with their own hands the terrace-walls of their fields, dig, plough,

and reap. The monasteries possess but little land; and each admits only as many monks as such a portion of land will maintain. I have dwelt long among this people, have frequented many of their monasteries, and have never heard a single scandal imputed to the monks, or a single murmur against them. Each monastery is, in fact, a sort of small farm, the servants of which are voluntary, and receive, for their only meed, a roof to shelter them, the food of anchorites, and the prayers of the Church. So completely is useful labour the law of man's nature, and the condition of virtue and happiness here below, that I have not seen one of those recluses who did not bear in his features the impress of peace of mind, content, and health. The bishops have absolute authority over the monasteries within their jurisdiction, which jurisdiction is limited—every large village having its own bishop.

The Maronite people, whether descended from Arabs or Syrians, partake the virtues of their clergy, and form a separate race from all others of the East; it might be conjectured to be a European colony, cast by accident amongst the tribes of the desert. Their personal appearance, however, is Arab. The men are tall and handsome, with a frank, though somewhat proud expression, a mild and intelligent smile; blue eyes, aquiline nose, a light beard, a noble presence, a deep and guttural voice, and manners polite without meanness. Their costume is splendid, and their arms are glittering. Passing through a village, and seeing a Scheik

seated at the door of his battlemented dwelling, his fine horses fastened in the court, and the chiefs of the village, clothed in their rich pelisses, with girdles of scarlet silk, filled with yatagans and silver-hilted kandgiars, their heads enveloped in immense turbans composed of various coloured stuffs, with a large lappet of purple silk falling over the shoulder—you might fancy yourself among a nation of kings. Bound to Europeans by the strongest of all ties, community of religion, they love us as brothers, and believe themselves protected by our consuls and ambassadors against the Turks. Our travellers, missionaries, and young interpreters, who go to study the Arabic language, are received in every village as a family receives its kindred, and become the cherished guests of the whole country. They are addressed with respect, lodged in the monastery or the Scheik's house, furnished abundantly with all that the country produces, taken on hawking parties, confidentially introduced to the society even of the women, and indissoluble ties of friendship are formed with them, the memory of which the heads of families transmit to their children. I do not doubt that if the people were better known, and the magnificent country they inhabit more frequently visited, many Europeans would establish themselves amongst the Maronites; beauty of scenery, admirable perfection of climate, the moderate price of necessaries, analogy of religion, hospitable manners, individual security and tranquillity, all concur to make a habitation among them desirable; and for my own

part, if it were permitted to man to detach himself from his native soil, if it were not almost a duty incumbent upon him to live wherever Providence has indicated his cradle and his tomb, there to love and serve his compatriots,—if involuntary exile, in short, should ever be my lot, I should no where find it more endurable than in one of these peaceful villages of the Maronites, at the foot or on the descent of Lebanon, in the bosom of a simple, religious, and benevolent population, under the palm and orange-trees of one of the gardens of those monasteries, within view of the sea and of eternal snows.

The most admirable police (the result rather of religion and morals, than of legislation), reigns throughout the whole extent of territory inhabited by the Maronites. The traveller may there pursue his journey alone and unguided, by day or by night, without fear of theft or violence; crime is almost unknown; the stranger is sacred to the Mahometan Arab, but still more sacred to the Arab Christian, whose door is open to him at all hours; the kid is killed to do him honour, the rush-mat surrendered to afford him a bed. In every village there is a church or chapel, in which the rites of the Catholic worship are duly celebrated in the Syriac tongue. At that part of the service where the gospel of the day is introduced, the priest turns towards the congregation and reads it to them in Arabic. Religion, more lasting than the human race, preserves its language sacred, when the people have lost theirs.

The Maronites are brave, and, like all the moun-

taineers, warriors by nature. They muster, at the bidding of the Emir Beşchir, to the number of thirty or forty thousand men, either to defend the passes of their mountains, or to rush upon the plain, and make Damascus or the towns of Syria tremble. The Turks dare not penetrate into Lebanon while these people are at peace amongst themselves; the Pachas of Acre and Damascus have never ventured to set foot there, except when intestine divisions called them in to the succour of either party. I may deceive myself, but I imagine that great destinies may be reserved to the Maronite people,—a virgin nation, primitive in its morals, religion, and courage; possessed of the traditional virtues of the Patriarchs, of property,* a portion of liberty, and much patriotism; and who, by similarity of religion, and the relations of faith and commerce, are every day more and more impregnated with western civilization. While surrounding communities fall into impotence and the decay of age, it alone appears perpetually to renew its youth, and acquire fresh accessions of strength. In proportion as Syria becomes depopulated, this people will descend from their mountain fastnesses, found commercial towns on the seashore, cultivate the fertile plains now left to jackalls and gazelles, and establish a new dominion in countries in which the old are fast expiring. Should a man of talent shortly spring up among them, whether from the ranks of the all-powerful clergy, or from the family of some emir or scheik whom they revere,—a man capable of estimating the future, and disposed to ally himself

with European powers, he would have no difficulty in re-enacting the wonders of Mehemet Ali Pacha of Egypt, and would leave behind him the veritable gem of an Arabian empire. Europe is interested in the realization of this wish; she would have a colony ready to her hands on those teeming shores; and Syria, re-peopled with a Christian and industrious nation, would enrich the Mediterranean with a commerce which now languishes; open the road to India; drive back the wandering and barbarous tribes of the desert; and restore life to the East. There are more hopes for the future here than in Egypt. Egypt has but one man, Lebanon has a people.

THE DRUSES.

The Druses, who, with the Motoualis and the Maronites, form the principal population of Lebanon, have long passed for a European colony left in the East by the Crusaders; but nothing can be more absurd. The characteristics which abide the longest by a people, are religion and language. Now the Druses are, most of them, idolators, and speak Arabic. They cannot, therefore, be descended from a Frank or a Christian nation. They are most probably, like the Maronites, an Arab tribe of the desert, who having refused to adopt the religion of the prophet, and being persecuted by the new believers, took refuge in the inaccessible solitudes of the mighty Lebanon, there to defend their

Gods and their liberty. They have prospered; have often assumed the predominance over the various populations of Syria; and the history of their principal chief, the Emir Fakar-el-Din, rendered by us, Facardin, has made them famous even in Europe. This prince appears in history about the commencement of the seventeenth century. Nominated governor of the Druses, he gained the confidence of the Porte; repulsed the ferocious tribes of Balbec; delivered Tyre and St. John d'Aree from the incursions of the Bedouin Arabs; chased the Turkish Aga from Bairout, and established his own capital in that city. It was in vain that the Pachas of Aleppo or Damascus menaced or denounced him to the Divan; he corrupted his judges, and triumphed by fraud or strength over all his enemies. The Porte, however, after repeated warnings of the progress of the Druses, at length adopted the resolution of overpowering them by force of arms, and prepared a formidable expedition. The Emir Fakar-el-Din determined to temporize; he had formed alliances, and concluded treaties of commerce, with the princes of Italy, and he went himself to solicit the assistance which those princes had promised him. Leaving the government to his son Ali, he embarked at Bairout, and took refuge at the Court of Medici, in Florence.

The arrival of a Mahometan prince in Europe awakened attention; a report was spread that Fakar-el-Din was a descendant of the princely house of Lorraine, and that the Druses derived their

origin from the companions of a Count of Druse, who remained in Lebanon after the conclusion of the Crusades. In vain were the Druses mentioned before the period of the Crusades, by the historian Benjamin of Tudela. The clever adventurer lent his own aid to propagate the new opinion, in order to interest the sovereigns of Europe in his fate.

After nine years' residence at Florence, the emir Fakar-el-Din returned to Syria. His son Ali had meanwhile repulsed the Turks, and preserved inviolate the provinces conquered by his father, to whom he surrendered the command; but the emir, corrupted by the arts and luxuries of Florence, forgot that the condition of his rule was the power of inspiring his enemies with respect and terror. He built magnificent chateaus at Bairout, and adorned them in imitation of the Italian palaces, with statues and paintings, which shocked the prejudices of the Orientals. His subjects began to be dissatisfied; the Sultan Amurath IV. becoming incensed, sent the Pacha of Damascus with another powerful army against Fakar-el-Din; and, while the pacha descended from Lebanon, a Turkish fleet blockaded the port of Bairout. Ali, eldest son of the emir, and governor of Saphad, was killed in an engagement with the Damascenes; upon which Fakar-el-Din sent his second son on board the admiral's vessel, to implore peace; but the admiral detained the child a prisoner and refused all negociation. The emir fled in consternation, and shut himself up with a small number of devoted friends in the inaccessible Rock of Nilka, which

the Turks vainly besieged for a whole year, and then retired. Fakar-el-Din, thus set at liberty, took the road towards his mountain; but, betrayed by some of the companions of his fortunes, he was delivered up to the Turks and conducted to Constantinople. Prostrated at the feet of Amurath, that prince at first treated him with generosity and benevolence. He gave him a palace and slaves; but shortly afterwards conceived some suspicions of his vanquished foe, and the brave and unfortunate Fakar-el-Din was strangled.

The Turks, whose policy contents itself with clearing their road of an enemy who gives them umbrage—but who, beyond that, respect popular customs and traditional legitimacies—suffered the posterity of Fakar-el-Din to reign undisturbed; and it is not above a century since, by the death of the last descendant of the celebrated emir, the sceptre of Lebanon passed to another family, that of Chab, originally from Mecca, and whose present chief, the aged Emir Beschir, now governs those countries.

The religion of the Druses is a mystery which no traveller has yet been able to penetrate. I have been acquainted with several Europeans who had lived many years among them, and who have confessed to me their ignorance in this particular. Lady Stanhope herself, who might form an exception, from her habitual residence in the midst of this Arab tribe, and from the devotion with which she inspires men whose language she speaks and whose manners she adopts, told me that even to

her the religion of the Druses was a mystery. Most travellers who have written upon them, consider their worship as only a schism of Mahometanism; but I am convinced that they are mistaken. One certain fact is, that the religion of the Druses permits them to assume the creed of any people with whom they communicate; and from hence is derived the opinion of their being schismatic Mahometans, though this opinion is not to the purpose. The only ascertained point is, that they adore the calf. Their institutions coincide with those of the nations of antiquity. They are divided into two castes,—*Akkals*, or the sages, and *djahels*, or the ignorant; and their form of worship differs, according as they belong to the one or the other of these castes. They hold in veneration the names of Moses, Mahomet, and Jesus. They assemble once a week, each caste on the spot consecrated to the degree of initiation it has attained; and during the celebration of their rites, guards keep sentry, lest any profane person should approach the initiated, a temerity punished with instant death. Women are admitted to these mysteries. The priests or Akkals marry, and have a sacerdotal hierarchy. The chief of the Akkals, or sovereign pontiff of the Druses, resides at the village of El-Mutna.

After the death of a Druse, there is a meeting round his tomb, where testimony is received upon his life; if it is favourable, the Akkal exclaims. "May the Almighty be merciful to thee!" If condemnatory, the priest and his assistant keep silence. The people at large believe in the transmigration

of souls; and that if the life of a Druse has been pure, he will revive in a man favoured by fortune, brave and beloved by his countrymen; if he has been base or cowardly, he will return under the form of a camel or a dog.

The schools for children are numerous, under the direction of the Akkals, and they are taught to read the Koran. Sometimes, when there are but few Druses in a village, and a school is wanting, they suffer their children to be instructed with those of Christians, and content themselves with erasing the traces of Christianity from their minds when, at more mature years, they are initiated into their own mysterious rites. Women, as well as men, are admitted to the sacerdotal office; divorce is frequent, and impunity for adultery purchased. Hospitality is sacred, and neither bribe nor menace, whatever its nature, could induce a Druse to betray, even to his prince, the guest who had confided himself to the sanctuary of his threshold. At the time of the battle of Navarino, the European inhabitants of the Syrian towns, dreading the vengeance of the Turks, retired for several months among the Druses, and there lived in perfect security. Their maxim, like that of the Gospel, is, that all men are brothers, but they observe it better than we do: our dogmas are Evangelical, our laws Pagan.

In my opinion, the race of the Druses may lay claim to the highest antiquity, although its source is lost in the obscurity of remote ages. The cast of their physiognomy is nearly allied to the Jewish,

and their adoration of the calf would lead me to believe them either of Samaritan origin, or descended from those people of Arabia Petræa, who incited the Jews to that species of idolatry.

Accustomed in the present day to a sort of fraternity with the Christian Maronites, and detesting the Mahometan yoke,—numerous, rich, susceptible of discipline, attached to agriculture and commerce, they will easily incorporate with the Maronite people, and will advance at the same pace in civilization, provided their religious rites are respected.

THE MOTOUALIS.

The Motoualis, who form about a third-part of the population of the Lower Lebanon, are Mahometans, of the sect of Ali, which is dominant in Persia, whereas the Turks belong to the sect of Omar, a schism which was effected in Islamism in the thirty-sixth year of the Hegira. The partisans of Ali anathematize Omar as a usurper of the Kaliphates: Hussein and Ali are their saints. The Motoualis, like the Persians, neither eat nor drink with the followers of any other sect than their own, and will break the glass or dish which a stranger has used. They consider themselves defiled even if their vesture touches ours; yet, as they are generally weak and despised in Syria, they accommodate themselves to circumstances, and I have had many in my service who did not very rigorously ob-

serve these intolerant precepts. Their origin is ascertained; they were masters of Balbec about the sixteenth century; their tribe, as it enlarged, extended itself at first over the sides of Lebanon, about the Desert of Bekàa, which they afterwards crossed, and mingled with the Druses, in that part of the mountain that hangs over Tyre and Saide. The Emir Yousef, jealous of their vicinity, armed the Druses against them, and dislodged them from Saphad and the mountains of Galilee; Daher, Pacha of Acre, admitted them, and formed an alliance with them in 1760, when they were sufficiently numerous to furnish him with ten thousand horsemen.

At this time they took possession of the ruins of Tyre, now a village on the sea-coast under the name of Sour; fought valiantly against the Druses, and completely defeated the Emir Yousef's army, twenty thousand strong, though their own number was only five hundred; but rage and vengeance had converted them into so many heroes, and the intestine disputes which divided the Druses (between the parties of the Emir Mansour and the Emir Yousef) contributed to the success of the Motoualis. They afterwards abandoned Daher, Pacha of Acre, and their desertion caused his ruin and death, which his successor, Djezzar Pacha, cruelly revenged upon them. From the year 1777, Djezzar Pacha, master of Saide and Acre, pursued unremittingly the destruction of this people, and his persecutions compelled them to effect a reconciliation with the Druses; they joined the party of the Emir Yousef,

and, though reduced to only seven or eight hundred warriors, they achieved more in one campaign for the common cause than the twenty thousand Druses and Maronites assembled at Dair-el-Kamar. Single-handed, they carried the strong fortress of Mar-Djebaa, and put to the sword eight hundred Arnauts who defended it. Driven from Balbec the following year, after a desperate resistance, they took refuge to the number of five or six hundred families, amongst the Druses and Maronites; afterwards redescended to the valley, and a portion of them now occupy the magnificent ruins of Heliopolis, though the greater part are settled on the slopes and in the valleys of Lebanon, on the Sour side. The principality of Balbec has of late been the subject of an implacable strife between two brothers of the Harfousch family, Djadjha, and Sultan, who have alternately expelled each other from that heap of ruins, and have lost in the struggle more than eighty members of their own house. Since 1810, the Emir Djadjha has definitively reigned in Balbec.

THE ANSARIANS.

Volney has given the most judicious accounts of the Ansarians, who occupy the western part of the chain of Lebanon, and the Plains of Latakia. Idolators, like the Druses, like them also they envelop their religious rites in the occult mysteries of initiation. I shall only concern myself with that

portion of their history which is posterior to the year 1807.

At that time a tribe of Ansarians, feigning a quarrel with their chief, quitted their territory in the mountains, and came to ask an asylum and protection of the Emir of Maszyad, who, eagerly seizing so favourable an opportuity of weakening his enemies by dividing them, received the Ansarians, as well as their Scheik, Mahmoud, within the walls of Maszyad, and carried his hospitality to the extent of dislodging part of the inhabitants to make room for the fugitives. For several months all went on quietly; but one day when most of the Ismaelites of Maszyad had left the town to work in the fields, at an appointed signal, the Ansarians fell upon the Emir and his son, stabbed them, took possession of the castle, massacred all the Ismaelites who remained in the town, and set it on fire. The next day a great number of Ansarians joined the agents of this detestable conspiracy, which a whole nation had kept secret for four or five months. About three hundred Ismaelites perished, and the rest fled to Hama, Homs, and Tripoli.

The manners and devotional exercises of the Ansarians led Burckhardt to believe that they were an expatriated tribe from Hindostan. It is certain that they were established in Syria long previous to the Ottoman conquest. Some of them are still idolaters; and the worship of the dog, which seems to have been held in honour by the ancient Syrians, and to have given its name to the Dog River, Nahr-el-Kelb, near the ancient Berytus, is said to

be retained among several families of the Ansarians. This people is on the decline, and might be easily driven out, or reduced to subjection, by the Druses and Maronites.

18th November.

I returned from an excursion to the Monastery of Antoura, one of the finest and most celebrated of Lebanon. On quitting Bairout, the road runs for some miles along the sea-shore, under an arcade of trees of all forms and foliages:—mostly fruit-trees, as fig, pomegranate, orange, aloes, and the sycamore-fig, the latter a gigantic tree, of which the luxuriant fruit, resembling small figs, instead of hanging from the extremity of boughs, is attached to the trunk and branches like moss. After crossing the river over the Roman bridge, the appearance of which I have before described, the road follows, as far as Cape Batroun, a sandy flat, formed by an arm of Lebanon projecting into the sea, and consisting of one rock, through which, in remote ages, a road has been scooped, commanding a magnificent view. The sides of the rock are in many places covered with Greek, Latin, and Syriac inscriptions, and with symbolical figures sculptured upon its face, whose meaning cannot now be decyphered; probably they relate to the worship of Adonis formerly practised in these regions; for, according to tradition, temples and funereal solemnities were dedicated to him near the spot where he perished, which is believed to be on the banks of the stream we have just crossed.

On descending from this lofty and picturesque plat-

form, the scenery suddenly changes its character. The gaze of the traveller is immediately riveted on a deep contracted gorge of the rock, through which his road is about to lead; here the Nahr-el-Kelb, or Dog River, flows noiselessly between two perpendicular walls of rock, two or three hundred feet in height; in some parts occupying the whole ravine, in others leaving between its waters and the rock a narrow margin covered with trees, sugar-canes, and rushes, which form a thick green arch on the banks and sometimes over the whole bed of the river. A ruined Khan juts out on a point of the rock upon the very brink of the water, opposite a bridge, of which the arch is so tall and slender that it cannot be crossed without trembling. Arab patience has cut in the face of the rocks, forming this defile, some narrow stone steps, which although they hang almost perpendicularly over the flood, must yet, in all their alternations of ascent and descent, be traversed on horseback. We trusted to the instinct of our sure-footed steeds; but the steepness of the steps, the smooth polish of the stones, and the depth of the precipice, made it at times impossible not to close our eyes. On this very path, a few years since, the Pope's last Legate to the Maronites was precipitated by a stumble of his horse into the gulf below, and perished. It issues upon an elevated platform smiling with tillage, vineyards, and little Maronite villages. On an opposite hill appears a pretty new house, of Italian architecture, with porticos, terraces, and balustrades, constructed by Signor Lozanna, Bishop of Abydos,

the present Legate of the Holy See in Syria, for his winter retreat. He passes the summer in the Monastery of Kanobin, the residence of the Patriarch, and the ecclesiastical capital of the Maronites, situated much higher up the mountain, almost inaccessible, and in the winter buried in snow.

Signor Lozanna, a man of elegant manners, of Italian habits, with a cultivated mind, profound erudition, and an acute and solid understanding, has been happily chosen by the Court of Rome for representing her policy and managing her influence with the superior Maronite clergy; and he would be equally well adapted to these duties either at Vienna or Paris. He exhibits, indeed, a model of those Roman prelates, inheritors of the great, noble, and peculiar diplomacy of that government, with which power is nothing, policy and personal dignity every thing.

Signor Lozanna is a Piedmontese; he will certainly not be long stationary in these solitudes; Rome will employ him more usefully in a more stormy theatre. He is one of those men who justify fortune, and have her favours written beforehand on an active and intelligent countenance. He judiciously affects, among these people, an Oriental luxury and a solemnity of costume and manners, in the absence of which Asiatics recognize neither sanctity nor authority. He has adopted the Arabian costume. His immense and carefully combed beard falls in golden waves over his purple robe, and his mare, of the purest Arabian blood, lively and docile to his hand, may vie with the most beautiful

mares of the Scheiks of the Desert. We soon perceived him coming to meet us, followed by a numerous escort, and fearlessly wheeling about on the rocky precipies over which we advanced with the most timid caution. After the first words of compliment he conducted us to his charming villa, where a collation awaited us, and soon afterwards accompanied us to the Monastery of Antoura, where he provisionally resided. Two young Lazarite priests, who had left France since the Revolution of July, are now the sole occupants of this fine and vast convent, formerly built by the Jesuits, who have frequently tried to establish their mission and influence among the Arabs, but have never yet succeeded, and have little prospect of success in our days, for a very simple reason—there are no politics in the religion of the East; perfectly distinct from the civil power, it confers neither influence nor state employment. The state is Mahometan; Catholicism is free, but has no human means of domination; now as it is by human means, chiefly, that the Jesuitical system has endeavoured to act, and does act, upon religion, this country does not suit it. Religion is here divided into orthodox and schismatic communions, with each of whom faith is a portion of the blood and spiritual inheritance of families.

Aversion, indeed irreconcileable hatred, exist in a stronger degree between the various Christian communions than between the Turks and Christians. Conversions are, in these countries, impossible, since a change of communion would brand with

perpetual opprobrium, and would often be punished with death by a tribe, a village, or a family. As for the Mahometans, conversion amongst them is unheard of. Their religion is a practical Deism, the morality of which is the same in principle as that of Christianity, but is not founded on the doctrine of the Incarnation of the Deity. The doctrine of Mahometanism is simply a belief in Divine inspiration, manifested by a man wiser and more favoured with the celestial emanation than his fellow-creatures. Some miraculous operations have since been mixed up with the mission of Mahomet, but these legendary miracles of Islamism do not form the foundation of the religion, and are even rejected by enlightened Turks. All religions have their legends, their absurd traditions, their popular aspects; the philosophical view of Mahometanism is pure from these grosser mixtures; it consists only in resignation to the will of God, and charity towards men. I have conversed with a great number of truly religious Turks and Arabians who admitted nothing but what is reasonable and human in their creed. Their reason had no efforts to make to accept dogmas from which it revolted. Their's was practical and contemplative Deism. Such men are not easily converted; it is natural to descend from marvellous to simple doctrines, but not to remount from the simple to the marvellous.

Another inconvenience attended the interference of the Jesuits amongst the Maronites. The very nature of their institution tends to create parties,

and pious factions, both among the clergy and laity; the very ardour of their zeal inspires either enthusiasm or hatred: nothing can remain lukewarm within their sphere. The superior Maronite clergy could not regard with an eye of favour the establishment, in the midst of them, of a religious fraternity which threatened to wrest from their spiritual domination a part of the Catholic population.

The Jesuits then no longer exist in Syria; but within these few years two young abbes, a French, and a German, have settled there, on the invitation of a Maronite bishop, as professors in a school which he was founding. I knew these two excellent young men, both full of faith, and burning with disinterested zeal. They neglected no means or opportunity of propagating among the Druses, their neighbours, some ideas of Christianity; but the effect of their proceedings was confined to baptizing in secret, and unknown even to the parents, young children of families into which they had introduced themselves under pretence of giving medical advice. They struck me as little disposed to submit to the somewhat ignorant forms of the Maronite bishops, in matters of education; and I believe they will return to Europe without having succeeded in naturalizing a taste for more extended knowledge. The French father was worthy of a professorship at Rome or Paris.

The Convent of Antoura, after the extinction of the order of Jesuits, passed to the Lazarites; the

two young fathers who inhabited it often came to visit us at Bairout, and afforded us a society as agreeable as unexpected; amiable, modest, simple, solely occupied with severe and elevating studies, versed in all the affairs of Europe, and participating the impulse which urges forward the spirit of the times; their general and intelligent conversation delighted us the more as being rarely to be met with in those desolate regions.

When we passed an evening with them, and discussed the political events of our country, the intellectual societies decaying or springing up in France, the writers who dispute possession of the press, or the orators who alternately obtain that of the tribune; or when we spoke of the doctrines of futurity or those of the St. Simonians, we might have imagined ourselves within two leagues of the Rue du Bac chatting with men who had left Paris in the morning to return to it in the evening. The two Lazarites were at the same time models of sanctity, and of simple and pious fervour. One of them was a great invalid; the bleak air of Lebanon irritated his lungs and was shortening his days. A word written to his superiors would have obtained his recal to France, but he would not take it on his conscience. He came to consult M. Laroyère, who accompanied me, and asked him if, in character of physician, he could formally and conscientiously give it as his opinion that the air of Syria was fatal to his constitution. M. Laroyère, with a conscience as scrupulous as the young priest's, hesitated to pass

so decided an opinion, and the worthy clergyman repressed his complaints and staid.

These ecclesiastics, lost as it were in the space of that vast monastery, where a single Arab servant attended upon them, received us with that cordiality which the name of countryman inspires in those who meet in far distant regions. We passed two days with them, and were each accommodated with a large cell containing a bed and chairs—furniture quite unusual in these mountains.

The convent is situated on the skirts of a pine-wood, in the hollow of a valley, which, at the mid-height of Lebanon, enjoys, through an opening defile, a boundless vista over the coasts and sea of Syria. The remainder of the landscape is filled up with spiral summits of grey rock, crowned with villages and large Maronite monasteries. Some pines, orange and fig-trees grow here and there in the more sheltered nooks of the rocks, and near the torrents or springs. It is altogether a scene worthy of Naples or of the Gulf of Genoa.

The windows of our cells looked on those of a convent of Maronite women, and the arrival of a company of foreigners in their neighbourhood, appeared to excite a lively sensation among the nuns, who belong to the principal families of Lebanon.

No social utility is here attached to female convents. Volney, in his Syrian Travels, mentions the convent near Antoura, and the horrible atrocities practised, according to rumour, by a woman named Hindia upon her novices. The name and history

of the said Hindia are still very rife in the mountains. Imprisoned many years by order of the Maronite patriarch, her repentance and good conduct at length procured her liberty; and she died not long since, a reputed saint, among some Christians of her sect. She was a fanatic, either real or pretended, and succeeded in exciting fanaticism in a few simple and credulous imaginations. This Arab land is the soil of prodigies; any thing will take root in it, and any credulous or fanatical person may become a prophet in turn; a truth of which Lady Stanhope will furnish an additional manifestation. This disposition to the marvellous proceeds from two causes; a religious feeling strongly developed, and a want of due equilibrium between the imagination and the reason. Phantoms appear only in the night, and the land of ignorance is always likewise that of miracles.

The terrace of the Convent of Antoura, in which we walked part of each day, is shaded by the magnificent orange-trees, cited by Volney as the finest and most ancient in Syria. They have not yet perished; but throw their deep and balmy shadow over the garden and roof of the convent, like walnut-trees of fifty years growth in our climate; and still bear on their trunks the names of Volney and of some English travellers, who like ourselves had rested at their feet.

The group of mountains which comprises Antoura is known under the name of Kesrovan, or the Chain of Castravan, extending from the Nahr-el-Kebir to the Nahr-el-Kelb. This constitutes the country

properly called Maronité; which belongs to that people, and to which their privileges are limited, though they are daily spreading themselves over the country of the Druses, and carrying with them their laws and their morals.

The principal production of these mountains is silk. The *miri*, or territorial impost, is fixed in proportion to the mulberry-trees possessed by each proprietor. The Turks demand from the Emir Beschir one or two miris as an annual tribute, and the Emir no doubt secures several more on his own account; nevertheless, and in spite of the Maronite complaints of the excess of taxation, these imposts are not to be compared in degree with what we pay in France or England; it is not the rate of taxation, but its inequality and arbitrary exaction that oppresses a nation. If the taxes in Turkey were legal and fixed, they would scarcely be felt; but while there is no determinate legal tax there, neither is there any, or only a languishing and uncertain agricultural property—that interest, on the flourishing condition of which the riches of a nation depend. The village scheiks assess the impost, and appropriate a portion to themselves.

On the whole, these people are happy. Exempted from the oppressions of the Turks, their nominal masters, who fear them, and dare not invade their provinces, their religion is free and honoured; their churches and convents cover the summits of the hills; their bells, which they love as the sound of liberty and independence, chime night and day the hours of prayer in their valleys; they are

governed by their own chiefs, chosen according to their own customs, or succeeding by inheritance among their principal families; a rigorous but just police maintains order and security in the villages; property is recognized, guaranteed, and transmissible from father to son; commerce is active; their morals are perfectly simple and pure; and I have seen no population in the world on whose features the impress of health, generosity of spirit, and civilization, was more legible than on those of the inhabitants of Lebanon. The information of the people, though limited to reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Catechism, is so far universal, and gives the Maronites a legitimate ascendency over the other Syrian nations. I can compare them only to the peasants of Saxony and Scotland.

We returned to Bairout by the shore.—The mountains adjoining which, are overspread with monasteries, constructed in the style of Florentine villas of the middle ages. A village is planted on every eminence, crowned with a forest of pines, and traversed by a torrent, falling in a brilliant cascade to the bottom of a ravine. Little fishing ports abound through the length of the indented coast, full of small boats, attached to the moles or rocks; rich patches of vineyard, barley, and mulberry-trees, slope down from the villages to the sea, and the bell-towers of monasteries and churches are seen above the dark verdure of the fig and cypress. There are two leagues of the white sandy strand separating the foot of the mountain from waves limpid and blue as those of a river, which

might well deceive the eye of a traveller; if he could forget the distance of eight hundred leagues intervening between him and Europe, he might fancy himself on the borders of the Lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Vevay, or on the enchanting banks of the Saone, between Maçon and Lyons; only the frame of the picture is more majestic at Antoura, and raising his eyes he will behold the snowy tips of Sannin piercing the sky, like tongues of fire.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Author's journal was here interrupted. At the beginning of December he lost his only daughter; she was carried off in two days, at the moment when her health, declining in France, appeared to be completely re-established by the air of Asia. She died in the arms of her father and mother, at a country-house in the environs of Bairout, wherein M. de Lamartine had established his family for the winter. The vessel, which he had sent back to Europe, was not expected to return to the coast of Syria, and take up the travellers, till the month of May, 1833. They remained, therefore, in the mountains six months after this terrible event, overpowered by the stroke of Providence, and without any other diversion of their grief than the sympathising tears of their travelling companions and friends. In May, the ship Alceste returned to Bairout, according to agreement; but the travellers, to spare the unhappy mother an additional pang,

declined to embark again in the same vessel which had conveyed them in happiness and confidence with the charming child whom they had lost. M. de Lamartine had had his daughter's body embalmed, that it might be carried back to St. Point, where, in her last moments, she had testified a desire of being interred. This sacred deposit he committed to the Alceste, which was to sail in company, and hiring a second ship, the brig Sophia, Captain Coulonne, went on board it with his wife and friends.

The Journal of his Notes is not resumed for four months after his misfortune.

Previously to quitting Syria, he visited Damascus, Balbec, and several other remote and memorable places, and these excursions form the subject of the Notes which commence with the third volume.

FRAGMENTS

OF THE

POEMS OF ANTAR.

FIRST FRAGMENT.

ANTAR in paying one day a visit to his uncle Mallek, was agreeably surprised by the favourable reception he experienced. For a welcome so new to him, he was indebted to the earnest remonstrances of King Zoheir, who that same morning had strongly urged Mallek to accede at length to his nephew's desire, and grant him in marriage his cousin Ablla, whom he passionately loved. The wedding preparations were discussed, and Ablla, wishing to know her cousin's intentions,—"I propose," said he, "doing every thing that shall be proper for you."

"Well," replied she, "I ask nothing but what has been conceded to others,—what Kaled-Eben-Mohareb did on his marriage with his cousin Djida."

"Simpleton," exclaimed her father, in an angry tone, "who has told you that history?"—No, nephew," added he, "we will not follow that example."

But Antar, happy in seeing his uncle for the first

time so kindly disposed towards him, and desirous of satisfying his cousin, entreated her to amuse him with the details of the marriage in question.

"The following," said she, "is the account given me by the ladies who came to compliment me on your return:—Kaled, on the day of his marriage, killed twenty lions with his own hands, besides causing a thousand camels to be slain, which belonged to Malaeb-El-Assené, an emir renowned as one of the most valiant of warriors; he invited and entertained for three days, three numerous tribes; every dish which he placed before his guests contained some part of the flesh of the lions. The daughter of king Eben-El-Nazal led by a halter the naka (camel) which Djida rode."

"And what is there so admirable in all this?" rejoined Antar. "By the King of Lanyam and the Hattim, no one shall lead your naka but Djida herself, her husband's head suspended round her neck in a bag."

Mallek reproved his daughter, with feigned displeasure, for opening such a subject; while in reality, it was by his secret instigation that his women had detailed all the particulars to Ablla, for the purpose of embarrassing Antar. Satisfied with having by his artifice drawn the above adjuration from his nephew, and desirous of putting an end to the discourse, he made her pour him out some wine, flattering himself that the attractions of his daughter would engage him still deeper in an enterprize that threatened his destruction.

At night, when Antar was about to retire, Mal-

lek entreated him to forget Ablla's demands, intending indirectly to remind him of them. Returning home, Antar desired his brother Chaiboub to prepare him his horse, El-Abgea, and hastily mounting him, he directed his steps to the mountain of Ben-Touailek. On the road he related to Chaiboub the evening's occurrence.

"A curse upon your wicked uncle," exclaimed his brother. "From whom, think you, did Ablla learn all this history, but from her father, who is desirous to get rid of you, by plunging you into such dangers."

Antar, without paying the smallest attention to the words of Chaiboub, begged him to quicken his pace that they might arrive a day earlier, so eager was he to fulfil his engagement; he then recited the following verses.

"I travel over bad roads, and through the obscurity of night. Full of the most ardent zeal, I traverse the desert, with my sabre for my only companion, never taking account of the number of my enemies. Follow me, ye lions! and ye shall see the earth strewed with carcases, serving as a feast to the birds of the air.

"The name of Kaled (prosperous) shall be no longer appropriate, since I am in search of him. Djida no longer shall have reason to be proud.

"Their country is no longer in safety: the tigers will soon be its only inhabitants.

"Ablla, accept my congratulations, on all that shall adorn your approaching triumph.

"O thou! whose eyes, like murderous arrows,

have pierced my heart with incurable wounds, thy presence is a paradise, thy absence a devouring fire.

"O Allan-El-Fandi! Blessed be thou by the Almighty God.

"I have drunk wine more delicious than nectar; for it was poured by the hand of beauty.

"As long as light visits my eyes I will celebrate her charms; and if I die for her my name cannot perish."

As he ended, the day began to break. He pursued his way towards the tribe of Ben-Zobaid. Kaled, their hero, was held in higher consideration by the tribe than the king himself. So formidable, indeed, was his prowess, that his very name sufficed to make the neighbouring tribes tremble. His history and that of his cousin Djida, is as follows:—

Two Emirs—Mohareb, Kaled's father, and Zaher, Djida's father, governed the Bedouins called Ben-Aumaya, renowned for their bravery. They were brothers: Mohareb, the elder, was chief commander; and Zaher served under his orders. One day, in consequence of a warm dispute, Mohareb raised his hand against his brother, who returned home, his heart bursting with resentment. His wife discovering the cause of the excited state in which she saw him, said:—"You, the most valiant warrior of our tribe;—you, whose strength and courage are so far renowned,—must not endure such an affront."

"I am bound," answered he, "to respect an elder brother."

"Well then," added his wife, "go, establish your dwelling elsewhere; stay not here in humiliation; adopt the precepts of the poet who thus sings:—

"'Wherever you encounter obstacles and disappointments, remove to a distance, though you leave the house to lament its founder.

"'The body may everywhere find food, but the soul, once lost, cannot be recovered.

"'We should never cast our affairs on others, we can always transact them best ourselves.

"'Lions are proud because they are free.

"'Sooner or later man must submit to his destiny; what signifies the place of his death?

"'Follow, then, the counsels of experience.'"

These words inspired Zaher with the resolution of removing with all that belonged to him; and, at the moment of his departure, he recited the following lines:—

"I am flying far from thee, to a distance of a thousand years, each a thousand leagues in length. Though you would bestow on me a thousand Egypts, each watered by a thousand Niles, I should prefer going far from you and from your territories, repeating, to justify our separation, a maxim that will never be equalled,—'Man should fly from regions where barbarism reigns.'"

Zaher set out on his journey, and travelled till he reached the tribe of Ben-Assac, where he was received with wonderful kindness, and elected their chief. Zaher, full of gratitude, established himself with them; and a daughter was soon after born to him, named Djida, whom he passed for a boy, and

brought up under the name of Giaudar; making her ride with him on horseback, accustoming her to combat, and exercising in this manner her natural talents and courage. She was instructed by a learned man of the tribe in the arts of reading and writing, in which she soon made a rapid proficiency; and uniting extreme beauty to these high qualities, she was perfection; and it was everywhere said, "Happy is the woman who shall marry the Emir Giaudar.

Her father was taken dangerously ill, and, believing himself at the point of death, sent for his wife, and thus addressed her:—"I conjure you, after my death, to contract no second marriage that might separate you from your daughter; but let her continue to pass for a man. If, when I am gone, you do not enjoy here the same consideration, return to my brother, who, I am certain, will receive you kindly. Carefully preserve your riches, for money will every where ensure you respect. Be generous and affable, and you will find yourself rewarded. In short, act always as you now do."

After some days' illness, Zaher recovered; while Giaudar continued to prosper in war, and manifested on all occasions such extraordinary valour that it became a proverb: "Beware of approaching the tribe of Giaudar."

Kaled, meanwhile, attended his father Mohareb, in his daily martial exercises, which were actual warfare, several of the combatants being always wounded; and thus was Kaled's ambition stimulated

to become a formidable warrior; his cousin's reputation for bravery supplying an additional spur to his emulation. He ardently longed to see this much talked of cousin, but, aware of the dissensions existing between their parents, durst not attempt it. At the age of fifteen, when he had the misfortune to lose his father, Kaled had become the bravest warrior of his tribe. He was chosen to replace Mohareb, and as he already displayed the same virtues, he was not long in gaining the general esteem and respect. He one day proposed to his mother a visit to his uncle, and forth they proceeded, followed by rich presents of horses, harness, arms, &c.

Zaher welcomed them most graciously, and treated his nephew in particular, whose reputation had already reached him, with the utmost attention and affection. Kaled tenderly embraced his cousin Giaudar, for whom he conceived a warm attachment during the short time he passed with his uncle. Every day was devoted to military exercises which delighted Giaudar, who saw in Kaled an accomplished warrior, full of courage and generosity, affable, eloquent, and endowed with masculine beauty. They passed entire days, and even a great part of their nights together. At length, so ardently was Giaudar attached to Kaled, that one day, entering her mother's chamber, she said, "If my cousin returns to his tribe without me, I shall die of grief, for I love him passionately."

"I am far from disapproving your passion," replied her mother; "you have reason to love him,

for he is formed to inspire attachment. He is your cousin; you are of the same blood, almost of the same age, and he can never find a more suitable match than in you. But let me first speak to his mother, and acquaint her with your sex; when she comes to me according to her daily custom, I will inform her of the fact; we will then arrange your marriage, and all set out together."

The next morning she set herself to the employment of combing her daughter's beautiful tresses, at the usual hour of her visit from Kaled's mother; and when the latter inquired who that charming girl was, she related Djida's history, and explained that it was her father's will to disguise her in male attire.

"I reveal this secret to you," said she, "because I wish to give her in marriage to your son."

"I consent with all my heart," replied Kaled's mother. "What an honour will it be to my son to possess so pre-eminent a beauty!"

She then went in search of Kaled, and repeated the story to him,—affirming that no living woman was comparable in beauty with his cousin.

"Go then," said she, "to your uncle and demand her in marriage; and if he is willing to grant her, you will be the happiest of mortals."

"I had resolved," replied her son, "to part no more from my cousin, so strongly was I attached to her while I thought her a boy; but as she is a girl, I will have no more concern with her; I prefer the society of warriors; I prefer combats, or the chase of the elephant and lion, to the possesion of beauty; let me hear no more, therefore, of this

marriage, for I am resolved to depart this very instant."

He accordingly ordered the preparations for his departure, and went to take leave of his uncle, who inquired what hurried him away, and begged him to stay a few days longer.

"Impossible," replied Kaled, "my tribe is destitute of its chief, I must return to it." Saying these words he set out accompanied by his mother, who had bade adieu to her sister-in-law, and reported to her her conversation with her son.

When informed of her cousin's refusal, Djida was plunged into the deepest grief, and could neither eat nor sleep, so violent was her passion. Her father, seeing her in such a condition, believed her ill, and ceased to carry her with him on his excursions; one day, when he was gone to a distance to surprise a hostile tribe, she said to her mother: "I will not die for one who has treated me with so little consideration. I know how, by the aid of Providence, to retaliate upon him all my sufferings, even that of love." Then rising with the fury of a chafed lioness, she mounted her horse, telling her mother she was going to the chase, and set out under the disguise of a Bedouin, from Kegiaz, for the tribe of her cousin. She was lodged with one of the chiefs, who taking her for a warrior, received her most hospitably. The next day she attended the martial exercises commanded by her cousin, and commenced with him a contest which lasted till midnight. The combat of two such heroes elicited the admiration of all the spec-

tators; and Kaled, astonished to the last degree at meeting with a chief who could make head against him, ordered every possible attention to be paid to his antagonist. The following day the struggle was resumed, and lasted throughout the third and fourth days; all which time Kaled made every possible effort to discover who the stranger was, but without success: The combat continued till the fourth night, and neither had been able to inflict a wound on the other; at its conclusion Kaled, addressing his adversary, said: "In the name of that God who has endued you with such marvellous valour, let me know your country and tribe!" Upon which Djida, raising her mask, replied, "I am the cousin who, smitten with your accomplishments, offered myself to you in marriage, but was refused because you preferred the combat and the chase to the possession of a wife. I am come to make you feel the courage and bravery of her whom you have rejected."

With these words she resumed her mask, and went home; leaving Kaled melancholy, irresolute, deprived of strength and courage, and so lost in admiration that he became insensible. On his recovery, his taste for war and the chase of wild beasts had given place to love. He went home, and imparted to his mother his sudden change of sentiment, relating his contest with his cousin.

"You deserve all that has happened," said she; "you would not believe me, and your cousin has acted properly in punishing your haughtiness towards her." Kaled represented that he was not in

a state to bear her reproaches, but rather stood in need of compassion, and entreated her to demand his cousin for him; upon which she immediately set out for Djida's tribe, in great anxiety for her son, whom she left in a deplorable condition.

Djida, after discovering herself to her cousin, returned home; to her mother, who had been uneasy at her absence, she related her adventure, and astonished her by the recital of so much prowess. Three days after her return, arrived Kaled's mother, and desired to be immediately introduced to Djida; whom she told that she came as ambassadress from her son, to propose their union; and informed her at the same time of the sad state in which she had left Kaled.

"Such a marriage is henceforth impossible," said Djida. "I will never marry him who has refused me, though I was willing to give him a lesson, and punish him for making me suffer so severely."

Her aunt represented, that if he had occasioned her some pain, he was at present far more miserable than herself:—"Though I should die," replied Djida, "I will never be his wife."

Her father being still absent, Kaled's mother could not apply to him, and finding she had no chance of obtaining any thing from Djida, she went back to her son, whom she found sick with love, and much altered; and reported to him the result of her mission, which augmented his misery and despair. "There remains," said she, "but one course for you. Go in person, attended by the chiefs of our tribe, and the tribes in alliance with us, to demand her of her father; if he answers that

he has no daughter, tell him your history; he cannot longer deny the fact, and will be obliged to yield her to you."

Kaled instantly convoked the chiefs and old men of the tribe, and recounted to them all that had happened; which recital filled them with astonishment. "It is a wonderful history," said Mehdi Kazab, one of the elders, "and deserves to be written in letters of gold. We were ignorant that your uncle had a daughter, we have heard only of his son named Giaudar. Who then is this heroine? We will accompany you when you go to demand her hand, of which no one can be more worthy than yourself."

Kaled, being assured of his uncle's return, departed, attended by twenty principal chiefs of his tribe, and a hundred horsemen, and followed by magnificent presents. Zaher received them hospitably, though being ignorant of his nephew's encounter with his daughter, the speedy return of the former was quite incomprehensible to him. The fourth day after his arrival, Kaled kissed his uncle's hand, and asked his cousin in marriage, supplicating her father to return and reside with him: and when Zaher maintained that his boy Giaudar was the only child God had blessed him with, Kaled related the whole of his adventures. Zaher, disturbed by the recital, was for some moments silent. "I had forgotten," said he at length, "that my secret might one day be disclosed; but since it is so, you may above all other men pretend to your cousin's hand, and I grant it you."

The prince of Djida was afterwards determined, in presence of witnesses, at a thousand red camels laden with the finest productions of Yeman. When Zaher entered his daughter's chamber, and informed her of the engagement into which he had just entered with Kaled:—"I assent to it," replied she, "on condition that on my wedding-day, my cousin shall kill a thousand of the choicest camels of Melaeb-el-Assené, of the tribe of Ben Hamer."

Her father smiled at her demand, but answered for his nephew's acceptance of the condition. The entreaties of the latter having prevailed on his uncle to return with him, they set out the following morning, and Zaher experienced every possible attention and respect from his former tribe, who conferred on him the first rank amongst them.

The day after his arrival, Kaled, at the head of a thousand chosen warriors, surprised the tribe of Ben-Hamer, and, after a sanguinary engagement dangerously wounded Melaeb, whom he despoiled of more than the thousand camels required by Djida, and came home in triumph.

Some days afterwards, as he was supplicating his uncle to hasten their marriage, his cousin told him that he should never see her under his tent unless he brought her the wife or daughter of one of the most valiant Emirs of Kail, to hold the bridle of her camel on her wedding-day; "For," added she, "I would be the envy of all other maidens."

To satisfy this new demand, Kaled, at the head

of a numerous army, attacked the tribe of Nihama Eben-el Nazal, and after several battles, succeeded in seizing Aniame, daughter of Nihama, and carrying her off with him. Djida having no further requisitions to make, he went to a lion hunt.

On the eve of his wedding-day, on his way to the chase, he encountered a warrior, who advancing towards him, commanded him in a loud voice to surrender himself, and instantly dismount on pain of death. Kaled's only reply was an eager career against his unknown enemy; the combat was fierce, and lasted more than an hour, when, wearied by the resistance of an enemy whom he could not overcome, "Son of an accursed race!" exclaimed Kaled, "who are you? what is your tribe? and wherefore come you here to hinder my prosecution of a chase so important to me? A malediction upon you! let me at least know whether I am contending with an emir or a slave."

His antagonist, raising the visor of his helmet, answered with a smile.—"How can a warrior address a maiden in such terms?"

Kaled, recognizing his cousin, was struck dumb with shame and confusion, and had not a word to reply.

"I thought," continued Djida, "your chase might be difficult, and am come to your assistance."

"By the All-Powerful!" exclaimed Kaled, "I know no warrior whose valour equals thine, O, queen of beauty!"

They then separated, engaging to meet in the evening, at the same spot, and there accordingly

they rejoined each other, Kaled having killed a lion, and Djida a lion and a lioness; after comparing their spoils, they again parted company, more than ever enchanted with each other.

The marriage was celebrated for three days with every species of rejoicing. More than a thousand camels and twenty lions were slain; the lions by Kaled's own hand, those two only excepted which his cousin's hunting had provided. Aniame led by the bridle the naka which bore Djida, and the two lovers were at the summit of felicity.

Zaher died soon after their union, leaving the supreme command to his children, Kaled and Djida; which two heroes, in alliance, soon became the terror of the desert.

Let us now return to Antar and his brother. When they approached the encampment, Antar sent his brother to reconnoitre the disposition of the ground and the situation of Kaled's tent, that he might take measures for attacking him; and Chaiboub, in announcing next day the result of his survey, told him his good fortune exceeded the malice of his uncle, since Kaled was absent.

"There are but a hundred horsemen of the tribe," said he, "with Djida. Her husband is gone away with Mehdi-Karab, and she is charged to watch over the public safety; every night she is on horseback, followed by a score of her horsemen; and as I hear from her slaves, sometimes rides to a distance."

Antar, in raptures at this news, told his brother he hoped to make Djida a prisoner that very even-

ing; that Chaiboub's task should be to arrest at a narrow pass the flight of her companions, lest any of them should arouse the tribe, who might in that case pursue them.

"If you let but one escape," added he, "I will cut off your right hand."

"I will do all you command," said Chaiboub, "being here on purpose to aid you."

Having lurked in concealment all day, they re-approached the tribe after sunset, when they soon perceived several horsemen advancing towards them, with Djida at their head, singing these verses:—

"The dust of the horses is very great; war is my element.

"The lion hunt is a glory and triumph to other warriors, but I am indifferent to it.

"The stars bear witness that the bravery of my fathers is effaced by mine.

"Who dares oppose my path, when I scour by night the mountains or the plain?

"I have acquired more glory than any one, by the overthrow of the most redoubted warriors."

When she had ended her song, Antar, who had been listening to it, told his brother to take the left side, and throwing himself on the right, uttered his war-cry in so terrible a voice, as to spread dismay among the twenty martial attendants of Djida, whom he assaulted without loss of time; he slew her horse at one stroke of his sabre, and stunned herself by a violent blow on the head; then leaving her, he turned upon her companions, killed twelve of them presently, and put the rest to flight. Chaiboub,

who awaited them at the pass, brought down six with his arrows, and Antar, running to his assistance, easily mastered the other two. He then told his brother to run quickly and bind Djida, before the return of her consciousness, and to carry off for her one of the horses whose riders they had just killed.

But Djida, after lying senseless for an hour, had recovered, and catching one of the abandoned horses, threw herself upon it. Directed to Antar by the sound of his voice, she drew her sabre, saying to him—

"Flatter not thyself, son of an accursed race, with seeing Djida fall into thy power; I am here to make thee bite the dust, and thou wouldst never have seen me on the ground, but for thy good fortune in killing my horse."

With these words she thrust at Antar with the fury of a lioness robbed of her young; he bravely sustained the onset, and a desperate struggle ensued, which lasted three hours without any decided advantage on either side, till both were overcome with fatigue. Chaiboub watched at a distance to intercept any succour that might arrive to Djida, who, though weakened by her fall, and wouuded in several places, still offered an obstinate resistance in the vain hope of rescue. At length Antar, rushing upon her, seized her by the throat, and again depriving her of sense, profited by the opportunity to disarm her and bind her hands. Chaiboub then pressed his brother to hasten his departure with his prize, before the events of the night should come to the knowledge of Djida's tribe and its allies, and

they should be pursued. But Antar refused, resolving not to return to Ben-Abess without booty.

"We cannot," said he, "so lightly abandon the noble herds of this tribe; we should have to return a second time on occasion of Ablla's marriage. Let us wait till they are brought out to pasturage at day-break, when we will seize them, and afterwards retrace our steps to Ben-Abess."

In the morning, when the herds came out to their pastures, Antar made himself master of a thousand nakas,—a thousand camels with their herdsmen, and committed them to the charge of Chaiboub to drive home, staying behind himself to disperse their guards, amongst whom his sabre made terrible havoc. All who could escape ran to the tribe, and reported that a single Negro warrior had taken possession of all their herds, killed a great many of their party, and still remained on the field of battle, waiting to be attacked; and "we have reason to believe," added they "that he has killed or taken Djida."

"Can the world produce a champion," said Giabe, one of their most renowned chiefs, "who could make head against Djida, much less conquer her?"

The others, knowing her to have left the camp overnight, and finding that she did not return, concluded that she was following the chase. They agreed, however, immediately to set out to recover their cattle, and marched in companies of twenty or thirty, till they encountered Antar, who on horseback, and leaning on his lance, awaited the combat. "Madman!" they all cried to him at once,

" who art thou who comest hither to seek certain death?" Antar, without deigning any reply, impetuously assaulted them; and though their number amounted to eighty, he easily routed them, after wounding many.

He then thought of rejoining his brother, lest the camel-drivers should get the better of him; but he had no sooner set forward than he observed a cloud of dust rising in the midst of the desert; conceiving it to be the enemy, " To-day," said he, " I must show myself a man." He then continued his rout till he met Chaiboub returning. Antar inquired what he had done with Djida and the herds.

" When the herdsmen," answered his brother, " beheld yonder column of dust, they revolted, and refused to proceed, declaring it to be Kaled returning with his army. I killed three, but knowing you to be alone against a host, I am come to your assistance."

" Coward," rejoined Antar, " you were frightened, and have deserted Djida and the cattle, but I swear by the Almighty, I will this day perform prodigies which shall be celebrated for centuries to come."

So saying, he hastily traced the steps of Djida, whom the herdsmen had unbound after the departure of Chaiboub. She was on horseback, but faint and unarmed. Antar, after killing four of the herdsmen, being unable to arrest the flight of the remainder, pursued Djida, who was flying towards the advancing army, which she supposed to belong to her tribe. But when she found herself in the midst of the troop, she heard them hailing her foe

with these words: "Antar, most valiant of heroes, we come to your aid though you need not our succour."

It was the army of Ben-Abess, commanded by King Zoheir in person; who missing Antar, and dreading that his uncle, according to custom, had despatched him on some perilous enterprise, summoned Chidad, his father, to make inquiries after him; and unable to gain any intelligence from him, he next questioned Mallek, who affected to be no better informed; but Chidad, knowing the frankness of Ablla's nature, interrogated her, and soon learnt the whole truth; which being communicated to the king, the princes, his sons, enraged against Mallek, determined on instantly proceeding in search of Antar, asseverating that if they found him safe and sound, his marriage should be solemnized the instant of his return; and if he should have perished, the death of the treacherous Mallek should avenge the loss their tribe would sustain in so inestimable a hero. Informed of the project of his sons Chass and Mallek, the king resolved on putting himself at the head of his bravest troops; and he forthwith quitted the tribe followed by four thousand horsemen. Mallek, who was of the number, inquired as they went, what was the king's design?

"I am going," replied Zoheir, "to extricate Antar from the rash enterprise in which you have involved him."

"I assure you," returned Mallek, "I have no knowledge of any such. Ablla alone is to blame; and she shall answer it with her head."

Chass here interposed. "On my honour, Mallek," said he, "it were far better that you were disposed of; were I not restrained by respect for my father, and by friendship for Antar, I would make your own head fly from your shoulders." Then striking him sharply with the flat of his sabre, he commanded him to be gone.

Mallek returned to the tribe, and assembling his kinsmen and friends, imparted to them the affront he had sustained, and his resolution to detach himself from the sway of Zoheir; he accordingly withdrew to a distance with seven hundred of his own followers, accompanied by El-Rabek, one of their most celebrated chiefs, and Herone-Eben-El-Wuard, at the head of a hundred picked horsemen.

They marched all day, and at night pitched their tents to hold a council and determine whither they should go, and what tribe they should join. "We are more than seven hundred in number," said El-Rabek, "let us wait here for news from Antar; if he escapes the dangers he is gone to seek, and returns to Ben-Abess, Zoheir will unquestionably come and seek us; if he perishes, we will remove further." This counsel prevailed, and they remained where they were. Zoheir continued his march in search of Antar, and rested not till he met him in pursuit of Djida. The life of the unfortunate heroine was saved, and she was again bound, and confided to the care of Chaiboub.

Antar, on perceiving the king, threw himself from his horse, and kissed the royal sandal, saying: "My lord does his slave too much honour; why take so much trouble for me?"

"What," said Zoheir, "would you have me leave such a hero alone in an enemy's country? You should have informed me of your uncle's demands, that I might either have satisfied him from my own herds, or have accompanied you in your perilous expedition."

Antar, having returned thanks, saluted the king's two sons, Chass and Mallek, and his own father Chidad, who related to him the proceedings of Ablla's father. "My uncle," said Antar, "is aware of my love for his daughter, and abuses the power it gives him; but thanks to God, and to the terror inspired by our King Zoheir, I have attained my object; and if I had been accompanied by fifty horsemen should have been master of all the herds of the three tribes, which were quite undefended; but you are come, and we will seize them. It shall never be said that the king made a useless campaign. He must repose here a day or two, while we go and plunder these tribes."

Zoheir approved the project, and had the tents pitched on the spot, especially recommending the warriors who were to join the expedition, to respect the women. They were absent three days, and almost without a contest carried off so prodigious a spoil that the king was perfectly amazed.

The following day the order for departure being given, the army took the road homewards, to the satisfaction of all, if we except Djida, who, encircled by a number of horsemen, was mounted on a camel, led by a negro. At three days' march from the residence of their tribe, they encamped in

a vast plain, and Antar observing that it was well adapted for battle, the king pointed out to him that it was equally suitable for the chase:—"But," replied Antar, "I love war alone, and a long abstinence from battle is grievous to me."

Some hours afterwards a thick dust was perceived, apparently directing its course towards the camp; then the steel points of lances were descried gleaming in the sun-beams, and confused lamentations soon after reached the ear. Zoheir, supposing this to be Kaled's army, returning with their prisoners from their attack on the tribe of Ben-Amar, cautioned Antar to prepare for battle.

"Be not uneasy," replied he; "these warriors will soon be in your power." Eager to try his strength with the enemy, he instantly ordered all hostile preparations, leaving ten horsemen and several negroes to guard the booty.

Before we proceed further it is necessary to bring the reader acquainted with the advancing army. Kaled, who had departed with five thousand warriors, and the two chiefs, Kaiss-Eben-Mouchek and Mehdi Karab, to attack Ben-Amar, found the country deserted; for the inhabitants, having had warning, had retreated with all the treasure to the mountains. He had, therefore, made no booty, and as they were returning without the acquisition of a single camel, his companions urged him to surprise the tribe of Ben-Abess, the richest of the district. Kaled, taking the road towards this tribe, had met the camp of Ablla's father, attacked it, and after a battle of a whole

day's duration, had taken prisoners the remaining warriors who composed it, as well as the women and cattle. Ablla rejoiced that, by falling into the power of Kaled, she escaped the still greater misfortune of a marriage her father wished to force her into with one of her kinsmen, named Amara—preferring captivity to being the wife of any other than Antar.

She called incessantly upon him; "Dear Antar, where are you? Why cannot you see the situation I am in?" Kaled inquired of the prisoners who this woman was who so repeatedly pronounced the same name, and was answered by a sworn foe of Antar, that her name was Ablla, and that she had required her cousin to bring Djida as a captive to hold the bridle of her naka on the day of her marriage. "We withdrew from our tribe," added he, "not choosing to accompany the King Zoheir, who has set out on this enterprise with all his followers, except three hundred left to guard Ben-Abess under the command of Warka, one of his sons."

Kaled, enraged at this intelligence, dispatched Mehdi-Karab, at the head of a thousand troops, to carry off the women and cattle of Ben-Abess, with orders to massacre every man they should find. He meanwhile proceeded on his way to rejoin his own tribe, treating his prisoners very harshly, and in considerable anxiety for Djida, which found vent and solace in verse.

"I have led to battle horses harnessed with iron, and bearing warriors more terrible than lions.

" I have traversed the lands of Ben-Kennab, Ben-Amar, and Ben-Kelal. At my approach the inhabitants fled to the mountains.

" Ben-Abess is in imminent danger; day and night its people shall weep.

" All those who have escaped the carnage are my captives.

" How many maidens whose bright eyes are dimmed with tears, call Ben-Abess to their succour! But Ben-Abess is in chains.

" Zoheir is gone to seek death in a land where the women are more valiant than the men. Woe to him if the truth has been told me! He has left the substance for the shadow!

" The day of combat will decide which of us two is deceived.

" My blade rejoices in my victorious hand. The steel of my enemy sheds tears of blood.

" The most invincible warriors see me and tremble.

" My name must trouble their sleep, if terror will suffer them to taste repose.

" Did I not fear the imputation of arrogance, I would say that my single arm suffices to shake the universe."

As this triumphant boast escaped his lips, Kaled stood in the presence of the army of Ben-Abess. The cries and lamentations of the prisoners having reached the ears of Antar and his warriors, they seemed to recognize familiar voices, and gave notice to Zoheir, who immediately sent a horseman, named Abssi, to reconnoitre the enemy. Kaled, descrying

him from afar, exclaimed, " Here comes a messenger from Ben-Abess to make me proposals; but I will listen to none. My purpose is a war of extermination; or if we make prisoners, all shall be slaves. But whence all that cattle which I see? without doubt they have plundered our tribe while Djida was hunting lions."

Saying this, he sent Zébaide, one of his warriors, to meet the envoy of Zoheir, with orders to inquire his mission, and to ascertain the fate of Djida. Scarcely had they met when Zébaide cried, " O thou who comest here in search of death, declare thy mission quickly before thy head rolls in the dust."

" I despise thy vain menaces," replied Abssi, " and will soon prove them in the field of battle. My mission is three-fold: to bring you news, to give you warning, and to obtain information. The news I bring is, that we have seized upon your women and your cattle. I warn you that we are about to give you battle under the command of the valiant Antar; and I desire to be informed what booty you have taken, because we know that you have attacked the three tribes Ben-Kennab, Ben-Amar, and Ben-Kelal. I have spoken; do you reply?"

" It cost us no trouble," said Zébaide, " to secure this booty; the terror of Kaled's name sufficed." He then related the capture of Ablla's father, adding, that a thousand warriors had been sent to surprise Ben-Abess: " I now," continued he, " in my turn demand news of Djida."

" She is a prisoner," answered Abssi, " and suffering greatly from her wounds."

" Who then has been able to conquer her, whose bravery equals her husband's?" said the envoy of Kaled.

" A hero whom nothing can resist," replied Abssi, " Antar, the son of Chidad."

The two ambassadors having fulfilled their mission, returned to give an account of it to their respective chiefs. Immediately on his arrival, Abssi exclaimed: " Fly to arms, O Ben-Abess, to avenge the affront which Ben-Zobaid has offered you." Then turning to Zoheir, he thus addressed him in verse:—

" Ben-Abess, surprised by the enemy, is become a depopulated habitation. The besom of destruction has passed over her; and the echoes alone are left to lament her.

" You have been stripped of your substance; your people have been murdered; your children and your wives are in the power of the enemy. Listen to their anguished cries, they call upon you for succour. Ben-Zobaid is triumphant; fly to avenge yourself.

" O Antar, could you have seen the despair of Ablla! How greatly it surpassed that of her companions.

" Her garments are steeped in tears; and the earth itself is inundated with them.

" Ablla the fairest of the fair.

" Fly then to arms! the time is come to conquer or to die. May death follow every blow of your terrible arm."

Zoheir could not suppress his tears at this recital. His affliction was participated by all the chiefs who surrounded him. Antar alone experienced a degree of satisfaction on learning the melancholy fate of his uncle, the cause of all his misfortunes; but in the sorrows of love, he soon forgot the pleasures of vengeance.

Kaled's envoy presented himself before his lord with this chant on his lips:—

"O Ben-Zobaid, you have been surprised by the warriors of Ben-Abess, borne on chargers fleet as the wind.

"Your most precious possessions have been snatched from your grasp.

"Will you be generous to those who have even carried off your wives?

"O Kaled, couldest thou but see Djida, her eyes bathed in tears.

"O thou most dreadful of warriors, fly, sabre in hand, to attack thy enemies.

"The death of the brave is preferable to a life of dishonour.

"Let not the wicked brand us with the reproach of cowardice."

At this recital, the enraged Kaled gave orders to march to the combat; and Zoheir perceiving the movement, advanced to the encounter at the head of his forces. The plain and the mountains shook at the concussion of the two armies. Zoheir addressing Antar, said "The enemy is numerous, this day will be dreadful."

"My Lord," replied Antar, "man can die but

once. This is the day I have so ardently desired. Though Cæsar and the King of Persia were with Kaled, I would deliver our wives and children or perish." And he then added in verse:

"Man, whatever his circumstances, should never endure contempt.

"He who is generous to his guests, owes them the assistance of his arm.

"When valour fails to confer victory, we must learn to support our destiny.

"Our friends must be protected, and our lances stained with the blood of our enemies.

"He who is a stranger to these virtues, is unworthy of esteem.

"Would that I might, single handed, cope with the enemy.

"I will reconquer to-day all that we have been plundered of.

"The highest mountains shall tremble at the battle I am about to wage.

"Let Ablla rejoice, the end of her captivity approaches."

Chass, as he heard these words, exclaimed, "May thy voice be always heard, O thou who excellest all sages in eloquence, and all warriors in valour."

Before the engagement Kaled gave orders for taking as many prisoners as possible.

Antar drew to the side where the captives were posted, to attempt the deliverance of Ablla, but found them guarded by a considerable number of horsemen. Kaled in the same manner approached

the station of Djida, flattering himself that Ben-Abess could not hold out for an hour against him.

He commenced the attack by a charge against the warriors immediately surrounding Zoheir, and succeeded in wounding Chass, whose father defended himself like a lion. The combat lasted till the darkness of night separated the two armies, and each withdrew to its camp.

Antar, on his return, after performing prodigies of valour, was informed by the king that Kaled had wounded his son. "By the Almighty," answered he, "to-morrow shall commence with my conquest of Kaled; I ought to have achieved it to-day, but I have wasted my time in vain endeavours to release Ablla. Kaled, once slain, or my prisoner, his army will quickly disperse, and we shall then have no difficulty in delivering our unfortunate friends. Ben-Zobaid shall see that we surpass him in valour."

"O bravest of the brave," replied Zoheir, "I have no doubt of success, but I cannot help trembling at the thought that Mehdi-Karab, at the head of a powerful band, is gone to surprise our tribe, guarded as it is only by my son Warka, and a small number of our troops. I fear lest they should obtain possession of our wives and children. What will become of us, should victory fail us to-morrow?"

Antar assuring him that their efforts of the next day should end all his alarms, the warriors took a slight repast, and retired to their respective tents to snatch a short interval of repose. But Antar disdained to sleep, and changing his horse, made

the circuit of the camp in company with Chaiboub, to whom as they rode, he communicated his fruitless attempts for Ablla's deliverance.

"I have been more fortunate," said Chaiboub, "and will tell you by what means I succeeded, after many efforts, in obtaining sight of her. When the armies were fairly engaged in the plain, I made a long detour across the desert, and reached the position of the prisoners. There I perceived El-Rabek, his brother Herone-Eben-el-Wuard, your uncle Mallek, his son, and the other warriors of our tribe, bound upon camels; near them were the women, and amongst them Ablla, whose beautiful eyes shed torrents of tears. She stretched her arms towards our camp, crying: 'O, Ben-Abess, is there not one of thy children who can come to deliver us? Not one who can inform Antar of my unhappy situation?' The captives were encircled by a hundred warriors, as a ring encircles the finger. In defiance of them I attempted the rescue of Ablla, but was discovered and pursued, discharging my arrows as I fled; in this manner have I passed the whole day, incessantly returning to the charge, but always beaten off by numbers; I killed more than fifteen of the warriors; but Ablla's sufferings are still unmitigated."

The recital drew tears from Antar, who was bursting with rage. The brothers, after fetching a long compass, reached their destination.

At daybreak, the two armies, ready for battle, awaited only the orders of their chiefs to engage, when a report was spread in Ben-Abess that Antar

had disappeared. Intelligence so fatal disheartened Zoheir's warriors, who already considered themselves a prey to the enemy. The king was on the point of sending to demand a suspension of arms, that he might gain time for Antar's return, when a cloud of dust was seen at a distance, thickening as it drew nearer. Presently the wailing of suffering and despair were heard; and the appear- of this third army, soon rivetted the attention of the other two. Horsemen were soon descried, sheathed in iron, yet pliant as young and tender branches, and rushing joyously to the combat. At their head marched a warrior, tall as a cedar, firm as a rock; the earth trembled beneath his steps. Before him appeared men bound to camels, and surrounded by mounted horsemen leading other horses which had no riders. The cry of the horsemen was Ben-Zobaid, and their voices filled the desert. It was Mehdi-Karab, whom Kaled had despatched to the pillage of Ben-Abess; returning after successfully acquitting himself of his mission.

He had reached the tribe at sun-rise, and having made himself master of all the horses, the best camels, and several daughters of the first families, was driving them before him; but Warka hastily collecting the few men at his disposal, marched in pursuit. Mehdi-Karab, finding himself overtaken, sent the booty forwards under convoy of two hundred horsemen, and returned to the attack. Warka, although very inferior in numbers, obstinately sustained the engagement till the close of day, when the remaining troops of Ben-Abess dispersed,

having lost half their numbers, and the chief himself being among the prisoners. Mehdi-Karab, after this affair, resumed his march, and using the utmost expedition, arrived on the field in time to take part in the impending battle. He instantly engaged, and Zoheir, at this sight exclaimed, "All my worst fears are realized! But no matter, the sabre must now decide our fate; anything is preferable to seeing our wives reduced by slavery to the condition of bodies without souls."

Received with transports of joy, Mehdi-Karab reported the result of his expedition, and made inquiries after Kaled, when to his astonishment he learnt, that having mounted his horse the preceding night to inspect the watch, he was not yet returned. Disguising his uneasiness, he rushed impetuously on Ben-Abess, followed by his whole army, vociferating their war-cry. Zoheir's warriors desperately sustained the shock, preferring death to a life of separation from their friends. Torrents of blood inundated the field of battle: and at midday the victory was still undecided, though Ben-Abess began to be sensibly weakened, the enemy making frightful carnage in their ranks. Zoheir, who was in the left wing with his sons and principal chiefs, seeing the centre and right wing give way, without being able to rally them, was at the acme of distress, when he distinguished in the rear of the enemy a body of a thousand chosen warriors shouting Ben-Abess. It was commanded by Antar, who, cased in iron, and resembling a tower of steel, dashed precipitately forward, preceded by Chaiboub, who exclaimed, in a loud

voice, "Woe to you, children of Ben-Zobaid! Fly for your lives! it is your only hope of escape; for death is about to shower down upon you. If you doubt my words, look up and behold on the point of my lance the head of your leader, Kaled-Eben-Mohareb."

SECOND FRAGMENT.

ANTAR, having during his captivity in Persia, rendered important services to the Persian monarch, that prince restored him to liberty, and sent him home laden with valuable presents, in money, horses, slaves, cattle and arms of all sorts. On his road he encountered a warrior of renowned valour, who had made Ablla a prisoner, killed him, and carried back his cousin with him. Arrived within a short distance of his tribe, he sent to advertise his kinsmen, who had long believed him dead; and overjoyed at the announcement of his return, set out to meet him, accompanied by King Zoheir himself. The enraptured Antar no sooner perceived them, than he sprang from his horse and ran to kiss the stirrup of the king, who cordially embraced him; an example followed by all the other chiefs, happy in his restoration to them. Amara, alone, his rejected rival, appeared dissatisfied.

To do honour to his sovereign, Antar rode by his side, confiding the guardianship of his affianced bride to ten negroes, who, at night, fell asleep upon their camels. Ablla having done the same

in her houdah, was alarmed, on awaking, to find herself far from the rest of the troop. Her cries roused the negroes, who then discovered that their camels had wandered from the road. While they were dispersed at a distance, endeavouring to recover the track, Ablla, who had alighted, was seized by a horseman, who placed her on a pillion behind him.

Amara, enraged at the honours lavished upon his rival, had withdrawn from the court, and meeting Ablla alone, resolved to carry her off. When she upbraided him with such baseness, so unworthy an emir, "I would rather," said he, "possess you by violence, than die with vexation on seeing you espoused to Antar." So saying, he galloped off with her, and took refuge in a powerful tribe, hostile to Ben-Abess. Meanwhile the negroes, having recovered the road, returned to take up the houdah, not once suspecting that Ablla had quitted it. Antar, after accompanying the king home, returned to meet his bride, but to his astonishment and dismay found the houdah empty. All attempts to gain intelligence of her from the negroes proving ineffectual, he spent many days galloping fruitlessly in every direction in search of his beloved, lamenting her loss in the following lines:

"Sleep has forsaken my eyelids, tears have furrowed my cheek.

"My constancy is my torture, and leaves me no repose.

"So momentary was our meeting, it has but aggravated my sufferings.

" This estrangement, these perpetual separations, lacerate my heart. Ben-Abess, how mournfully I regret your tents.

" What torrents of useless tears have I shed, at a distance from my dearly beloved.

" My prayer would be accomplished were my moments of happiness by thy side but such as the miser would allow for the contemplation of his treasure."

After long and vain researches, Antar returned, resolving to send his brother Chaiboub in disguise on the same errand: the latter, after a rather long absence, brought him intelligence that he had found Ablla in the household of Mafarey-Eben-Hammarn, who had taken her by force from Amara, intending to make her his wife; but, resolved to avoid such espousals, she feigned madness, and Mafarey, in revenge, obliged her to serve as a domestic slave in his family; where she was exposed to the ill-treatment of his mother, who employed her in the severest labours. I heard her pronounce your name, added Chaiboub, in these verses:

" Come, my kindred, to my deliverance; or at least inform Antar of my sad situation.

" Grief has consumed my strength; misfortune in every shape oppresses me since my absence from the lion.

" The slightest breath of wind sufficed to impair my health; judge then of my sufferings under the hardships to which I am reduced.

" My patience is exhausted; my enemies ought

to be satisfied; what humiliations do I suffer, since I have lost the hero of my heart!

"Ah! if it be possible, restore me to Antar; the lion alone can protect the gazelle.

"My miseries would soften rocks."

Antar would listen no longer; but rode away and after many and sanguinary combats, achieved the deliverance of Ablla.

REFLECTIONS OF ANTAR.

"Let your sword be dreaded by your enemies; stay not where you are despised.

"Establish yourself amidst the witnesses of your triumphs, or perish gloriously with arms in your hand.

"Be despotic with despots; unrelenting with the cruel.

"If your friend desert you, seek not to recal him; but close your ears against the calumnies of his rivals.

"There is no refuge from death.

"It is better to die in battle, than to live in slavery.

"Though I be reckoned amongst slaves, my actions pierce the clouds, their glory reaches to the skies.

"I owe my renown to my sword, not to nobleness of birth.

"My lofty deeds shall extort respect for my

birth from the warriors of Ben-Abess, who might be tempted to despise it.

" Behold the captured warriors and coursers who attest the victories of my arm.

" I have spurred my horse into the centre of the enemy, amid the dust of the combat, in the heat of the action.

" I have brought him back smeared with blood, bemoaning my unequalled activity.

" The battle ended, he was of one hue all over.

" I have killed their most terrible warriors; Rabiha-Hafrebar, Giaber-Eben-Mehalka, and the son of Rabiha-Zabrka lay dead in the field of battle.

" Zabiba (Antar's mother) chides me for exposing myself by night; she fears lest numbers should overpower me.

" She would affright me with the image of death, as if we were not destined one day to yield to it.

" ' Death,' I replied, ' is a fountain of which sooner or later all must drink.'

" Cease then to torment yourself; for if I sought not death, I should deserve it.

" I will vanquish all kings, who are already at my feet, trembling at the blows of this dreadful arm.

" The very tigers and lions crouch to me.

" Coursers bend their heads as if mourning their masters.

" I am the son of a woman of black complexion, with the limbs of an ostrich, and hair curling as grains of pepper.

" O ye who return from the tribe, what is passing there?

" Carry my greetings to her whose love has preserved me from death.

" My enemies long for my humiliation; cruel fate! they triumph in my abasement.

" Tell them that their slave deplores their distance from him.

" If your laws permit you to kill me, satisfy your desire; no one will call you to account for my blood."

Antar, having precipitated himself into the midst of the enemy, was lost to the eyes of his friends; who, fearing for his life, were preparing to fly to his succour, when he re-appeared, bearing the head of the adverse chief, and reciting these verses:—

" If I slake not my thirsty sword in the blood of the enemy, if that flow not from its point, let my eyes be strangers to repose, though I renounce the happiness of seeing Ablla in my dreams.

" I am more insatiable than death itself; for I burn to destroy those for whom he would consent to wait.

" Death, beholding my exploits, ought to respect my person. The arms of the Bedouins will be short against me, the most terrible of warriors; me, the lion in his fury; me, by whose sword and lance souls are set at liberty.

" When I can find death, I will make him a turban of my sword, the blood on which enhances its brightness.

" I am the lion, who protects all that belong to him.

" My actions shall be immortal.

" My black complexion is blanched when passion for battle inflames my heart; my love is then extravagant, persuasion no longer restrains me.

" Be my neighbour ever triumphant; my enemy humbled, fearful, and without asylum.

" By the Almighty, who created the seven heavens, and who knows futurity, I will cease from combat only with the destruction of my enemy; I, the lion of the earth, always ready for war.

" My refuge is in the dust of the battle field.

" I have put to flight hostile hosts, by laying prostrate the corpse of their chief.

" Behold his blood flowing from my sabre.

" O, Ben-Abess! prepare your triumphs, and glory in a Negro who has a throne in the skies.

" Enquire my name of the sabres and lances, they will tell you that I am called Antar (courageous)."

Ablla's father, determined against giving his daughter to Antar, had quitted the tribe in his absence. The hero, on his return, not finding his cousin, composed these lines:

" How can I deny my love for Ablla, when my tears bear witness to my grief for her absence? Separated from her, the fire which consumes me becomes every day more intense; I cannot conceal sufferings which are incessantly renewed.

" My patience diminishes, while my longing to behold her augments.

"To God alone I complain of my uncle's tyranny, for no one comes to my assistance.

"My friends! love is destroying me—me, so strong, so dreaded.

"O, daughter of Mallek! I prohibit sleep to my wearied frame; could it, indeed, taste sleep upon a bed of burning charcoal.

"So incessant are my lamentations, that the very birds know my grief, and lament in sympathy.

"I kiss the earth which thy feet have touched; it may be its coolness will allay the fire in my heart.

"O, beautiful Ablla! my mind and heart are wandering, while thy herds repose in safety under my protection.

"Take pity on my distress: I will be faithful to you to eternity.

"In vain my rivals rejoice; my body shall know no rest."

FRAGMENTS OF ARABIC POETRY.

A CERTAIN Caliph, who, while following the chase, had been separated from his attendants, and lost his way, arrived alone at a spring, at which three Bedouin maidens were drawing water. He asked them for a draught, and each of the three hastened to present one. Charmed with their courteousness, the Caliph wished to recompense them, but having no money, he broke his arrows (which were of gold), and distributed the fragments amongst them; for which each of them returned her thanks in verse.

The first said:—"If thy arrows are of gold, it is to mark thy generosity even toward the enemy. Thou affordest, thus, to the wounded the means of cure, and to the dead the means of defraying their obsequies."

The second said:—"In the combat thy too open hand extends its largesses even to its enemies. Thine arrows are of a precious metal, to prove that war hinders thee not from benevolence."

The third said:—"In the day of combat, he lets fly amongst his enemies arrows of massive gold; that the wounded may be shielded from desolation, and that the dead may bury themselves in winding sheets."

An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her:

" My looks have planted roses on your cheeks; why forbid my plucking them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."

Tanbe-Eben-Homager composed a great many verses on his beloved Lailla-el-Akeatial: among others, the following:—" If, after my decease, Lailla-el-Akeatial should visit my resting-place to address me, my voice would pierce the earth and rocks that cover me, in answer to her; or the echo of my tomb itself should be heard."

Such was the violence of Tanbe's passion, that it occasioned his death. Not long afterwards Lailla, accompanied by her husband—for she was married—passed at no great distance from the tomb of Tanbe, and her husband told her to go and speak to that madman, to see whether he would answer her as he had promised in his verses. She would have excused herself, but he angrily repeated the command; and constrained to obey, she turned her camel's head towards the tomb, and, on reaching it, asked; " Tanbe, are you here?"

At these words a large bird took flight from a neighbouring bush, and frightened the camel, which recoiled with a bound, and threw Lailla to the ground. She was killed by the fall, and interred near Tanbe.

Ehnassondi said to me:—" I have seen you shed tears of blood, so great was your constancy; why are those tears now turned white?"

I answered:—" It is neither forgetfulness nor infidelity on my part; but I have wept so long, that my tears are become white with age."

On the 28th of March I left Bayruth for Balbec and Damascus. The caravan consisted of twenty-six horses, and eight or ten Arabs on foot, as servants and escort.

On quitting Bayruth, the road ascends by paths cut in a red sandy soil. The edges of these paths, which are adorned with the various flowers of Asia, present all the colours and exhale all the perfumes of Spring. Besides these flowers, I observed the nopal, a thorny shrub, with clustering yellow flowers, like the broom of our mountains; the caronbier, the most beautiful tree of these regions, with leaves of a dark brownish green, intertwining branches, and a brown glossy bark. The vine, too, was hanging in festoons from tree to tree. After journeying about half an hour, we reached the summit of the peninsula which forms the Cape of Bayruth. It terminates by a rounded point extending in the sea, and its base is formed by a beautiful wide plain, intersected by the Nahr—Bayruth.

This plain, which is well watered and cultivated, and thickly planted with fine palms, green mulberry-trees, and pines with their broad and tufted tops, terminates at the foot of the first hills of the Libanus.

At the culminating point of the plain of Bayruth, appears the magnificent scene of Fakar-el-

Din, or Facar-Din. This is the grand promenade and ride of Bayruth, and the daily resort of Turkish, Arab, and European horsemen. I used to pass some hours there every day, sometimes galloping over the sandy deserts which command the vast blue horizon of the Syrian sea, and sometimes pacing and meditating beneath the alleys of young pine-trees which cover a part of the promontory.

This is the most beautiful spot I ever saw in the world: gigantic pines, whose vigorous trunks slightly incline beneath the sea-breeze, and whose wide-spreading tops, rounded like domes, are grouped two or three together, or scattered singly at the distance of twenty paces one from another over the gold-coloured sand, bepatched here and there by a light green down of turf and anemones. These pines were planted by Fakar-el-Din, whose marvellous adventures have spread his fame in Europe. The place still retains his name. I saw with regret a more modern hero daily hewing down the trees which another great man had planted. Ibrahim Pacha has ordered many to be felled for the use of his navy. But there still remain enough to mark out the promontory to the eye of the navigator, and to render it the admiration of every lover of the romantic scenery of nature.

I think the finest view of the Libanus is that which is obtained from Fakar-el-Din. The spectator is there at the foot of the mountains, but yet sufficiently distant to be beyond their shade, and to embrace with his eye their whole height, to dis-

cern the gloom of their defiles and the foam of their torrents, and to command a perfectly distinct view of the first cones which flank the mountains, and on each of which rises a monastery of Maronites, surrounded by a grove of pines, cedars, or black cypresses.

The Sannin, the most elevated and pyramidal ridge of the Libanus, commands all the inferior ridges, and with its almost perpetual snow majestically bounds the gold, violet, and pink horizon of the mountains, which floats in the firmament like a vapour—a transparent smoke, through which one seems to discern the other side of the heavens. This is a phenomenon which I never saw anywhere except among the mountains of Asia, and I used to gaze on it every evening with delight. On the southern side, the Libanus gradually lowers to the advanced cap of Saide, formerly Sidon. Its ridges are no longer covered with snow, except here and there two or three more remote and more elevated than the others and the rest of the Libanian chain. Like a ruined city wall, now rising, now falling, they follow the line of the plain and the sea, and are lost in the vapour of the west, towards the mountains of Galilee, on the shore of the sea of Genesareth, otherwise the lake of Tiberias.

On the north is perceived a corner of the sea, which advances into the plain like a dead lake, and is half concealed by the massive verdure of San Dimitri, the most beautiful hill in Syria. In this lake, whose junction with the sea is not dis-

cernible, some vessels are always lying at anchor; and on its banks grow lentisks, laurels, and nopals.

From the harbour, a bridge, constructed by the Romans and restored by Fakar-el-Din, rises in lofty ogive arches across the river of Bayruth. The latter crosses the plain, through which it diffuses life and verdure, and then is lost at a little distance down the harbour.

This was the last excursion I made with Julia. She was mounted, for the first time, on a horse of the desert, which I brought from the Dead Sea, and which she rode, led by an Arab servant. We were alone; the day, though in November, was bright and warm, and the ground was covered with verdure. I never before saw Julia so perfectly enjoying her existence, and deriving such rapturous sensations from the objects she beheld around her. She every moment turned towards me with some exclamation of delight; and when we had rode round the hill of San Dimitri, crossed the plain, and reached the pine-trees, where we halted, she said, "Surely this is the longest and the most delightful excursion I ever had in my life!" Alas! it was the last!

A fortnight afterwards, I was riding alone, and weeping beneath those same trees, and the image of the celestial being whom I had possessed and lost, existed only in my breast. I no longer live; to me nature has lost those charms which I felt, as it were, doubly through the mind of my child. I see her yet—she still delights my eyes; but she

no longer animates my heart; and if it be for a moment animated, it soon sinks again, cold and broken, into the gulf of sorrow and desolation which Heaven has prepared for it by so many irreparable losses.

In the direction of the east, the eye rests first on some light hills of sand as red as fire, from whence arise a sort of pinky-white vapour; then, following the line of the horizon across the desert, is discerned the dark blue boundary of the ocean, which terminates the whole picture, and in the distance blends with the sky, creating a mist which leaves their limits undecided. Over the hills, the plain, and the sides of the mountains, are scattered numbers of pretty little detached houses, each of which has its orchard of mulberry, pine, and fig trees; and here and there, in groups more compact and striking to the eye, villages and monasteries rise on their rocky pedestals, and reflect on the ocean the yellow rays of the eastern sun. Two or three hundred of these monasteries are scattered over the rocks, promontories, and defiles of the Libanus. It is the most religious country in the world, and the only one perhaps in which the existence of the monastic system has not led to those abuses which in other places have brought about its destruction.

The monks in this part of the world are poor and industrious, and subsist by the labour of their hands. They are, strictly speaking, merely pious agriculturists; and the only boons they ask of

the government and the population are, the bit of ground which they cultivate, and the privilege of being left undisturbed to their solitude and meditation. Their present existence in the midst of these Mahometan regions fully explains the creation of the early asylums of suffering and persecuted Christianity, and the vast multiplication of these asylums of religious liberty in the ages of barbarism and intolerance.

Here the necessity of their existence was first felt, and here that necessity still exists to the Maronites; consequently, these monks have continued what monks should be everywhere, but what they cannot be anywhere save by exception. If the present state of society and religion be suited to any kind of monastic orders, it is certainly least congenial to those which had their birth in another epoch, and were created for other circumstances and other necessities. Every age has its social and religious creations. The wants of past times differ from the wants of the present.

There are only two things which can be better effected by modern monastic orders than by governments and individual exertions: namely, the intellectual instruction of mankind and the relief of their corporeal miseries. Schools and hospitals are the only places which remain open to monks in the present state of things; but before they are fitted to occupy those places, they must themselves share the light which they would attempt to diffuse: it is requisite that they should be better

informed and more truly moral than the people whom they wish to instruct and improve. But to return to the Libanus.

We commenced our ascent by paths and steps cut in the rock: the former are yellowish, and the latter slightly tinged with pink; and they produce those beautiful hues in which the mountain is clothed when viewed from a distance. We saw nothing remarkable until we had ascended about two-thirds of the mountain, when we found ourselves on the summit of a promontory which advances over a deep valley.

One of the most beautiful prospects which the works of God present to the eyes of man, is the valley of Hammana. It now lay beneath our feet. This valley commences by a dark and deep defile, dug almost like a grotto under the snows of the highest points of the Libanus. At first, it is distinguishable only by the torrent which descends from the mountains, and which traces in the obscurity a line of moving light. It insensibly widens as it descends, and its torrent swells from cascade to cascade; then, suddenly taking a turn to the east, like a stream which by falling into a river becomes itself a river, it joins a larger valley, and is thus itself converted into a valley. It extends, in an average width of half a league, between two chains of the mountains; and it runs in the direction of the sea by a regular and gentle slope. It rises into hills wherever the masses of rock obstruct its level course.

On these hills are built villages, separated by

ravines; and on each of the vast plateaux, which are surrounded by dark fir-trees, rises a fine monastery. Through the ravines are dispersed the waters of a thousand cascades, which roll downward in glittering foam.

The flanks of the Libanus, which enclose the valley, are themselves covered with groups of fir-trees, convents, and villages, whose blue smoke rises to the summits of the precipices. At the time when this valley opened on my view, the sun was setting on the sea, and its rays, leaving the defiles and ravines in partial obscurity, merely lighted the roofs of the convents and village houses, and the tops of the firs and other lofty trees. The waters, which were then much swollen, fell from all the shelves of the mountains, and gushed in foam from the clefts of the rocks, embracing, by two large arms of silver or snow, the beautiful platform which supports the villages, convents, and groves of fir-trees. The noise of the descending waters, like the pealing organ of a cathedral, resounded on all sides, and was so loud as to be almost stunning.

I have rarely felt so profoundly the peculiar beauty of mountain scenery: it is a grave and melancholy sort of beauty, totally different from that of the plains or the sea. It is a beauty which makes the heart retire within itself, instead of opening it; and which partakes of the melancholy reserve attendant on religious feeling in misfortune, rather than the expansion, love, and joy which accompany religious feeling in happiness!

At every step along our path, which formed a sort of cornice to the rock, the cascades descended on our heads, or flowed into the interstices which the water had worked for itself in the living rock. These interstices were like gutters to the lofty roofs of the mountains, and incessantly carried the waters down the declivities. The weather was hazy. The wind howled among the fir-trees, and every moment wafted along clouds of snow, which were pierced and coloured by the fugitive rays of the March sun. I well recollect the novel and picturesque effect presented by our caravan, as it crossed one of the ravines of these cascades. The rocky flanks of the Libanus suddenly took a turn inward, like a deep bay on the sea-coast; — a torrent, confined by some blocks of granite, filled with its foaming bubbles this cleft in the mountain: the spray of the cascade, which fell from the height of several toises above, was driven by the winds over the two promontories of grey rock which formed the sort of bay, and which, suddenly inclining, descended to the bed of the torrent which we had to pass. A narrow path, like a cornice, running along these two projections of rock, was the only way by which we could descend to the torrent in order to cross it. Along this cornice we could only pass one by one in a file. I was almost the last of the caravan. The long line of horses, baggage, and travellers descended successively to the depth of this gulf, turning and disappearing completely in the mist of the waters, and re-appearing by degrees

on the other side and on the other cornice of the passage. They were at first veiled in vapour, of a pale yellow colour, like the smoke of sulphur; next, white and transparent like the silvery foam of the waters; and, at last, brilliantly coloured by the rays of the sun, which shone out more brightly as the file reascended the opposite flank of the mountain. It was like a scene from the Inferno; but realised more terrifically than even Dante's imagination could have conceived. But where is the poet like nature? What invention is like that of God?

Hammana, a Druze village, where we proposed to rest for the night, was already visible at the upper opening of the valley which bears its name. It stands on a mass of pointed and broken rock, tipped by eternal snow; and the house of the sheick stands on an elevated projection of rock in the centre of the village. Two deep torrents, bedded in the rocks, and here and there obstructed by blocks which break their foam, completely encircle the village. We crossed them by walking over some trunks of fir-trees, over which some earth is scattered; and from thence we climbed to the houses. These, like all the houses of the Libanus and Syria, when seen from a distance, present an appearance of regularity and picturesque architecture, which at first glance deceives the eye by a resemblance to groups of Italian villas, with their terraced roofs and their balconies adorned with balustrades.

However, the castle of the Sheick of Hammana

surpasses in elegance and grandeur every similar building I have seen, except the palace of the Emir Beschir, at Dier-el-Kamar. It can be compared only to one of our finest Gothic castles of the middle ages,—such at least as their ruins denote them to have been, or as pictures represent them. Windows in ogive arches, adorned with balconies; a wide and lofty entrance-gate, surmounted by an ogive arch which rises like a portico above the threshold; two stone benches carved in arabesque patterns, and placed on each side of the gateway; a flight of seven or eight semicircular stone steps, descending to a broad terrace shaded by two or three large sycomores, and refreshed by water perpetually running in a marble fountain: such was the scene. Seven or eight armed Druzes, arrayed in their gay-coloured costume, and standing in martial attitude, seemed to await the orders of their chief; one or two negroes, clothed in blue jackets; a few young slaves or pages sitting at play on the flight of steps; and under the arch of the great doorway, the sheick himself, wrapped in his scarlet pelisse, with a pipe in his hand, and seated in an attitude indicative of power and repose; two young and beautiful females, the one looking from a window at the top of the building, and the other in a balcony above the door: such were the figures of the picture.

At Hammana we slept in a chamber which had been prepared for us some days previously. We rose before the sun, and ascended the last

height of the Libanus. Our ascent occupied an hour and a half, and at length we found ourselves in the regions of snow. We proceeded along an elevated plain, lightly undulated by hillocks, like the summit of the Alps, and gained the defile leading to the other side of the Libanus. After journeying for two hours, two or three feet deep in snow, we discerned the lofty and frozen points of the Anti-Libanus; next, its naked and barren sides; and at last, the beautiful broad plain of Bkà, forming a continuation of the valley of Balbec on the right. This plain commences at the desert of Horus and Hama, and does not terminate till it reaches the mountains of Galilee, near Saphad. It is one of the finest and most fertile plains in the world, but it is scarcely cultivated: it is still infested by wandering Arabs; and the inhabitants of Balbec, Zaklé, and the other villages of the Libanus, can with difficulty venture to sow a few seeds in it. It is watered by numerous torrents and inexhaustible springs; and at the time when we saw it, it presented the aspect of a marsh, or an ill-drained lake, rather than a plain.

At four o'clock we descended to the town of Zaklé; and the Greek bishop, a native of Aleppo, received us and provided us with lodgings. We again set out on the 30th, to cross the plain of Bkà, and to sleep at Balbec.

RUINS OF BALBEC.

We left Zaklé, which is a pretty Christian village at the foot of the Libanus, on the border of the plain facing the Anti-Libanus; and we pursued our course along the roots of the mountains, reascending in the direction of the north. We passed a ruined edifice, on the remains of which the Turks have erected a dervish's house and a mosque, presenting a grand and picturesque effect. According to Arabian traditions, this is the tomb of Noah, whose ark touched the summit of the Sanium, and who dwelt in the lovely valley of Balbec, where he died and was buried. Some ancient arches, and other structures of Greek or Roman origin, seem to confirm the traditions. It would appear at least that in all ages this spot has been consecrated by the memory of some great event:—stones support the evidence of history. We journeyed onward, not without reflecting on those remote days when the children of the patriarch dwelt in these primitive regions, and laid the foundations of buildings which are now problematical to us.

We were seven hours in crossing obliquely the plain leading to Balbec. When we arrived at the river which intersects the plain, our Arab escorts

wished to oblige us to direct our course to the right, and to sleep that night in a Turkish village three leagues from Balbec. My dragomann could not enforce obedience to my orders, and I was obliged to gallop back to the other side of the river to force the two chiefs of the caravan to follow us. I advanced upon them whip in hand; but a threat sufficed to make them accompany us, though not without murmuring.

As we approached the Anti-Libanus, the plain became more dry and rocky. Anemones and snow-drops were as numerous as the bubbles beneath our feet. We began to perceive an immense black mass, which detached itself from the white sides of the Anti-Libanus: this was Balbec. At length we reached the first ruin: this was a small octagonal temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian marble. Several of the most lofty of these columns have evidently been truncated, as some have a volute at the capital, and others have no trace of any volute. In my opinion, they have been transported hither and cut at a very recent period, for the purpose of supporting the cap of a Turkish mosque or the roof of a santon, probably in the time of Fakar-el-Din. The materials are fine, and the workmanship of the cornices and the roof bear some traces of skill in art; but these materials are evidently fragments of ruins, restored by a comparatively feeble hand and a taste already corrupt.

This temple is situated at a quarter of an hour's journey from Balbec. Impatient to gain sight of the grand and mysterious monuments bequeathed

to us by the most remote antiquity, we urged on our horses, who were beginning to manifest symptoms of fatigue, and were stumbling here and there over blocks of marble, shafts of columns, and capitals. The boundary walls of all the fields surrounding Balbec are built of these ruins: antiquaries may here find an enigma in every stone. Some traces of cultivation began to reappear, and large walnut-trees, the first I had seen in Syria, rose between Balbec and us, and their branches still concealed from us the ruins of the temples. At length we discovered them. They were not, properly speaking, either temples or ruins.

We beheld before us a hill of architecture, which suddenly rose above the plain at some distance from the hills of the Anti-Libanus. We passed along one of the sides of this hill of ruins, upon which rises a forest of graceful columns. These were now gilded by the setting sun, and presented the dead yellow tints of the marble of the Parthenon, or the tuff of the Coliseum at Rome. Among these columns there are some still retaining uninjured their richly carved capitals and cornices: they are ranged in long and elegant files along the walls which enclose the sanctuaries. Some are reclining against the walls, and are supported by them, like trees whose roots are decayed whilst their trunks still remain sound and vigorous. Others, more numerous, are scattered here and there, forming immense masses of marble or stone on the slopes of the hill, in the deep hollows round it, and even in the bed of the river which flows at its feet.

On the level summit of the mountain of stone, not far from the inferior temple, there rise six pillars of gigantic dimensions, still adorned with their colossal cornices. We continued our course by the foot of the mountains, until the columns and architecture ended, and we saw only gigantic walls built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture:—these are the wrecks of another age, and were employed at a subsequent but now remote period for the erection of the temples at present lying in ruins.

We proceeded very little farther that day. The road diverged from these ruins and led us to others. We passed over some vaults, which resounded beneath our horses' hoofs, and at length we arrived at a little house. This was the palace of the Bishop of Balbec, who, clothed in his violet-coloured pelisse, and attended by some Arab peasants, advanced to meet us, and conducted us to his humble door. The poorest peasant's cottage in Burgundy or Auvergne possesses greater luxury and elegance than the palace of the Bishop of Balbec. It was an ill-built hut, without either window or door, and through the decayed roof the rain worked its way and dropped on the mud floor. This was the bishop's dwelling! But at the farther end of the yard which adjoined the house, a neat wall newly built of blocks of stone, and a door and a window in ogives of Moorish architecture, each ogive being constructed of finely sculptured stones, attracted my attention. This was the church of Balbec, the cathedral of that

town in which other gods have had splendid temples—the chapel in which the few Arab Christians who live here amidst the wrecks of so many different faiths, worship, under a purer form, the universal Creator.

We deposited our cloaks beneath the hospitable roof of the bishop, and we left our horses to graze in a large field between the priest's house and the ruins. We collected some brambles and kindled a fire to dry our clothes, which had been wet by the rain; and we supped in the yard of the bishop's house, on a table formed of some fragments of stone belonging to the temples. Whilst we were at supper, we heard the litany of the evening prayer resounding in a plaintive chant, and the deep sonorous voice of the bishop murmuring the pious orisons to his flock: the latter consisted of a few Arab shepherds and women. When the little group quitted the church and gathered round our table to look at us, we saw none but friendly faces, and heard nothing but kind words—the touching and simple salutations of a primitive people who have not yet made a vain formula of the greeting of man to man, but who concentrate in a few words applicable to the meetings of morning, noon, and evening, all that hospitality can suggest as most welcome and beneficial to their guests—all that one traveller can wish to another for the day, the night, the journey, and the return. We were Christians—this was enough to them: common religion is the strongest link of sympathy among nations. A common idea between man

and man is more than a common country; and the Christians of the East, surrounded by Mahometanism, which threatens and persecutes them, always look upon the Christians of the West as their present protectors and future deliverers. Europe is not sufficiently aware that she possesses in these Christian populations a lever sufficiently powerful to move the East, whenever she may direct attention to it, and to confer on that quarter of the world, which is verging on a necessary and inevitable transformation, the liberty and civilization it is so well fitted for and so worthy to enjoy.

The moment has, I think, arrived for transporting into the heart of Asia a European colony, which would carry back modern civilization to those regions from whence ancient civilization came, and form a vast empire from the wrecks of the Turkish empire, now tottering beneath its own weight, and which has no heir but the desert and the dust of the ruins where it will lie buried. Nothing would be easier than to raise up a new monument on these desolate territories, and to reopen those inexhaustible sources of population which Mahometanism has checked by its execrable system. When I say execrable, I do not mean to charge Mahometanism with a brutal ferocity, which is not in its nature; I merely accuse it of a culpable negligence, an irremediable fatalism, which, without destroying, suffers everything to perish. The Turks are a moral and well-disposed people; their religion is neither so superstitious nor so exclusive as we imagine it; but their resig-

nation—the abuse of their faith in Providence—neutralizes the faculties of man by consigning all to God.

God does not act for man, when man is entrusted to act for himself: he is the spectator and the judge of human conduct. But Mahometanism arrogates to itself the prerogative of the Deity: it is an inactive spectator of the acts of God; it paralyses the energies of man, and man voluntarily perishes in his inertness. With this exception, the religion of Mahomet may lay claim to respect. It is a philosophic religion, which imposes on its votaries only two grand duties—prayer and charity. These duties are indeed the first principles of all religion, and Mahometanism deduces from them the tolerance which other faiths have so cruelly banished from their dogmas. In this respect, the Mahometans are more advanced in religious perfection than the disciples of some other faiths, who insult and despise them. Islamism might be introduced, without effort or difficulty, into a system of religious and civil liberty, and thus form one of the elements of a great social agglomeration in Asia. It is in its nature moral, patient, resigned, charitable, and tolerant; qualities which well suit it for a necessary fusion in the countries it occupies, and where it would be advisable to improve, and not exterminate. It is accustomed to subsist in peace and harmony with the various forms of Christian worship; to which it allows free exercise even in the bosom of its holiest cities, such as Damascus and Jerusalem.

It is careless of supremacy; prayer, justice, and peace are all it requires. In any system of human civilization, whether humane, politic, or ambitious, the religion of Mahomet may easily be allowed to occupy its place in the mosque—its place in the sun or in the shade.

Alexander subjugated Asia with thirty thousand Greek and Macedonian troops. Ibrahim has overthrown the Turkish empire with thirty or forty thousand Egyptians, who knew only how to march and to load their muskets. A European adventurer might easily subdue Ibrahim, and make himself master of Asia, from Smyrna to Bassora, and from Cairo to Bagdad;—advancing step by step; taking the Maronites of the Libanus as the pivots of his operations; organizing the country in his rear in proportion as he might advance, and making the Christians of the East his agents of government and recruiting. The Arabs of the Desert would join him whenever he should offer to pay them. They worship money;—their deities are the sabre and gold. By humouring their mercenary disposition, they might be kept under control until their ultimate submission would become inevitable. After that, their tents might be driven farther back into the Desert, which is their only country; and they might be gradually drawn into civilization, of which they have as yet had no examples round them.

We rose with the sun, the first rays of which lighted the temples of Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that appearance of eternal fresh-

ness which Nature can, when she pleases, confer even on what Time has destroyed. After a hasty breakfast, we set off to touch with our hands what we had as yet only touched with our eyes. We advanced to the artificial hill to examine the different masses of architecture of which it is composed. We soon reached it on the northern side, under the shade of the gigantic walls which in that direction envelope the ruins. A beautiful stream, overflowing its bed of granite, ran beneath our feet, and formed here and there little lakes of limpid water, gurgling and foaming round the huge stones which had fallen from the walls, and the sculptures buried in the bed of the stream.

We crossed the torrent of Balbec by the aid of the bridges which time has thrown over it, and by a steep and narrow breach we mounted to the terrace which runs round the walls. At every step we took, at every stone our hands touched and our eyes measured, we involuntarily uttered exclamations of admiration and surprise. Every block of stone composing this boundary wall is at least eight or ten feet in length, five or six in width, and the same in height. These blocks, of enormous weight to be lifted by men's hands, lie uncemented one upon another, and almost all bear traces of Indian or Egyptian sculpture. At the first glance, it is obvious that these stones have originally served for some other use than to form a terrace or boundary wall, and that they must have been the precious materials of primitive monuments, which have been made use

of to surround the monuments of the Greek and Roman ages. Among the ancients it was, I believe, an habitual, and even a religious custom, when a sacred edifice was destroyed by war or by time, or when the advancement of art suggested its improvement or removal, to employ the materials in the accessory constructions of the restored monuments. This was done to prevent any profane use of the stones which had been touched by the shadow of the gods, and also, perhaps, from a feeling of respect for past generations; and that the labour of different ages, instead of being buried under ground, might bear evidence of the piety of man, and the successive progress of art.

Thus it is at the Parthenon, where the walls of the Acropolis, rebuilt by Pericles, contain the materials of the temple of Minerva. Many modern travellers have been led into error through their ignorance of this pious custom of the ancients, and have mistaken for barbarous structures of the Turks or the Crusaders, edifices which owed their origin to the most remote antiquity.

Several of the stones of the wall were twenty and thirty feet in length, and seven or eight in height.

On reaching the summit of the breach, we knew not where to fix our eyes. On every side, we beheld marble doors of prodigious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, richly ornamented arches—fragments of cornices, entablatures, and capitals. The master works of art, the wrecks of ages, lay scattered as thickly as

the grains of dust beneath our feet. All was mystery, confusion, inexplicable wonder. No sooner had we cast an admiring glance on one side, than some new prodigy attracted us on the others. Every attempt we made to interpret the religious meaning of the monuments was immediately defeated by some newly discerned object. We fruitlessly groped about in this labyrinth of conjecture:—one cannot re-construct in one's fancy the sacred edifices of an age or a people of whose religion or manners nothing certain is known. Time carries his secrets away with him, and leaves his enigmas as sports for human knowledge. We speedily renounced all our attempts to build any system out of these ruins; we were content to gaze and to admire, without comprehending anything beyond the colossal power of human genius, and the strength of religious feeling, which had moved such masses of stone, and wrought so many masterpieces.

We were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by some internal structures which intercepted our view of the temples. The spot which we had now reached was to all appearance the abode of the priests, or the site of some private chapels. We passed these monumental buildings, which were much richer than the surrounding wall, and the second scene of the ruins unfolded itself to our eyes. This was much broader, much longer, much fuller of rich ornament, than the first scene which we had just quitted. It was a vast platform of an oblong

form, whose level was frequently interrupted by fragments of more elevated pavements, which seemed to have belonged to temples entirely destroyed, or to temples without roofs, where the Sun, which is worshipped at Balbec, might see his own altar. Round this platform is ranged a series of chapels, decorated with niches, admirably sculptured friezes, cornices, and vaulted arches, all displaying the most finished workmanship, but evidently belonging to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance of ornament which marked the decline of the Greeks and Romans. But this impression can only be felt by those whose eyes have been previously exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Athens and Rome: every other eye would be fascinated by the splendour of the forms and the finish of the ornaments. The only fault is too much richness: the stone groans beneath the weight of its own luxuriance, and the walls are overspread with a lace-work of marble.

About eight or ten of the chapels appear to be in a perfect state, for they bear no traces of dilapidation. They are open to the oblong platform, round the edge of which they stand, and where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were probably performed in the open air. I will not attempt to describe the thousand objects of surprise and admiration which each of these chapels present to the eye of the observer. I am neither a sculptor nor an architect. I scarcely know the

terms applied to the different portions of a building: but that universal language which the beautiful in art addresses to the eye, even of the ignorant — which the mysterious and the antique address to the understanding and the soul of the philosopher, I do understand; and I never understood it so forcibly as in this chaos of marbles and mysteries.

But all this was nothing compared with what we beheld shortly afterwards. By multiplying in imagination the remains of the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and of the Parthenon, some notion may be formed of this architectural scene: its wonders consisted in the prodigious accumulation of so many richly executed monuments in a single spot, so that the eye could embrace them at a single glance, in the midst of a desert, and above the ruins of an almost unknown city.

We slowly turned from this spectacle and journeyed towards the south, where the heads of the six gigantic columns I have already mentioned rose like a pharos above the horizon of the ruins. To reach these columns, we had once more to pass external boundary walls, high terraces, pedestals, and foundations of altars. At length we arrived at the feet of the columns. Silence is the only language of man when what he feels outstrips the ordinary measure of his impressions. We stood in mute contemplation of these six columns, and scanning with our eyes their diameter, their elevation, and the admirable sculpture

of their architraves and cornices. Their diameter is six feet, and their height upwards of seventy feet. They are formed out of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together that the junction lines are scarcely discernible. They are composed of a sort of light yellow stone, presenting a sort of medium between the polish of marble and the deadness of tuff. When we saw them, the sun lighted them only on one side; and we sat down for a few moments in their shade. Large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our footsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the columns, where they have built their nests; and returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings like living ornaments amidst these inanimate wonders. These columns, which some travellers have supposed to be the remains of an avenue, one hundred and four feet long, and fifty-six wide, formerly leading to a temple, have, I think, evidently been the external ornaments of the same temple.

On an attentive examination of the smaller temple, which still stands in a complete state at a little distance, it appears to have been built after the same design. I think it is probable that on the destruction of the first building by an earthquake, the second was erected after the same model; that a portion of the materials preserved from the first temple were employed for building the second; that the proportions only were diminished, as being too gigantic for a declining age; that

the columns broken in falling were removed, and that those which escaped injury were retained as sacred memorials of the old monument. If these conjectures be ill-founded, why are there no other remnants of large columns round the six which remain standing? Everything, on the contrary, indicates that the area surrounding them was empty and unoccupied by ruins at a remote period; and that, subsequently, a rich pavement formed around them served for the ceremonies of religious worship.

Before us, to the south, was another temple, standing on the edge of the platform, at the distance of about forty paces from us. This is the most perfect and most magnificent monument in Balbec, and, I may venture to add, in the whole world. If we could repair one or two columns of the peristyle, which have rolled down on the side of the platform, with their heads still resting against the walls of the temple; restore to their places some of the enormous vaulted arches which have fallen from the roof into the vestibule; raise up one or two sculptured blocks of the inner door; and if the altar, recomposed out of the fragments scattered over the ground, could resume its form and place,—we might recall the gods and the priests, and the people would behold their temple as complete and as brilliant as when it received its finishing touch from the hand of the architect. The proportions of this temple are smaller than those which are indicated by the six colossal columns. It is surrounded by a portico, supported

by Corinthian columns, each of which is about five feet in diameter, and about forty-five feet in height. The columns are each composed of three blocks of stone: they are nine feet apart from one another, and an equal distance from the interior wall of the temple. Above the capitals of these columns are a rich architrave and an admirably sculptured cornice. The roof of this peristyle is formed of large concave blocks of stone, cut with the chisel in vaulted arches, each of which is adorned with the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero: among them we recognised a Ganymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks have fallen to the ground, and are lying at the feet of the columns. We measured them, and they were sixteen feet wide and nearly five feet thick. These may be called the tiles of the temple. The inner door of the temple, formed of equally large blocks of stone, is twenty-two feet wide. We could not measure its height, because other blocks of stone had fallen near it and half covered it. The appearance of the sculptured stones which form the face of this, and its disproportion to the other parts of the edifice, lead me to suspect that it is the door of the ruined grand temple, and that it has been affixed to this. The sculptures which adorn it are, in my opinion, older than the age of Antoninus, and in a style infinitely less pure. An eagle, holding a caduceus in his claws, spreads his wings over the opening; from his beak escape festoons of ribbons and chains, which are supported at their

extremities by two figures of Fame. The interior of the monument is decorated with pillars and niches of the richest and most florid sculpture, some of the broken fragments of which we carried away. Several of the niches were quite perfect, and looked as though they had just received the finishing touch from the hand of the sculptor.

At a little distance from the entrance to the temple, we found some immense openings and subterranean staircases, which led us down to lower buildings, the destinations of which we were unable to guess. Here, too, all was on a vast and magnificent scale. They were probably the abodes of the pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation—perhaps also royal dwellings. They were lighted from their roofs, or from the sides of the platform under which they were built. Fearing lest we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we entered only a small portion of them—they seemed to extend over the whole of the hill. The temple I have just described stands at the south-western extremity of the hill of Balbec, and forms the angle of the platform.

On leaving the peristyle, we found ourselves on the very edge of the precipice. We could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is thirty feet above the level of the plain of Balbec. It is built of stones of such prodigious dimensions, that if the descriptions of them were not given by travellers worthy of credit, they would be rejected as false and improbable. The Arabs, who are

daily eye-witnesses to the existence of these wonders, attribute them, not to the power of man, but to that of genii and other supernatural beings. When it is considered that some of these blocks of hewn granite are twenty feet long, fifteen or sixteen wide, and of inconceivable thickness; when it is borne in mind, that these huge masses are raised one above another to the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground—that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to so vast a height to form the pavement of the temples—the mind is overwhelmed by such an example of human power. The science of modern times cannot help us to explain it, and we cannot be surprised that it is referred to the supernatural.

These wonders are evidently not of the date of the temples—they were mysteries to the ancients, as they are to us. They belong to an unknown age, and are perhaps ante-diluvian. It is possible, that they may have supported many temples, consecrated to successive and various forms of religious worship. On the site of the ruins of Balbec, the eye at once recognises five or six generations of monuments, belonging to different ages. Some travellers and Arab writers attribute these primitive structures to Solomon, who lived three thousand years before our time. He, it is said, built Tadmor and Balbec in the Desert. The history of Solomon fills the imagination of the Orientals; but the supposition, as far as concerns the gigantic structures of Heliopolis, is by no means probable. How could a king of

Israel, who possessed not even a sea-port ten leagues from these mountains; who was obliged to borrow the ships of Hiram king of Tyre, to bring him the cedars of Lebanon—how could he have extended his dominion beyond Damascus and as far as Balbec? Is it likely, that a prince, who, when he wished to raise in his capital the Temple of temples, the house of the only God, employed merely fragile materials, which left no durable trace behind them, could have built, at the distance of a hundred leagues from his own territories, in the midst of unknown deserts, monuments composed of imperishable materials? Would he not rather have employed his power and his wealth in Jerusalem? And what is there in Jerusalem which affords any trace of monuments like those at Balbec? Nothing. These temples therefore cannot be attributed to Solomon. I am inclined to believe that these gigantic masses of stone were put together either by the early races of men who in all primitive histories are denominated giants, or by some race of men who lived before the Deluge.

It is alleged, that not far from Balbec, in a valley of the Anti-Libanus, human bones of immense magnitude have been discovered. This fact is so confidently believed among the neighbouring Arabs, that Mr. Farren, the English consul in Syria, a man of extensive information, proposes immediately to visit these mysterious sepulchres. Oriental traditions, and the monument erected on what is called the tomb of Noah, mark this spot

as the dwelling-place of the patriarch. The first generations of his descendants probably long retained the gigantic stature and the strength assigned to man before the total or partial submersion of the globe. These monuments may be their work. Even supposing that the human race had never exceeded its present proportions, it is possible that the proportions of human intelligence may have undergone a change. Who can say but that primitive intelligence might have invented mechanical powers capable of moving, like grains of dust, masses which an army of a hundred thousand men could now scarcely shake! Be this as it may, it is certain that some of the stones at Balbec, which are sixty-two feet long, twenty broad, and fifteen thick, are the most prodigious masses which have ever been moved by human power. The largest stones in the Pyramids of Egypt do not exceed eighteen feet; and these are only exceptional blocks, placed for the sake of peculiar solidity in some parts of the edifice.

On turning the northern angle of the platform, we found the supporting walls in a beautiful state of preservation; but the bulk of the stones of which they are built is less astonishing: these stones are on the average from twenty to thirty feet long, and from eight to ten feet wide. The walls, which are more ancient than the upper temples, are covered with a grey tint, and are here and there pierced with holes at their junction angles. In these openings swallows have built their

nests, and tufts of creeping shrubs and flowers are hanging from them. The grave and sombre colour of the stones of the base contrasts with the bright yellow colour of the walls of the temples and the rows of columns on the summit. At sunset, when the rays play among the pillars and ripple in waves of fire between the volutes and the acanthuses of the capitals, the temples glitter as if they were sculptured out of pure gold and were standing on pedestals of bronze. We descended by a breach formed in the southern angle of the platform. There some of the columns of the smaller temple have rolled with their architrave into the torrent which runs parallel with the Cyclopean walls. The enormous fragments of columns grouped at hazard in the bed of the torrent, and on the rapid slope of the fosse, will doubtless remain eternally where the hand of time has scattered them. Some walnut and other trees have taken root among the blocks of stone, which they cover by their branches and entwine with their roots. The largest trees resemble mere shrubs beside these shafts of columns, twenty feet in circumference, and fragments of acanthus, of which one alone fills up half the bed of the torrent.

Not far from thence, on the northern side of the platform, a cavity opened before us: we descended it. The external light which entered from the two extremities enabled us to see our way sufficiently well. We proceeded along its whole length, which measures five hundred feet: it extends beneath the whole ruins of the temples.

It is thirty feet high, and the floor and vaulted roof are formed of blocks of stone, the magnitude of which surprised us, even after those we had just beheld. They are blocks of tuff, cut with the chisel, and are of unequal sizes; but the largest is ten or twenty feet long. The roof is vaulted, and the stones are joined without cement. We could form no conjecture as to the purpose to which this place had been destined. At the western extremity this vault has a branch still more elevated and extensive: it runs under the platform of the smaller temples which we first visited. Here we again found ourselves in the light of day, and beheld the torrent flowing amidst innumerable fragments of architecture, and fine walnut-trees growing in the dust of the marbles.

The other ancient edifices of Balbec lay scattered before us in the plain; but nothing had power to interest us after what we had seen. We cast a passing and superficial glance at four temples which would be thought wonders in Rome, but which here resemble the works of dwarfs. Two of these temples are of an octagonal form, and are very elegantly ornamented; and the other two are square, with peristyles of Egyptian granite and porphyry: they are, I think, of Roman origin. One of them served as a church in the early ages of Christianity, and symbols of Christian worship are still discernible: it is now unroofed and in ruins. The Arabs despoil it whenever they want a stone to prop up their dwellings, or a trough to water their camels.

A messenger from the emir of the Arabs of Balbec came in search of us, and met us here. The prince had sent him to congratulate us on our arrival, and to request our company at a djerid, a sort of tournament which he intended to give in honour of our presence next day in the plain below the temples. We returned thanks and accepted the invitation; and I sent my dragomann, attended by some of my Janissaries, to make a visit from me to the emir.

We returned to the bishop's residence, with the intention of resting for the remainder of the day; but no sooner had we partaken of a little cake and the dish of mutton and rice prepared for us by our moukres, than we again set out to wander without a guide round the hill of the ruins, or in the temples which we had seen in the morning. We each of us fixed our attention on some object or point of view which appeared to us peculiarly interesting, and called our companions to come and look at it too: but we could not turn to any new object without losing sight of another which appeared even more attractive, and at length we all confined ourselves to the admiration of our own particular discoveries. The shades of evening, which slowly descended the mountains of Balbec, and obscured one by one the columns and the ruins, imparted an additional air of mystery to the picturesque and magical effect of these wonderful works of man and time. We felt the full insignificance of human nature, and while contemplating the mass and eternity of these monuments, we compared ourselves

to the swallows which build their nests for a season in the interstices of these stones, without knowing by whom or for what purpose they have been collected together. The power which moved these masses and accumulated these blocks is unknown to us; the dust of the marble which we trod under our feet knows more than we do, but can tell us nothing; and in a few centuries to come, the generations who may in their turn visit the wrecks of our monuments now existing, will ask, without being able to answer, why we laboured to build and carve. The works of man are more durable than his thoughts;—movement is the law of the human mind;—the definitive is the dream of man's vanity and ignorance. God is an object which incessantly recedes from us as we endeavour to approach him. We are continually advancing, but we never arrive. The Deity, whose divine figure man seeks to embody in his imagination and to enshrine in his temples, continually enlarges and exceeds the narrow boundaries of our minds and our edifices, leaves the temples and the altars to crumble into dust, and summons man to seek him where he is most plainly manifested, viz. —in intelligence, in virtue, in nature, and in eternity.

Same date, Evening.

I have sometimes thought how happy we should be if we had wings to hover over past ages, to look down without vertigo on those wonderful monuments, and sound the depths of human

thought and destiny; to scan with our eyes the course of the human mind, advancing by degrees through the twilight of successive systems of philosophy, religion, and legislation;—to sail like the navigator over seas without visible shores, to guess at what point in the circle of ages we ourselves live; and to what manifestation of truth and divinity God destines the generation of which we form a part.

Balbec, March 29th, Midnight.

Yesterday evening I went alone and visited the hill of the temples, to reflect, to weep, and to pray. Heaven knows how much I weep and shall weep as long as a recollection and a tear remain to me. After praying for myself and for those who are part of myself, I prayed for all mankind. The vast expanse of ruins on which I looked down inspired me with feelings so strong, that I almost involuntarily gave vent to them in verse, which is the language in which I naturally express myself whenever I am under the influence of any powerful impression.

I noted down my ideas this morning on the same spot and on the same stone on which they were conceived last night.

VERSES WRITTEN AT BALBECK.

Mysterious Deserts! Deserts whose large hills
Are bones of cities with a perished name;
Vast blocks by ruin in its torrent swept,
Huge bed of life whose waves have ceased to flow.
Ye temples, which for your foundations rent
The marble strength of mountains like a tree;
Gulphs where whole rivers roll;—ye columns high,
Where my eye vainly seeks to find a way,
And where the moon is lost as among clouds;
Whose capitals I mingle as I gaze;—
On the globe's shell, enormous characters—
To trace you with his hand, to sound your depths,
A man has wandered from the distant West.

VERS ECRITS A BALBEC.

Mystérieux Déserts! dont les larges collines
Sont les os des cités dont le nom a peri;
Vastes blocs qu'a roulés le torrent des ruines;
Immense lit d'un peuple où la vague a tari;
Temples qui, pour porter vos fondemens de marbre,
Avez déraciné les grands monts comme un arbre;
Gouffres où rouleraient des fleuves tout entiers;
Colonnes où mon œil cherche en vain des sentiers;
De piliers et d'arceaux profondes avenues,
Où la lune s'égare ainsi qu'au sein des nues;
Chapiteaux que mon œil mêle en les regardant;
Sur l'écorce du globe immenses caractères,
Pour vous toucher du doigt, pour sonder vos mystères,
Un homme est venu d'Occident!

The path which o'er the deep his ship has found,
An hundred times its rolling sky has spread;
Mid gulphs of the abyss his life he flung;
His feet are worn upon the mountains height;
The sun has burnt the canvass of his tent;
His friends, his brothers, wasted 'neath the toil;
His dog uncertain, if he e'er returns,
Will recognise no more his hand nor voice.
He has let fall, and lost upon the way
His soul's day star—the child which 'neath yon vault
Shed round him light and immortality.
He'll leave nor memory nor posterity.—
Now seated lonely on some ruin vast
He only hears the mocking wind pass by.
A weight bows down his brow, and chains his breath
He has nor thought—nor heart!

* * * * * * * *

La route, sur les flots, que sa nef a suivie,
A déplié cent fois ses roulans horizons;
Aux gouffres de l'abime il a jeté sa vie;
Ses pieds se sont usés sur les pointes des monts;
Les soleils ont brûlé la toile de sa tente;
Ses fréres, ses amis ont séché dans l'attente;
Et s'il revient jamais, son chien même incertain
Ne reconnaitra plus ni sa voix ni sa main:
Il a laissé tomber et perdu dans la route
L'étoile de son œil, l'enfant qui sous sa roûte
Répandait la lumière et l'immortalité:
Il mourra sans mémoire et sans posterité!
Et maintenant assis sur la vaste ruine,
Il n'entend que le veut qui rend un son moqueur;
Un poids courbe son front, écrase sa poitrine:
Plus de pensée et plus de cœur!

* * * * * * * *

The same date.

I had crossed the summits of the Sannin, covered with eternal snow, and had re-descended from the Libanus, crowned with its diadem of cedars, into the bare and sterile desert of Heliopolis,—thus bringing to a close a long and fatiguing day's journey. At the still distant horizon before us, on the last ridges of the black mountains of the Anti-Libanus, an immense group of yellow ruins, gilded by the setting sun, stood out from the shade of the mountains, and was reflected by the rays of the evening. Our guides, pointing to the ruins, exclaimed *Balbeck! Balbeck!* It was, in truth, the wonder of the desert, the fabulous Balbeck, which arose glittering from its unknown sepulchre, to tell us of ages past, of which history retains no memorial. We advanced slowly on our wearied horses—our eyes fixed on the gigantic walls — the dazzling and colossal columns, which appeared to enlarge as we approached them. Profound silence reigned throughout the whole caravan; every one being apparently apprehensive lest he might destroy, by giving utterance to his feelings, some of the impressions which the scene produced. Even the Arabs were silent, and appeared to be absorbed in deep and serious reflection, on contemplating a spectacle which levelled all reflections. At length we reached the first fragments of pillars, the first blocks of marble, which had been cast by earthquakes to the distance of more than a mile from the monuments themselves, like dry leaves scattered by the hurricane far away from the tree to which

they belong. Deep and large quarries, dug into the black sides of the Anti-Libanus, and appearing like natural defiles, already yawned beneath our horses' feet. These vast basins of stone, the sides of which retain the deep traces of the instruments employed in hewing the mountains, still contain gigantic blocks, some partially detached, others completely separated, and cut into squares, as if only awaiting the carriages or the sinews of a race of giants for their removal. One of these Balbeck blocks measured sixty-two feet in length, twenty-four in breadth, and sixteen in thickness. One of our Arabs, dismounting, slipped down into the quarry, and climbing up this block by aid of furrows made by the tools, and holding by the moss which had taken root in different parts, he succeeded in gaining its top, where he ran about uttering wild exclamations. The hugeness of the block of stone seemed to annihilate the man. He shrunk to nothing in comparison to the work of his fellow-man. It would require the united strength of sixty thousand men of our time to raise this single stone. But the quarries of Balbeck contain others of still greater dimensions, standing twenty-five or thirty feet above the ground. These were destined to support colonnades of corresponding weight and magnitude.

We pursued our journey, having the desert on our left, and the undulations of the Anti-Libanus on our right. We crossed some small plains cultivated by Arabian shepherds, and the bed of a considerable torrent, which meanders among the

ruins, and on whose banks were some fine nut-trees. Now and then the Acropolis, or the artificial hill on which are heaped the immense monuments of the Heliopolis, displayed itself to our view through the branches, and above the tall tops of the trees. At length we discovered it entire, and all the caravans, as if by an electric instinct, halted. It is beyond the power of pen or pencil to describe the impression which this spectacle produces on the mind as well as on the sight. Under our very feet, in the bed of the torrent, around the trunks of the trees, were scattered blocks of red and grey granite, veined porphyry, white marble, and yellow stone as bright as Parian marble; truncated columns, richly wrought capitals, architraves, volutes, cornices, entablatures, and pedestals; while portions of figures and whole statues, seemingly animated with life, lay around in confused masses, like the lava of some volcano which had vomited forth the reliques of a mighty empire. Scarcely a path was left for us through these fragments of art, and at every step the hoofs of our horses grazed the rich acanthus of some cornice, or the polished bosom of some female statue. The waters of the river of Balbec made their way through these masses, and laved with their murmuring foam the marble fragments which impeded our advance.

Beyond these masses, which may be truly called marble downs, rises the hill of Balbeck, an elevation a thousand feet long, and seven hundred broad, entirely the work of human hands, and built of freestone, some blocks of which measured from fifty to

sixty feet long, and from fifteen to sixteen high, but the average from fifteen to thirty. This mound of sculptured granite presented its eastern side to us, with its deep base and its superfices of immeasurable dimensions. Three blocks of granite alone present a surface of nearly four thousand feet. In the expansive hollows of the subterraneous vaults, the river engulphs itself, and the wind rushing in with the water, produces a noise like the distant peals of cathedral-bells. Above this immense eminence we descried the tops of the great temples relieved from an horizon alternately azure, red and gold colour. Some of these deserted monuments appear intact, and as if fresh from the hands of the artist, whilst others were merely fragments, isolated columns, large portions of inclining walls and dismantled pediments. The eye is absolutely bewildered in surveying the brilliant avenues of the colonnades of the different temples; and the horizon rising above them prevented us from discerning the point where this world of architecture terminated. The six gigantic columns of the grand temple, still majestically supporting their rich and colossal entablature, tower over all the rest, and their terminations are lost in the azure sky, as if the erection were an ærial altar raised by giants for their sacrifices.

We stopped but a few minutes to examine the objects which we had reached after our perilous and long journey, and, certain of enjoying on the morrow a spectacle which could not be imaged even in dreams, we resumed our course. The day was

drawing in, and it was necessary to seek some place of shelter, either under a tent or beneath some of the arches of the ruins, where we might pass the night and repose our wearied limbs after a journey of fourteen hours. Leaving on our left the mountain of ruins and the immense plain blanched with marble fragments, and having crossed several meadows in which goats and camels were grazing, we directed our steps towards some smoke which we perceived curling above a group of ruins, intermixed with Arab huts. The ground was unequal and hilly, and resounded under our horses' hoofs as if the vaults we passed over would open beneath our feet. We arrived at length at the door of a little hut, half hidden by fragments of mouldering marble, and the door and strait windows of which, though without either glass or shutters, were formed of marble and porphyry badly joined by cement. A small stone ogive projected one or two feet above the platform which served as a roof to this building, and a small steeple, similar to what is seen in pictures of hermits' grottos, was tottering with every breath of wind. This was the episcopal palace of the Arab bishop of Balbeck, who tended in this desert, a small flock of twelve or thirteen Christian families of the Greek faith, surrounded by these deserts and the savage tribe of the independent Arabs of Bka. Hitherto we had not seen a single living thing in this solitude, except the jackalls hopping about among the columns of the great temple, and some small swallows with rings of glossy red plumage round their necks, who fringed like ornaments of

Oriental architecture, the cornices of the platform. The bishop, roused by the noise of our caravan, appeared forthwith, and bowing upon the threshold proffered his hospitality. He was a fine old man, with hair and beard of silver, a grave and benevolent cast of features, and a sweet and well modulated voice. He was the perfect image of a priest in poetry or romance; and his aspect, which denoted peace, resignation and charity, was well suited to this solemn scene of ruins and meditation. He led us into a small inner court, adorned with sculpture and fragments of antique mosaics and vases; and according to the Eastern custom, he consigned to us the use of his house, which consisted of two small rooms. Whilst some of our Arabs fixed the iron stakes round the house and fastened to them our horses' legs, and others were kindling fires in the yard to prepare our pilāu and cook our barley cakes, we went out to take a second view of the monuments. The great temples rose before us like statues from their pedestals; the last pale rays of the setting sun, slowly retired from column to column, like the glimmerings of the lamp which the priest bears into the recesses of the sanctuary. The shadows of the porticos, pillars, colonnades and altars, were flitting over the vast forest of stone, and insensibly superseding the brilliant white of the marble and tuff on the Acropolis. Further on in the plain appeared an ocean of ruins terminated only with the horizon. It might be likened to waves of stone breaking upon some rocky shore, and covering an immense plain with their white

foam. Above this sea of ruins no object rose, and the shades of night which were descending from the grey summits of a chain of mountains, successively spread over the whole scene. We lingered a short time in silent contemplation of this sublime spectacle, and then returned to the court of the bishop's house, which was now illuminated by the fire of the Arabs.

Seated upon some fragments of cornices and capitals which served us for benches, we quickly dispatched the simple repast of travellers in the desert, and for some time before retiring to rest, we conversed together about the grand spectacle we had just seen. The fires had died out, but the full moon had risen and illumined the clear canopy of heaven, penetrating through the crevices of a large white stone wall, and the open work of an arabesque window, which was on that side of the court next the desert. Our conversation gradually ceased, and we became absorbed in meditation. What reflections occurred to our minds at that time, in that place, so far removed from the living world!—in that world of the dead, in the presence of so many evidences of past and unknown ages; evidences which overturn the petty theories of human history and philosophy! What then was stirring in our minds, or in our hearts in reference to our system, our ideas, and perhaps, alas! to our individual recollections and sentiments! God alone knows! Our tongues could not have told, nor dared they venture to profane the solemnity of that hour, or even of our thoughts. We were silent.

Suddenly, a soft and plaintive strain, a slow modulated murmur stole through the arabesque ogives of the ruined wall of the bishop's house. This vague and confused sound swelled higher and higher, until we distinguished it to be a chant from the united voices of choristers; a monotonous, melancholy strain, which rose, fell, and died away, and was alternately revived and re-echoed. It was the evening prayer, which the Arab Bishop was chaunting, with his little flock in the skeleton of that which had once been his church; viz. a heap of ruins piled up by a tribe of idolators. We were totally unprepared for this music of the soul, whose every note was, in fact, a sentiment, or a sigh from the human breast. How little did we expect it in this solitude, in the bosom of a desert, issuing as it were from mute stones, strewed about by the combined influence of earthquakes, barbarous ignorance and time. A hallowed emotion inspired us, and we joined with religious fervour in the sacred hymn, until the last sighs of the pious voices had died away, and silence again reigned over the venerable ruins.

Same date.

The temples almost made us forget the djerid, which the Prince of Balbeck had prepared for our entertainment. We passed the whole of the morning in inspecting the ruins. At four o'clock, some Arabs came to inform us that the horsemen were in the plain, beyond the temples, but that impatient at our delay, they were about to retire. They added

that the prince supposed the spectacle was not agreeable to us, since we had not attended, and begged that after we had satisfied our curiosity at the ruins we would repair to his seraglio, where he was arranging another entertainment for us. This courtesy from the chief of a fierce tribe of the most redoubtable Arabs of this desert astonished us. In general the Arabs and Turks do not allow strangers to visit alone any ruins of ancient monuments. They imagine that these ruins enclose vast treasures guarded by genii or demons, and that the Europeans know the magic words which lead to their discovery, therefore they cause the Francs to be watched with extreme vigilance. Here, on the contrary, we were absolutely left to ourselves; having not even an Arab guide with us, and the children of the tribe kept at a distance out of respect to us. I know not how to account for this respectful deference, on the part of the Emir of Balbeck. Perhaps he took us to be emissaries of Ibrahim-Pacha. We were not sufficiently numerous to inspire with fear a whole tribe of from five to six hundred men, inured to conflict and existing by robbery; and yet they seemed to be afraid to approach us, to interrogate us, or to oppose the least obstacle on our movements. We might have remained a month amidst these temples. We might have made excavations, and carried off the most precious fragments without the least opposition from any one. I deeply regret that here, as well as at the Dead Sea, I was not aware beforehand of the character of the various tribes. I should

then have brought with me workmen and camels, and carried home objects which would have enriched our museums.

We left the temples and proceeded to the Emir's palace. A line of deserted but less important ruins separates the great hill of the temples, or the Acropolis of Balbeck from New Balbeck, which is inhabited by the Arabs. The latter place is merely a cluster of huts, which have been a hundred times destroyed in the incessant wars of the people, who, on those occasions have fled for shelter to the cavities among the ruins. Branches of trees and thatch form the roofs of these dwellings, whose doors and windows are frequently adorned with admirable fragments of ancient architecture.

The space occupied by the ruins of the modern city is immense. They extend beyond the reach of the eye, and spread over two hills, which undulate above the great plain. They produce a melancholy effect. These modern ruins reminded me of those of Athens, which I had seen a year previously. The dead dry white of these crumbling walls and scattered stones, has none of the majestic character and rich colouring of genuine ancient ruins. They present the appearance of a vast beach covered with the foam of the sea. The Emir's palace is a spacious open court, surrounded by huts of various forms, looking very much like a farm-yard in one of our poorest provinces. The door was guarded by several armed Arabs. A crowd of people were pressing to gain admission; but the guards cleared a passage for us, and

ushered us in. The court-yard was thronged by all the chiefs of the tribe, and a great number of the people. The Emir and his family, together with the principal Scheiks, wearing the ragged remains of splendid kaftans and pelisses, were seated on a platform raised above the crowd, and having their backs to the principal building. Behind them were ranged servants, armed men, and slaves. The Emir and his suite rose at our approach; they helped us to ascend a few high steps, consisting of irregular blocks of stone, which served as a staircase to the platform. After the usual compliments, the Emir requested us to sit on the Divan, by his side; pipes were brought to us, and the entertainment commenced.

A band of music, consisting of drums, tambourines, shrill fifes, and iron triangles, gave the signal, and four or five actors, grotesquely attired, some in male and others in female costume, advanced to the centre of the court-yard, and executed the wildest and most indecent dances that even the eyes of those savages could endure. These dances were kept up for about an hour, and were intermingled from time to time with words and gestures, and changes of costume, which seemed to indicate a dramatic intention; but there was only one thing intelligible, viz., the horrible and disgusting depravity of the manners of these people, indicated by the movements of the dancers. I averted my eyes. The Emir himself seemed to blush at the scandalous diversions of his subjects, and made signs of contempt and disapproval. But the shouts

and transports of the people rewarded the actors in those parts of the dances which represented the most revolting obscenities.

The performers danced, until overcome by heat and fatigue, they could no longer keep up with the increasing rapidity of the music. They then rolled on the ground, and were carried away. No females were present at the spectacle; but the wives of the Emir, whose harem looked into the court yard, could see it from their apartments, and we saw them through the wooden railings, pressing to the windows to look at the dancers. The slaves of the Emir handed to us sorbets and various, kinds of sweetmeats, and exquisite beverages composed of the juice of pomegranates and orange flowers, iced. These drinks were served in cyrstal cups. Other slaves presented to us muslin napkins, embroidered with gold, to wipe our mouths. Coffee was likewise handed round several times, and the pipes were continually renewed. I conversed for about half an hour with the Emir. He appeared to me to be a shrewd and sensible man, greatly superior to what I should have imagined him to be, had I judged of him from the barbarous amusements of his people. He was about fifty years of age. His countenance was handsome, and his manners were distinguished for dignity, and a sort of solemn politeness, qualities which the lowest of the Arabs possess, as the gift of their climate, or as a legacy bequeathed by ancient civilization. His dress and arms were extremely magnificent. His horses, too, which were standing in the court-yard and in the road,

were superb; and he offered me some of the finest. He questioned me with the most delicate discretion respecting Europe, Ibrahim Pacha, and the object of my journey in these deserts. I replied with an affected reserve, which must have led him to believe that I had a totally different object from that of visiting and examining ancient ruins. He offered me all his tribe to accompany me to Damascus, across the unknown chain of the Anti-Libanus, which I wished to pass. I accepted only a few horsemen as my guides and escort, and I retired, attended by all the Scheiks, who followed us on horseback to the door of the Greek Bishop's dwelling. I gave orders for our departure on the following day; and we spent the evening in conversation with our venerable host, to whom we were soon to bid farewell. A few hundred piastres, which I left as alms for his flock, paid for the hospitality we had received from him. He promised to dispatch a camel laden with some fragments of sculpture, which I wished to carry with me to Europe. He faithfully executed this commission, and on my return to Syria, I found these valuable objects, which had arrived before me at Bayruth.

March 31st, 1833.

We left Balbec at four o'clock in the morning. The caravan consisted of our usual number of Moukres, Arabs, and servants, together with eight horsemen of Balbeck, who rode at two or three hundred paces in advance of the caravan. Day was beginning to dawn as we crossed the first hill lead-

ing to the chain of the Anti-Libanus. Over the whole of this hill, there were immensely deep quarries, whence had been dug the prodigious monuments we had just examined. The sun was beginning to gild their tops, and they shone in the plain beneath our feet, like masses of gold. We could not turn our eyes in any other direction, and we stopped twenty times to look at them, before they were entirely out of sight. At length they disappeared completely under the hill, and we beheld across the desert only the black or snowy summits of the mountains of Tripoli and Latakia, blending together in the firmament.

The mountains which we now traversed were entirely barren, and almost deserted. The soil generally in this part is poor and sterile; and in places where it is cultivated, it is of a red colour. There are many pretty valleys, with gentle and undulating slopes, in which the plough might work its way without impediment. We saw neither travellers, villagers, nor inhabitants, until the middle of the day. We pitched our tents and halted at the entrance of a deep ravine, through which runs a torrent, at that time dry. We found a spring at the foot of a rock; the water was abundant and delicious. We filled our jars which hung at the saddles of our horses. We rested for two hours, and then resumed our journey.

For the space of two more hours we passed along a steep path on the flank of a mountain of barren rock. The valley, which became deeper and deeper on our right, was intersected by the bed of

a broad river, then dry. A mountain of grey rock, completely bare, rose on the other side, like a perpendicular wall. We had began to descend to the other mouth of this defile, when two of our horses, laden with baggage, slipped and fell down the precipice. The cushions and divan carpets with which they were laden, broke their fall, and they were saved. We encamped at the outlet of the defile, near an excellent spring. We passed the night in this unknown labyrinth of the mountains of the Anti-Libanus. The snows were only fifty paces above our heads. Our Arabs kindled a fire with their brambles and branches of trees, in a little grotto, about ten paces from the spot where we had pitched our tent. The blaze of the fire shone through the canvass, and lighted the interior of the tent, in which we sheltered ourselves from the cold. The chill air made our horses neigh, though they had on their *libets*, a sort of covering of felt.—Throughout the whole of the night we heard the complaints of the horsemen of Balbeck and the Egyptian soldiers, who lay shivering under their cloaks. We ourselves, though well wrapped up and covered, could scarcely endure the bitter cold. At seven next morning we mounted our horses. The sun was shining splendidly, and the heat obliged us to lay aside successively our caftans and cloaks. At eight o'clock we entered an elevated plain, adjoining an Arab village, containing large houses, with yards filled with cattle and poultry, like the farm-houses of Europe. We did not stop there. These people are on hostile terms with the

inhabitants of Balbeck and the Arabs of Syria. They are a race almost independent, and have more connection with the people of Damascus and Mesopotamia. They seemed thriving and laborious. All the plains surrounding the village are well cultivated. We saw men, women, and children in the fields. The ground is tilled by oxen. We met several Scheiks richly dressed and mounted, going to and returning from Damascus. These were men of rude and ferocious aspect. They looked at us in a very unfriendly way, and passed us without salutation. The children called after us insulting names. In a second village, about two hours' journey from that just mentioned, we with difficuly purchased some poultry and a little rice, for the dinner of our caravan. At six in the evening, we encamped in a field, above a mountain defile descending to a river. There was a little torrent in the defile, at which we watered our horses. The air still continued cold. Before us, at the mouth of the ravine, there rose points of rock, grouped like pyramids, and mingling with the clouds. These points were destitute of vegetation, and the grey or black colour of the rock formed a broad contrast to the brilliant clearness of the firmament, with which they were blended.

April 1st, 1833.

We mounted our horses at six in the morning. We had a delightful journey, travelling all dayamong steep mountains, separated only by narrow ravines, through which rolled torrents of melted snow. Not

a tree nor a bit of moss was growing on the sides of these mountains. Their strange forms and groupings gave them the appearance of monuments raised by the hands of men. One of them rose to an immense height, and was nearly perpendicular on all its sides, like a pyramid: it might be a league in circumference. It is impossible to conceive the possibility of its ever having been ascended. No trace of paths or steps are visible, and yet all its sites are hollowed by caverns which have been the work of human hands. There are likewise a number of cells of various sizes, whose doors are adorned with sculpture, and carved work; some of these grottos, whose mouths opened above our heads, had terraces cut in the rock before their doors. We also saw the remains of chapels or temples, and columns standing erect on the rock. The Arabs affirm that the Christians of Damascus dug these caverns; and I think it is probable that this was one of the Thebaides, in which the early Christians sought refuge in the ages of cenobitism and persecution. St. Paul founded a large church at Damascus, and that church, though it flourished long, finally underwent the phases and persecutions of all the other churches of the East.

We passed this mountain, leaving it on our left, and it was soon a considerable distance behind us. We descended rapidly, and by almost impassable precipices into a broad and open valley. A beautiful river flowed through it; on the banks of this river we again saw vegetation — willows, poplars, and huge trees, with black foliage, and branches cu-

riously bent, were growing in the interstices of the rock, which bordered the river. We journeyed along these delightful banks for the space of an hour, still descending, but insensibly. The murmuring river accompanied us, and its foaming waves washed our horses' feet. The high mountains, which formed the defile whence the river descended, gradually receded, and their wooded sides were gilded by the rays of the setting sun.

We now caught the first glimpse of Mesopotamia. We gradually discerned more and more distinctly the large valleys, opening into the great plain of the Desert of Damascus at Bagdad. The valley in which we now were, wound gently and widened on the right and left of the river; we began to perceive traces of cultivation, and we heard the distant lowing of cattle. Orchards of apricot-trees as large as nut-trees, bordered the road side. Soon, to our great surprise, we saw hedges like those in Europe, separating the orchards and gardens: the latter were interspersed with kitchen plants, trees and flowers. Barriers, or doors of wood opened here and there upon these beautiful orchards. The road was broad, even, and in as good condition as in the environs of a great town in France. None of our party were aware of the existence of this oasis in the bosom of the inaccessible mountains of the Anti-Libanus. We were evidently approaching a town or a village, but we were ignorant of its name. However, we soon met an Arab horseman, who informed us that we were in the neighbourhood of a large village, called Zebdami. We

already saw smoke rising from the tops of the high trees scattered through the valley. We entered the streets of the village. They are broad and straight, with stone pavements on each side. The houses are large, and surrounded by yards full of cattle, and well cultivated gardens. The women and children came to the doors to see us pass by, and greeted us with smiling and cheerful faces. We enquired whether there was any caravanseray in which we could find shelter for the night; but we were told there was none, because Zebdami not being in any road, no caravans passed that way. After going through several of the streets of the village, we arrived at an open square, on the bank of the river. There, a house more spacious than the rest, fronted by a terrace and surrounded by trees, denoted the residence of the Scheik. I presented myself with my drogueman, and requested the use of a house for the night. The slaves went to inform the Scheik, who speedily made his appearance. He was a venerable old man, with a white beard, and an open and pleasing countenance. He offered me the use of the whole of his house, and he pressed this offer with a degree of earnestness and courteous hospitality, which I never met with elsewhere. His numerous slaves and the principal inhabitants of the village led my horses to a large stable, where they unloaded them, and brought them corn and straw.

The Scheik directed his wives to vacate their apartments; and we were first ushered into his divan, where coffee and sorbets were served to us,

and then the whole house was consigned to our use. The Scheik asked me if I would allow his slaves to prepare our supper. I begged that my cook might spare them that trouble; and only asked him to procure me a calf and some sheep to renew our store of provisions, which had been exhausted in our journey from Balbec. In a few minutes the calf and the sheep were brought and killed by the butcher of the village; and whilst our servants were preparing supper, the Scheik introduced to me the principal inhabitants of the place, who were his relatives and friends. He even asked my permission to present his wives to Madame de Lamartine. "They were," he said, "very anxious to be introduced to an European lady, and to see her clothes and jewels." Accordingly, the Scheik's wives, veiled, passed before the divan on which we were seated in conversation, and entered my wife's apartment. There were three of them, and one seemed old enough to be the mother of the two others. The two younger ones were remarkably beautiful, and shewed the greatest respect, deference, and affection to the elder one. My wife gave them some little presents, and they, in return, gave some to her. During this interview, the venerable Scheik of Zebdami conducted us to a terrace which he had constructed close to his house, at the edge of the river. Some piles, fixed into the bed of the river, supported a platform covered with carpet. A divan extended all round it; and an immense tree, similar to those which I had seen on the road-side, covered, with its shade, the terrace

and the river. There the Scheik, after the custom of the Turks, passes whole hours, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the water, the shade of the tree, and the singing of the thousand birds which people it. A wooden bridge leads from the house to this terrace. The prospect it commanded was as fine as any I had seen in my travels. It extends as far as the last mountains of the Anti-Libanon, commanded by the pyramids of black rock, or the snowy peaks; whilst the river, with its waves of foam, descends amidst forests of various trees, and is lost in the sloping plains of Mesopotamia, which enter, like gulphs of verdure, into the sinuosities of the mountains.

Supper was now ready, and I begged of the Scheik to partake of it. He consented, and appeared greatly amused at the European mode of eating. He had never seen any of the utensils used at our tables. He drank no wine, and we did not try to persuade him to do so. The conscience of the Mussulman is as much to be respected as ours. To induce a Turk to sin against the law which his religion imposes upon him, has always appeared to me no less reprehensible than to tempt a Christian. We conversed a long time about Europe and our customs, of which the Schiek appeared to be a great admirer. He explained to us his mode of governing his village. His family had for ages ruled this privileged district of the Anti-Libanon; and the advanced state of agriculture, together with the regulations respecting police and cleanliness, which we had admired in crossing the territory of Zeb-

dami, are due to this excellent race of Scheiks. Thus it is with every thing in the East. All is exception and anomaly. Good, like evil, is perpetuated without end. We could judge, by the aspect of this enchanting village, what these provinces would be if restored to their natural fertility.

The Scheik greatly admired my arms, especially a brace of pistols, and he ill disguised the pleasure which the possession of them would afford him; but I could not offer them. They were the pistols which I had carried for defence throughout the whole of my journey, and I wished particularly to take them back with me to Europe. I presented him with a gold watch for his wife. He received this present with all the polite reluctance which we Europeans evince on similar occasions. He declared himself completely satisfied, though I could discern that he still cherished a predilection for the brace of pistols. A quantity of cushions and carpets were brought in for our beds. We spread them out in the divan where the Scheik himself likewise slept, and we were lulled to rest by the murmuring of the river under our windows.

Next morning we set out at dawn of day. We passed through the second-half of the village of Zebdami, still more beautiful than the part which we had seen the day before. The Scheik sent some horsemen of his tribe to escort us as far as Damascus. We here dismissed the horsemen of the Emir of Balbeck, who would not have been in safety on the territory of Damascus. We journeyed for the space of an hour along roads bordered with

quick-set hedges, as large as those in France, and kept in perfect order. A canopy of apricot-trees and pear-trees hung over our heads. On the right and left were orchards without end, and behind them cultivated fields, in which were men and cattle. All the orchards are watered by streams descending from the mountains on the left, which are covered with snow on their summits. The plain was immense, and was bounded to our eyes only by forests in luxuriant foliage. We proceeded thus for the space of three hours, as if amidst the most delicious landscapes of England or Lombardy, with no traces of the desert or of barbarism. We then entered a rude and sterile tract of country. Vegetation and culture almost completely disappeared. Hills of rock scantily covered with a yellowish kind of moss, extended before us, bounded by grey mountains, more elevated, but equally barren. We pitched our tents, and halted at the foot of these mountains far from every human habitation. There we passed the night, on the margin of a deeply embedded torrent, which rolled like thunder through a ravine amongst the rocks, scattering its foam like flakes of snow.

We were again on horseback, at six o'clock. This was our last journey. We put on our Turkish dresses, that we might not be known for Franks in the environs of Damascus. My wife wore the costume of the Arab women. She was covered from head to foot with a long white veil. Our Arabs arranged their dress with great care, and pointing towards the mountains which we had yet to cross,

exclaimed—"Scham! Scham!" This is the Arabic name for Damascus.

The fanatical population of Damascus and the surrounding country, renders necessary the most rigid precaution on the part of the Franks, who venture to visit that country. The Damascians are the only people of the East who cherish a religious hatred and horror of the European name and costume. They are the only Mahometan people who have refused to admit the consuls, or even the consular agents of the Christian power. Damascus is a holy city, fanatical and free: nothing must sully its sanctity.

In spite of the menaces of the Porte; in spite of the more formidable intervention of Ibrahim Pacha and a garrison of twelve thousand Egyptian or other foreign troops, the people of Damascus have obstinately refused to admit within their walls the English consul general in Syria. Two terrible insurrections have arisen in the city on the mere report of the approach of that consul. If he had not speedily turned back, he would have been torn to pieces. Things are always in this state. The arrival of a European in Frank costume would be the signal of a new disturbance, and we are not without apprehension that the report of our journey may have reached Damascus, and may expose us to serious danger. We have taken every possible precaution, having all assumed the most rigid Turkish costume. One European only, who has adopted the Arab manners and dress, and who passes for an Armenian merchant, has exposed him-

self for several years to the danger of inhabiting Damascus. His object is to render himself useful to the commerce of the coast of Syria, and to travellers who may be tempted to visit these inhospitable regions. This man is M. Baudin, the consular agent of France and all Europe. He was formerly the agent of Lady Stanhope, whom he accompanied in her first visits to Balbeck and Palmyra, and was subsequently employed by the French government to purchase horses in the desert. M. Baudin speaks the Arabic language like a native and has established friendly and commercial relations with all the wandering tribes in the deserts round Damascus. He is married to an Arab woman of European origin. He has been ten years in Damascus, and in spite of the numerous connections he has formed, his life has been several times endangered by the fanatical fury of the inhabitants of the city. Twice he has been obliged to fly to escape death. He has built a house at Zarkley, a little Christian town on the side of the Libanus, and there he takes refuge in times of popular commotion. M. Baudin, whose life is incessantly endangered at Damascus, and who, in that great capital is the only channel of communication, the only link of the policy and trade of Europe, receives from the French government, as the reward of his vast services, the moderate salary of fifteen hundred francs; whilst other consuls, surrounded by security, and enjoying all the luxuries of life in the ports of the Levant, receive liberal and honourable remunerations. I cannot comprehend by what indifference

and injustice the governments of Europe and the French government in particular, thus neglect an intelligent, honourable, courageous, and active young man, who renders the greatest services to his country.

I had known M. Baudin in Syria during the preceding year, and I had arranged with him my projected journey to Damascus. He had been informed of my departure and my approaching arrival, and this morning I sent forward an Arab to acquaint him with the hour when I should be in the neighbourhood of the city, and to beg of him to send me a guide to direct my course and to advise me how to act.

At nine in the morning we passed along the side of a mountain covered with country-houses and gardens, belonging to the inhabitants of Damascus. A fine bridge is thrown across a torrent at the foot of the mountain. We saw numerous strings of camels laden with stones for new buildings, and every thing indicated that we were approaching a great capital. After another hour's journey, we perceived, on the summit of an eminence, a little insulated mosque, the dwelling of a solitary Mahometan. A fountain flows near the mosque, and copper cups, chained to the basin, enable the traveller to slake his thirst. We halted for a short time in this spot, beneath the shade of a sycomore. The road was now thronged with travellers, peasants, and Arab soldiers. We again mounted our horses, and after proceeding along an ascent of a few hundred paces, we entered a deep defile, bounded on the left by a mountain of schistus, rising perpendicularly above our heads;

and on the right by a ridge of rock thirty or forty feet high. The descent was rapid, and fragments of loose stone, rolled under our horses' feet. I was riding at the head of the caravan, at a few paces behind the Arabs of Zebdami. They suddenly stopped short, and uttering exclamations of joy, pointed to an opening in the rock on our right; I approached, and looking through the cleft, I beheld the grandest and most singular prospect that ever presented itself to the eye of man. It was Damascus and its boundless desert, lying at the depth of a few hundred feet below us. The city, surrounded by its ramparts of black and yellow marble, flanked by its innumerable square towers, crowned by sculptured cranies, commanded by its forest of minarets of every form, and intersected by the seven branches of its river and its numberless streams, extended as far as the eye could reach. It was a labyrinth of gardens and flowers, thrusting its suburbs here and there in the vast plain, encircled by its forest of ten leagues in circumference, and every where shaded by groves of sycomores, and trees of every form and hue. From time to time, the city seemed lost beneath the umbrageous canopies of these trees, and then again re-appeared, spreading into broad lakes of houses, suburbs, and villages, interspersed with labyrinths of orchards, palaces, and streamlets. Our eyes were bewildered and only turned from one enchantment, to fix upon another. We stopped simultaneously. All thronged round the little aperture in the rock which was pierced like a window, and we contemplated some-

times with exclamations, and sometimes in silence, the magic spectacle which had suddenly opened beneath our eyes at the close of a journey through so many barren solitudes, and at the commencement of another desert, which has no bounds but Bagdad and Bassora, and which it requires forty days to traverse. At length we pursued our course. The parapet of rock which concealed from us the plain and the city, lowered insensibly, and soon afforded us an uninterrupted view of the whole horizon. We were now not more than five hundred paces from the walls, of the suburbs. These walls, which are surrounded by charming kiosks and country-houses in various styles of oriental architecture, glitter round Damascus, like a circlet of gold. The square towers, which flank them and which surmount their line, are encrusted with arabesques pierced in ogives, with columns as slender as reeds and edged with cranies surmounted by turbans. The walls are covered with stone, or slabs of yellow and black marble arranged by elegant symmetry. The tops of the cypresses and other large trees in the gardens in the interior of the city rise above the walls and towers, and crown them with sombre verdure. The innumerable cupolas of the mosques and palaces of a city containing four hundred thousand inhabitants, now reflected the rays of the setting sun, and the blue and brilliant waters of the seven rivers alternately sparkled and disappeared amidst the streets and gardens. The horizon was boundless as the ocean. On the right the broad sides of the Anti-Libanos receded one

behind the other, like immense waves of shadow; sometimes advancing like promontories into the plain, and sometimes opening like deep gulphs in which the plain embedded itself with its forests and villages: several of the latter contain as many as thirty thousand inhabitants. Some branches of the river and two large lakes were here visible, shining in the obscuritry of the general tint of verdure in which Damascus seems to be veiled. On our left, the plain was more open, and it was only at the distance of twelve or fifteen leagues that we again saw the summits of mountains, blanched with snow, shining in the blue sky like clouds on the ocean. The city is entirely surrounded by orchards, or rather by forests of fruit trees, with which the vines are entwined, as at Naples, and hang in festoons among fig, apricot, pear, and cherry trees. Under these trees, the earth, which is rich, fertile, and always well watered, is carpeted with barley, corn, maize, and all the leguminous plants which this soil produces. Little white houses peep out here and there, from amidst the verdure of the forests: they are either the gardeners' houses, or little summer houses belonging to the family who own the ground. These cultivated enclosures are peopled with horses, sheep, camels, and doves, and every thing that can impart animation to the scenery of nature; they are on the average two or three acres in extent, and are separated one from another by mud walls baked in the sun, and by fine quickset hedges. Numerous shady paths, refreshed by fountains, intersect these gardens, leading from one suburb to another, or to the different gates of the

city. The gardens form a boundary of twenty or thirty leagues in circumference round Damascus.

We had advanced for some time in silence through the first labyrinths of trees, somewhat uneasy at not seeing the guide we expected. We halted; and he at length made his appearance. He was a poor Armenian; ill-dressed, and having on his head a black turban, such as all the Christians of Damascus are obliged to wear. He approached our caravan, said a few words, and made a sign; and, instead of entering the city by the suburb and the gate before us, we proceeded along the walls, which we passed almost entirely round, and entered, by a solitary gate, near the quarter of the Armenians. The house in which M. Baudin had prepared lodgings for us was in that quarter. Nothing was said to us at the first gate of the city. Having entered it, we rode for a considerable way past some high walls, with grated windows. On the other side of the street was a deep canal of running water, which turned the wheels of several mills. At the end of this street we were stopped, and an altercation arose between my Arabs and some soldiers who guarded a second and inner gate; for all the quarters of the city have distinct gates. It was my wish to remain unknown, and that our caravan should pass for a caravan of Syrian merchants; but as the dispute continued, and seemed to become angry, I spurred my horse, and rode up to the head of the caravan. Close to the gate was the guard house of the Egyptian troops, who, having observed two fowling pieces, which my

Arab servant had not taken the precaution to conceal, refused to let us enter. An order issued by Sherif-Bey prohibited the introduction of arms into the city; and every night fears were entertained of an insurrection and the massacre of the Egyptian troops. Fortunately, I had in my bosom a recent letter from Ibraham Pacha. I presented it to the officer commanding the post. He read it; pressed it to his forehead and lips, and permitted us to enter, making a thousand excuses and compliments. We wandered for a considerable time through a labyrinth of dirty narrow lanes, lined on either side with little low houses, whose mud walls seemed ready to fall upon us. Through the trellice work, which screened the windows, we saw beautiful Armenian girls, who, attracted by the noise of our long file of horses, came to look at us, and addressed to us words of kind greeting. At length we halted at a low narrow door in a street, through which we scarcely had room to pass. We alighted from our horses, passed through a dark, gloomy corridor, and found ourselves, as if by enchantment, in a court paved with marble, shaded by sycomores, refreshed by two Moorish fountains, and surrounded by marble porticos and richly furnished rooms. This was the residence of M. Baudin. The house, like those of all the Christians in Damascus, had the appearance of being a mere hut on the outside, but it was a delicious palace within. The tyranny of the fanatical populace obliges the Christians to conceal their wealth and their comforts under the mask of poverty

and misery. Our baggage was unloaded at the door; the court was filled with our packages, our tents, and saddles; and our horses were conducted to the khan of the bazaar.

M. Baudin assigned to each of us a little apartment, furnished in the oriental style; and whilst reposing on his divans, at his hospitable table, we forgot the fatigues of our long pilgrimage. To meet a man whom one knows and loves, in a strange and foreign land, is like being restored to one's country. We experienced this in the house of M. Baudin, and the pleasant hours I spent in conversing with him in the evenings, by the light of his lamp, are engraven in my memory and my heart, and are among the most agreeable recollections of my travels.

M. Baudin is one of those rare men whom nature has fitted for everything. He possessed a shrewd and clear mind, a firm and upright heart, and indefatigable activity. He is alike at home, in Europe, in Asia, in Paris or in Damascus, on land or on sea. He can accommodate himself to any place, and he finds happiness everywhere, because his mind is resigned, like that of the Arab, to the great law which forms the basis both of Christianity and Islamism, viz., submission to the will of God; and also because he is animated by that ingenious activity of mind, which is the second soul of the European. His language, his person, and his manners, all bear the impression which his fortune has stamped upon them. To hear him conversing about France and the passing events of Europe

he might be taken for a man just arrived from Paris: to see him in the evening reclining on his divan, between a merchant from Bassora, and a Turkish pilgrim from Bagdad, smoking his pipe or his narguilé, indolently passing his fingers over the amber beads of an oriental chaplet, a turban drawn over his forehead, and slippers on his feet, uttering a word in about every quarter of an hour, on the price of coffee or furs, he would be taken for a slave merchant, or a pilgrim returning from Mecca. No man's education and views can be enlarged unless he has travelled much; unless he has changed twenty times his modes of thinking and the habits of his life. The conventional and uniform customs adopted by the man who leads a regular and monotonous life in his own country, are moulds which give a diminished impress to everything. Taste, philosophy, religion, character, all are more enlarged, more just and accurate in the man who has seen nature and society under various points of view. Travelling supplies an optic for the material and intellectual universe. To travel in searce of wisdom, was a sort of proverb among the ancients; but it is not understood among us. They travelled not merely in search of unknown dogmas and lessons of philosophy, but to see and to judge everything. For my part I am constantly struck with the narrow and petty view we take of the institutions and customs of foreign nations; and if my mind has been enlarged—if my views have been extended—if I have learned to tolerate things by understanding them, I owe all these advantages

to my frequent changes of scene and points of view. To study past ages in history, men by travelling, and God in nature—that is the grand school. We study everything in our miserable books, and compare every thing with our petty local habits. And who have made our habits and our books? Men who knew as little as ourselves. Let us open the Book of books! Let us live, see, and travel! The world is a book of which we turn a page at every step. How little must he know who has turned but one page!

DAMASCUS.

April, 2nd, 1833.

Dressed in the Arabic costume, I this morning traversed the principal quarters of Damascus, accompanied only by M. Baudin, for we were fearful that the appearance of a numerous party of strangers would attract attention to us. We passed a considerable time in exploring the dark, dirty, and tortuous streets of the Armenian quarter. It has all the appearance of one of the most miserable villages of our provinces. The walls of the houses are built of mud, and are pierced on the side next the street, with small grated windows, having shutters painted red. The low doors look like the entrances to stables, and they are almost invariably obstructed by a heap of dirt and a pool of water. We entered some of these houses, which belong to the principal Armenian merchants, and

I was astonished at their internal richness and elegance. Having made our way into the door, and passed through an obscure corridor, we found ourselves in a court-yard, ornamented with superb marble fountains, and shaded by one or two sycomores or Persian willows. This court is paved with large slabs of polished stone or marble. Vines grow up the walls, which are likewise faced with white and black marble. Five or six doors, with marble steps, and ornamented with arabesque sculpture, lead to saloons which are occupied by the different members of the family, male and female. These rooms are large, with vaulted roofs, and have a great many small high windows to admit the free entrance of the external air. Almost all are divided into two compartments; the first, which is lower than the other, is occupied by the servants and slaves. The second compartment is elevated by a few steps, and separated from the lower one by a balustrade of marble or cedar wood, exquisitely carved. In general, one or two fountains, or *jets-d'eau*, are playing in the centre, or in the angles of the room. Round these fountains are vases of flowers; and tame swallows and doves perch on the edges of the basins and drink the water. The walls of these rooms are faced with marble up to a certain height, beyond which they are covered with stucco, painted in arabesque patterns of a thousand colours, and frequently finished by elaborate gilt mouldings. The furniture consists of magnificent Persian or Bagdad carpets, completely covering the marble or cedar-wood floor,

and a great quantity of cushions and matrasses of silk are lying in the middle of the apartment, and serve as seats or sofas for the members of the family. A divan, covered with rich stuff, extends all round the room. Women and children are generally sitting or lying upon it, engaged in different occupations. Cradles for young infants are on the floor among the carpets and cushions. The master of the house has, usually, one of these apartments for himself: there he receives the visits of strangers. We generally found him seated on his divan, his writing case lying on the ground by his side, a sheet of paper lying on his knee, or in his left hand, writing and calculating; for commerce is the occupation and the genius of the inhabitants of Damascus. Wherever we went to return the visits which had been paid to us on the preceding day, we were invariably received with courtesy, and cordiality by the master of the house. He ordered for us pipes, coffee, and sorbets, and conducted us to the saloon occupied by the women. The high opinion I had formed of the beauty of the Syrian females, and my vivid recollections of the charms of the women of Rome and Athens, all vanished at sight of the Armenian women, and the young girls of Damascus. We everywhere saw features so exquisitely pure and delicate, that the pencil of the most expert European artist could scarcely render justice to them:—eyes in which the serene light of the soul is diffused in a sombre azure tint, and with a softness of expression which I never saw in any eyes before,—com-

plexions so transparent, that they vie with the most exquisite tints of the rose-leaf,—the teeth, the smile, the grace of form and motion, the clear and silvery voice, all is in harmony in these beautiful creatures. They converse with elegance and modest reserve; but without embarrassment, and, as if accustomed to the admiration which they inspire. They seem to preserve their beauty to an advanced age. This may be attributable to the climate, and the peaceful lives they lead in the bosom of their families, where mind and body are not worn out by the artificial passions of society. In almost all the families which I visited, I found the mother as beautiful as her daughters; though the latter were not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age. They marry at twelve or thirteen. The dress of these women is the most elegant that we had yet seen in the East. Their heads were adorned with a profusion of hair, which, mingled with flowers, was twisted several times over the forehead, and then fell in long plaits on each side of the neck and shoulders. Ornaments consisting of pieces of gold and pearls were sometimes mingled with the hair, and a little calot of wrought gold is worn on the crown of the head. The bosom is very slightly covered with a small bodice, with wide open sleeves, made of silk embroidered with gold and silver, wide white trowsers descend in fulness to the ancle, and on their feet they wear yellow morocco slippers without stockings. A long robe of silk of some brilliant colour, descending from the shoulders, is open in front, and confined round the

waist by a girdle, or sash with long ends. I could not avert my eyes from these beautiful and graceful women. Our visits and conversations were everywhere prolonged, and I found them as amiable as they are beautiful. The customs of Europe, the dress, and the habits of the women of the west, were in general the subjects of conversation. They did not seem to envy the lives of our women, and on observing the grace, the simplicity, the amiability, the serenity of mind and heart which they preserve in the seclusion of their domestic life, it would be difficult to say what they could envy in our women who mingle with the world, and who, in the turmoil of society, waste in a few years their beauty, their minds, and their health. The Armenian women occasionally visit each other, and they are not entirely excluded from the society of the men; but that association is confined to a few young male relatives, or friends among whom, with due consideration to inclination and family interests, a husband is selected for them at a very early age. When this choice is made, the bridegroom is permitted to frequent the house like a son, and to take part in all the amusements of the family.

I was introduced to the chief of the Armenians at Damascus—a very clever and well-informed man. Ibrahim has appointed him to represent his countrymen in the Municipal Council, by which the city is at present governed. This man, though he has never been out of Damascus, has the most enlightened and accurate views on the politics of Europe, on the general advancement of human in-

telligence, on the transformation of modern governments, and the probable state of future civilization. I never met in Europe a man whose opinions on these subjects were more just and sensible. I was the more surprised at this, as the only languages, besides his own, with which he was acquainted, were Latin and Greek; consequently, he had never read the journals and other publications of the West, in which the questions above mentioned are placed within the reach of even those who often discuss them without understanding them. Neither had he ever enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with well-informed men from our part of the world —for Damascus is shut out from all connexion with Europe. The Armenian I speak of has gained all his information from geographical charts, and the accounts of some great historical and political events which have reached him, and which his natural shrewdness of mind has enabled him to comprehend and to reflect upon. I was quite delighted with this man, and I passed a good part of the morning in conversing with him. He has promised to come and see me this evening, and every day during my stay at Damascus. He foresees, as I do, all that Providence has prepared for the East and the West, by the inevitable intermingling of these two parts of the world; mutually giving to each other space, activity, and information. This Armenian has a daughter, fourteen years of age, one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld. Her mother, who is still young, is, likewise, very pretty.

He presented to me his son, a lad of twelve years old, on whose education he bestows great attention.

"You should send him to Europe," said I, "and give him that education you regret the want of yourself. I will take charge of him."

"Alas!" replied the Armenian, "I have often thought of doing so; but if great changes should not yet take place in the state of the East, what service should I render to my son if I were to raise him, by his knowledge, above the age and the country in which he is destined to live? What would he do in Damascus on returning hither with the information, the manners, and the taste for liberty he has acquired in Europe? If one must be a slave, it is better never to have known anything but slavery."

Having made this round of visits, we quitted the Armenian quarter of the city, which is separated from another quarter by a gate closed every evening. We entered a street broader and cleaner than those through which we had hitherto passed. It contained the palaces of the principal Agas of Damascus. These are the nobles of the country. The façades of their palaces, which looked to the street, are like the long walls of prisons or hospitals. They are built of mud and have few or no windows. Here and there a large door opens into a court-yard, and under the shade of the door, a number of grooms, servants, and black slaves were lying. I visited two of these Agas, friends of M. Baudin. The interior of their palaces was su-

perb. First, there was a spacious court-yard ornamented with superb *jets-d'eau,* and shaded by trees. The saloons were still more richly furnished than those of the Armenians. The decorations of some of them cost as much as one hundred thousand piastres. Nothing more magnificent could be seen in Europe. They are all fitted up in the Arabian style. Some of the palaces contain eight or ten of these splendid saloons. The Agas of Damascus are, in general, descendants or sons of Pachas, and they lavish on the decorations of their palaces the treasures acquired by their fathers. It is the nepotism of Rome under another form. These Agas are numerous. They hold the principal employment of the city under the Pachas, deputed by the grand Signior. They have vast territorial possessions in the villages round Damascus. Their luxury consists in palaces, gardens, horses, and women. At a signal from the Pacha their heads are struck off, and then their palaces, their gardens, their women, and their horses, pass into the hands of some new favourite of fortune. Such a system naturally invites to enjoyment and resignation:—voluptuousness and fatalism are the two necessary results of Eastern despotism.

The two Agas, whom I have visited, received me with the most perfect politeness. The brutal fanaticism of the common people of Damascus does not extend to the higher classes. They know that I am a European traveller, and they believe me to be a secret ambassador, sent to collect information for the sovereigns of Europe relative to the disputes

between the Turks and Ibrahim. I expressed to one of the Agas, my wish to see his finest horses, and to purchase some if he would consent to sell them. He immediately desired his son, accompanied by a groom, to conduct me to his vast stable, where he has thirty or forty of the finest horses from the Desert of Palmyra. I never beheld such superb animals. They were very high and of a dark grey or whitish-grey colour. Their manes were like black silk, eyes of a dark chestnut colour, broad and flat shoulders, and necks and chests as graceful as those of the swan. When these horses saw me enter the stable, and heard me speak a foreign language, they turned their heads, and trembled and neighed. They expressed their astonishment and fear by oblique and timid glances, and by a curling of their nostrils, which gave to their beautiful heads an extraordinary expression of intelligence. I already had occasion to remark, that the intellect of animals in Syria is much more prompt and developed than in Europe. A groupe of the Faithful, surprised in a mosque by a Christian, could not by their attitudes and countenances have more forcibly expressed indignation and alarm, than did these horses on seeing a stranger's face, and hearing an unknown tongue. I examined them. They were led into the court-yard, but I could not decide on which I should fix my choice, for they were all remarkable for beauty. At length I decided on a young white three-year-old stallion, which seemed to me the very pearl of all the horses of the desert. The price was a good deal

debated between M. Baudin and the Aga, but at length fixed at six thousand piastres, which I paid over to the Aga. The horse had been brought from Palmyra, where it had been but a short time, and the Arab who had sold it to the Aga had received for it five thousand piastres and a magnificent mantle of silk interwoven with gold. The animal, like all Arabian horses, bore his genealogy on his neck, suspended in a bag, together with several amulets, to preserve him from the influence of the evil eye.

We looked through the bazaars of Damascus: the grand bazaar is about half-a-league in length. They all consist of long streets, covered with timber-work, at a considerable height, and lined with shops, stalls, magazines, and coffee-houses; the shops are narrow but rather deep; the dealer is squatted upon his heels in front, his pipe in his mouth, and his narguil beside him. The magazines are replete with merchandise of all kinds, and above all, with stuffs from India, which are brought to Damascus by the caravans of Bagdad. Barbers are lively, inviting the passers-by to have their hair cut, or be shaved; and their stalls are always full of people.

A crowd, as numerous as that thronging the galleries of the Palais Royal, is all day to be seen traversing the grand bazaar. But the *coup-d'œil* presented by this crowd is infinitely more picturesque. There are Agas, clothed in long garments of crimson silk, stuffed with martin-skin—their sabres or poniards, enriched with diamonds, sus-

pended from their girdles. These have each five or six followers—servants or slaves—who march silently behind them, bearing their pipes and narguils. They are accustomed to seat themselves, during part of the day, upon divans placed outside the coffee-houses constructed on the borders of the brooks that run through the town, which divans are shaded by fine plantains. Here they smoke, and chat with their friends, and this forms the sole means of communication, excepting the mosque, enjoyed by the inhabitants of Damascus. Here are concocted, almost in silence, the frequent revolutions which convulse that capital. The mute fermentation is suppressed for some time, and then bursts forth at the moment when least expected. The people fly to arms under the conduct of any leader whatsoever, and the government passes, for a brief time, into the hands of the victor. The conquered are either put to death, or escape into the deserts of Balbeck or Palmyra, where they are sheltered by independent tribes.

To return to the bazaar.—Officers and soldiers belonging to the Pacha of Egypt, dressed nearly in the European fashion, drag their sabres along the pavement. We encountered several who accosted us in the Italian tongue. They are obliged to be on their guard at Damascus, for the people view them with horror. Every night there is a risk of a commotion breaking out. Scherif-Bey, one of the most able men in the service of Mehemet-Ali, commands them, and governs the town very minutely. He has formed an encampment of ten thousand

men outside the walls, on the banks of the river, and established a garrison in the castle; he himself inhabits the seraglio. Intelligence of the least check sustained by Ibrahim in Syria, would be the signal for a general rising, and for a deadly struggle at Damascus. The thirty thousand Armenian Christians who dwell in the city are in a state of considerable alarm, and would most probably be massacred, should the Turks get the upper hand. The Mussulmans are greatly irritated at the equality which Ibrahim has established between them and the Christians, many of whom abuse this moment of tolerance by insulting their enemies, and by a violation of their usages, which is well calculated to exasperate their fanaticism. M. Baudin holds himself ready, at the first warning, to seek refuge at Zarkley.

The Arabs of the Great Desert, as well as those of Palmyra, muster strong in the city and abound in the bazaar. Their dress consists simply of a large cloak of white wool, in which they envelope themselves, forming a drapery not unlike that seen on the statues of the ancients. Their complexion is tanned, their beard black, their eyes ferocious. They form groups before the shops of the tobacco-merchants. Their horses, always saddled and bridled, are made fast in the streets and in the squares. They despise both Turks and Egpytians; but in case of a revolt, would march against the troops of Ibrahim. That chief has not been enabled to exclude them more than two days from Damascus, though he marched himself with his artillery against

them during his progress to that city. They are at present, as I have said, his enemies. I shall speak more at large by and bye of these unknown tribes belonging to the grand desert of Euphrates.

Every species of commerce and industry has its appointed quarter in the bazaars. Yonder are the armourers, whose shops are, however, far from presenting any of those splendid and renowned arms which one reads of with respect to the ancient commerce of the Levant. The fabrication of the celebrated sabres, if ever it existed in Damascus, is completely lost and forgotten; none are produced now but of the commonest temper; and one meets with nothing at the shops of the armourers but old weapons, almost good for nothing. I vainly sought for a sabre or poniard of the valued ancient temper. Such sabres, however, are occasionally brought from Khorassan, a province of Persia—and even there they are no longer fabricated. A certain number exists, which pass from owner to owner, like precious relics, and which are of inestimable value. The blade of that which was presented to me had cost the Pacha five thousand piastres. The Turks and Arabs, who estimate these blades more highly than diamonds, would give all they had in the world for such a weapon. Their looks sparkled with enthusiasm and delight when they saw mine, and the expression upon their features amounted almost to adoration of so perfect an instrument of death.

The jewellers have neither art nor taste in the arrangement of their pearls and other precious stones, of which, nevertheless, they possess an im-

mense quantity. All the riches of orientals are of a species calculated for individuals of erratic and unsettled habits. There are great numbers of goldsmiths among them, who, however, make but little display of their treasures, all being enclosed in small cabinets, which they open whenever a jewel is required.

The saddlers are perhaps the most numerous and most ingenious artisans to be found in the bazaars. Nothing in Europe can equal the taste, the gracefulness, or the richness of those splendid trappings which they make for the horses of Arab chiefs or of the agas of the land. The saddle is fabricated of velvet or silk bordered with gold and with pearls. The collar of red morocco, which in broad fringes falls over the horse's chest, is adorned with buttons of gold and silver and tufts of pearls. The bridle, infinitely more elegant than ours, is also invariably of morocco of different colours decorated with points of silk or of gold. All these articles are at the same time much lower in price than those fabricated in Europe. I purchased two of these magnificent bridles for a hundred and twenty piastres, about fifty francs.

But the dealers in eatables are those whose stores exhibit most order, elegance, and cleanness, and are in fact altogether most attractive to the eye. Their shops are set out in front with a multitude of baskets filled with vegetables of different kinds, dried fruits, and vegetable seeds, whose names I know not, but whose glossy surface presents a beautiful variety of form and colour, shining like

pebbles newly thrown up by the sea. Sundry kinds of bread, of every size and every quality, are likewise displayed outside the shops, with muffins and similar preparations, calculated for different hours of the day and different kinds of repast; they are vended hot, like our pastry, and have a delicious flavour. I have, in truth, never seen so many varieties of pastry as at Damascus, and it costs scarcely any thing.

There are restaurateurs also, who provide dinners for the merchants or promenaders of the bazaar. They furnish, however, neither table nor cloth; but present on skewers little pieces of meat about the size of a walnut, and baked in an oven. The customer bears the savory morsels away upon certain of the muffins before-mentioned, and eats them with finger and thumb. The numerous fountains of the bazaar furnish the sole liquid to wash down this Arab feast. A man might board himself plentifully at Damascus for two piastres, or about ten sous per day. The natives generally spend but half this sum upon their food. One might hire a beautiful house for from two to three hundred piastres a year. In fine, with an income of three or four hundred francs, a man might live at his ease—and it is the same all throughout Syria.

Proceeding through the bazaar, we reach the quarter occupied by the manufacturers of chests and trunks, which is a very considerable branch of industry; for all the moveable furniture of an Arab family consists in two or three trunks, wherein they stow their clothes and their trinkets. The greater

part of these chests are made of cedar wood, painted red, and they exhibit devices worked in gold nails. Several of these devices are, indeed, admirably sculptured in relief, and covered elegantly and ingeniously with arabesques. I bought three of these trunks, and despatched them by the caravan of Tarabourlous. The odour of cedar-wood, in fact, is expanded throughout every bazaar; and the atmosphere of these places, in which are mingled the thousand different perfumes exhaled from the shops of spice-sellers, druggists, venders of perfumed gems and amber, trunk-makers, cabinet-makers, or coffee-sellers, together with that of pipes unceasingly pouring forth their clouds of smoke, reminded me altogether of the impression which I experienced the first time I visited Florence, where the manufactories of cypress-wood filled the streets with an odour extremely similar.

Scherif-Bey, governor of Syria for Mehemet Ali, left Damascus this day. Intelligence having arrived during the night of the victory of Konia gained by Ibrahim over the Grand Vizier, Scherif-Bey, has profited by the terror wherewith the news has impressed the Damascenes, to go to Aleppo. He has confided the government of the city to an Egyptian general, assisted by a municipal council, the members of which are selected from the principal merchants of different nations. A camp of six thousand Egyptians and three thousand Arabs, is stationed at the gates of the town: the *coup-d'œil* presented by this assemblage is extremely picturesque: tents of all shapes and all colours are

raised under the shade of immense fruit-trees on the banks of the river. The horses, for the most part admirable, are fastened in long files stretched from one extremity of the encampment to another. Undisciplined Arabs are seen there, in all the grotesque diversity of their tribes, arms, and costumes; one party almost rising in appearance to the dignity of kings or patriarchs, another more resembling brigands of the desert. The bivouac-fires throw up their azure-tinted smoke meanwhile, which is trailed by the wind over the river or over the gardens of Damascus.

I was present at the departure of Scherif-Bey. All the principal agas of Damascus, and officers of the several corps established in and around the town, were assembled at the seraglio. The vast courts encircled by the dilapidated walls of the castle and palace, were filled with slaves leading or holding the most beautiful horses of the city, richly caparisoned. Scherif-Bey breakfasted in the interior apartments. I did not enter there, but remained with some Egyptian and Italian officers in the paved court. Thence we looked npon the crowd outside; saw the agas arrive in companies, and the black slaves pass, bearing upon their heads immense tin vessels, containing the several pilaus of the repast. The stud of Scherif-Bey was likewise set out here, and certainly comprised the very finest animals I had hitherto seen at Damascus. They are Turcomanian steeds, of a breed infinitely larger and stronger than the Arabian. They resemble, in fact, great Norman horses, with limbs more supple and muscu-

lar, a lighter head—and the eye large, ardent, fiery, yet gentle, of the Eastern steed. They are all of a kind of bay colour, with long flowing manes—true Homeric horses. At noon, Scherif-Bey took his departure, accompanied by an immense cavalcade two leagues distance from the town.

In the centre of the great bazaar of Damascus, I found the most beautiful Khan of the East, that of Hassad-Pacha. It exhibits an immense cupola, whose boldly-constructed arch reminds one of that of St. Peter's at Rome. It is equally supported by granite pillars. Behind these pillars are magazines of stores, and flights of steps conducting to the upper stories, where the chambers of the merchants are situated—each of whom, of any consideration, hires one of these rooms, depositing there the most valuable of his merchandise, and his books. Guards are on the watch both day and night, to ensure the security of the Khan; large stables are provided for the horses belonging to travellers or to caravans; beautiful fountains spout forth refreshing streams around the Khan; and in truth, it may almost be denominated the commercial Exchange of Damascus. The gate of the Khan of Hassad Pacha, which opens upon the bazaar, is one of the richest specimens of Moresque architecture, as well in conception as in all its details, and one of the most striking in point of effect, to be seen in the world. The Arabian style of architecture may there be recognized in its full perfection. Nevertheless, this edifice has been built within the last forty years. A people who possess architects ca-

pable of designing, and workmen capable of executing such a monument as the Khan of Hassad Pacha, cannot be characterized as dead to the arts. These Khans are generally built by wealthy Pachas, who bequeath them to their families, or to the cities which they are desirous to enrich.—They yield great revenues.

A little farther off, I saw, within a gate opening upon the bazaar, the great court-yard of the principal mosque of the town. It was formerly the church of St. John of Damascus. The building seemed to be of the period of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem—heavy, vast, and of that Byzantine style of architecture, which imitates, while it degrades the Grecian, and appears to be constructed of ruins. The large doors of the mosque were closed by heavy curtains; nor have I ever been able to view the interior. It is at the peril of death that a Christian profanes the mosque, as they term it, by entering therein. We were only permitted to stop a moment or two in the court-yard, on pretence of quenching our thirst at the fountain.

Same date.

The caravan from Bagdad arrived this day. It comprised three thousand camels, and encamped at the gates of the city. I bought several bales of Mocha coffee, such as I cannot procure elsewhere, together with some Indian shawls.

The caravan from Mecca has been suspended on account of the war. The Pacha of Damascus is charged with its escort. The Wahabites have

several times dispersed it; but Mehemet Ali has driven them back towards Medina. The last caravan, attacked by the cholera at Mecca, worn down with fatigue and destitute of water, almost wholly perished. No less than forty thousand pilgrims were left behind in the desert! The dust of the desert surrounding Mecca is in fact the dust of men. It is hoped that this year the caravan will be more successful under the auspices of Mehemet Ali; but ere many years have elapsed, the progress of the Wahabites will interdict for ever this pious pilgrimage.

The Wahabites may be termed the first reformers of Mahometanism. A sage, dwelling in the environs of Mecca, and named Aboul-Wahiab, has undertaken to restore Islamism to its original purity of faith; to extirpate, first by the arguments, then by the force, of the Arabs converted to his schism, those popular superstitions—the fruit of credulity and imposture—which in time modify all religions; and to construct, out of the religion of the East, a practical and rational Theism. There will be little ingenuity necessary to accomplish this; for Mahomet is not believed to be a God, but a being full of the spirit of God, who promulgated nothing more than the unity of God and charity towards man. Aboul-Wahiab himself is not taken for a prophet, but for a man illumined by the light of reason. Reason has in this instance made fanatics of the Arabs equally with fraud and superstition. They have armed themselves in her name; in her name have they conquered Mecca and Medina; stripped

the prophet's worship of the veneration hitherto paid it; and mustered a hundred thousand armed missionaries who threaten to change the entire aspect of the East. Mehemet Ali has indeed opposed a momentary barrier to their encroachments; but Wahabism still subsists and propagates itself in the three Arabias; and on the first opportunity these purifiers of Islamism will extend themselves as far as Jerusalem, Damascus, and even Egypt. Thus, human creeds are overturned even by the very same means that were used to propagate them. Nothing is impenetrable to the progressive light of reason, that gradual but incessant revelation of humanity. Mahomet issued from the same deserts with the Wahabites, to overturn idols and establish the pure worship, undefiled by sacrifices, of one immaterial God. Aboul-Wahiab comes in his turn, and, striking at popular credulity, aims at recalling Mahometanism to pure reason. Every succeeding age lifts a corner of the veil which hides the great presence of the God of Gods, and discovers him behind, under all those symbols which characterise him—alone, eternal, evident throughout nature, and imprinting his oracles upon the conscience.

Damascus, April 3d

We passed the day in traversing the city and its bazaars. Remembrances of St. Paul are always present to the Christian of Damascus. The ruins of the house are still visible, from whence he escaped during night, let down in a basket. Damascus was

one of the first spots wherein he sowed the seeds of that faith which has since changed the world—and these seeds fructified there rapidly. The East is the country of numerous creeds, of prodigies, and of superstitions. The grand idea which there fills and expands the imagination of all people, is that of religion. Throughout, the manners and laws of all the tribes are founded on the religious principle. The West has never displayed this—and why? Because they are a less noble race—children of barbarians, still savouring of their origin. These lofty matters are out of place in the West, where the lowest of human feelings and ideas constantly take precedence of the highest. It is the region of gold or of iron—of agitation and noise. The East is the region of profound meditation—of intuition—of adoration! But the West marches forward with a giant's step; and when religion and reason, which the darkness of the middle ages had separated, shall be united there in spirit and in truth, in light and in love, the religious principle shall germinate on its shores, and bring forth prodigies of virtue, of civilization and genius. So be it!

Damascus, April 4th.

There are thirty thousand Christians at Damascus, and forty thousand at Bagdad. Those of Damascus are either Armenians or Greeks. Some Catholic priests are opposed to those of the prevailing persuasions, and officiate for the members of their own communion. The inhabitants tolerate a few Catholic monks, who adopt the fashion of

their costume, and are considered as orientals. During my stay there I several times saw two Lazarist French priests, who inhabit a little convent buried in the poorest quarter of the Armenians. One of these, called Father Poussous, came to pass his evenings with us. He was a worthy man, pious, well-informed, and amiable. He took me to his convent, where he gave instruction to the children of poor Arab Christians. The pure love of good for itself alone retains in these deserts men who must constantly feel themselves insecure. Father Poussous, nevertheless, was serene, resigned, and even gay. From time to time he received, by the caravans from Syria, news and assistance from his superiors in France, together with some Catholic journals. He lent me several of the latter; and nothing appeared more strange to me, than to read of the intrigues, political or ecclesiastical, of the quarter of St. Sulpice, on the borders of the desert of Bagdad, behind Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, in the vicinity of Balbeck, in the centre of an immense throng of human beings occupied with ideas and interests altogether different, and where the names of our great men of the present day have never even reached. All is vanity of vanities, except the service of the most High God! and never was I more completely impressed with this truth than whilst travelling. How insignificant must be that agitation, the progress of which a sea can stop—that fame, the spreading of which a mountain can intercept—that renown, the object of which a strange tongue cannot even cor-

rectly name. Our true immortality is very different from this false and fleeting immortality we are so anxious to acquire here below.

We dined to-day with an old Christian of Damascus, whose age exceeded ninety years, but who still possessed the full use of all his faculties, physical and moral. This excellent and venerable person bore in his countenance abundant marks of benevolence, serenity, and virtue,—those feelings which smooth the approach to its termination of a pure and pious life. He loaded us with attentions of every description, running about for us here and there with all the alacrity of a young man. Father Poussous and his companion, two merchants of Bagdad, and a great Persian signor, who was on his road to Mecca, completed the tranquil party of the evening, seated on the divans of M. Baudin, and in the middle of vapours of tobacco, which perfumed whilst they obscured the atmosphere. By the assistance of M. Baudin and M. Mazoyer, my drogueman, we managed to converse with considerable facility. The most perfect cordiality and singleness of heart reigned throughout this entire meeting, among men from all the extremities of the globe. The customs of India and Persia; the recent events at Bagdad; the revolt of the Pacha against the Porte; these were the chief subjects of our conversation. The merchant of Bagdad had been obliged to fly across the desert in forty days, upon his dromedaries, with his treasures and two young Franks. He was impatiently awaiting news of his brother, of whose safety he was apprehensive;

and a letter from this brother was brought him during our interview. He had been fortunate enough to escape his perils, and would arrive with the rear-guard of the caravan which was shortly expected. Our companion shed tears of joy on reading this. We wept with him—both from sympathy, and from thinking of the difficulties we might have to encounter ourselves. These tears, shed at the same time by eyes which might never again gaze on each other round the hearth of a common friend—in the midst of a city wherein we were but passing strangers,—these tears, I say, softened our hearts still further, and we felt the emotions of actual friendship towards men whose names even were destined soon to perish from our remembrance.

April 4, 1833.

There was a terrible storm during the night. The lofty chambers in which we slept, having numerous unglazed windows, trembled like a vessel in a squall. The rain has, in some few instances, dissolved the roof of mud which form the terraces above these chambers, and inundated the floors. Fortunately our mattrasses were placed upon platforms raised from the ground by large Damascus chests. The bed-clothes sheltered us, but in the morning we found our garments floating about the chambers. These heavy storms are frequent at Damascus, and sometimes overturn houses whose foundations are not laid in marble. The climate is cold and humid during the winter months. Snow

falls abundantly in the mountains. This last winter half of the bazaars have been penetrated by the weight of the snows, and the roads rendered impassable during two months. The heats of summer, on the other hand, are it is said insupportable. Up to the present time we have experienced nothing of this. Almost every evening we light braziers called in this country mangales.

I bought another Arab stallion of a Bedouin whom I met at the gate of the city. I followed this cavalier, and contrived to enter upon a bargain with him in a manner at once appropriate and natural. This animal, smaller in size than that I had purchased of the Aga, is yet stronger and of a more rare colour, namely, that of the peach-tree. He is of a race whose name signifies king of the hough. I got him for four thousand piastres, and mounted, in order to try his paces. He is not so gentle as my other Arabian steed. His disposition seems, in fact, savage and intractable, but he appears indefatigable. I shall have Tedmor (which is the Arab name of Palmyra, and given by me to the horse I bought of the Aga,) led by one of my *sais* on foot; while I shall mount Scham during the route. Scham is the Arabian name of Damascus.

A chief of the tribe of the Bedouins of Palmyra, whom M. Baudin had summoned, is arrived here. He is charged to conduct me to Palmyra, and to bring me back safe and sound, on condition however that I shall go alone, and clad as a Bedouin of the Desert: he is to leave his son as an hostage at Damascus, during the interval. I and my party

deliberate upon this proposition. I strongly desired to see the ruins of Tedmor; nevertheless, as they appear to be less surprising than those of Balbeck, and will take at least ten days to visit and return from, and as my wife could not accompany me; as, moreover, the time for regaining the sea-shore at the point where our vessel will await us, is arrived,—I made up my mind to renounce, although with regret, this journey in the desert, and we prepared to depart the third day following.

April 6th, 1833.

We left Damascus at eight o'clock A. M., having traversed the town and its bazaars, which were encumbered by the crowd. Heard several injurious murmurs, and endured sundry opprobrious epithets, which were vented upon our party in consequence of its being taken for recruits about to join Ibrahim. We issued from the city by a different gate from that whereby we had entered it: followed the course of numerous delicious gardens, by a route which bordered a torrent, and was overshadowed by superb trees: climbed up the mountain, whence we had enjoyed so fine a prospect of Damascus; halted in order to contemplate it again, and bear away a perfect image of it. I understand that Arabian traditions represent this city and its neighbourhood to form the site of the lost Paradise; and certainly I should think that no place upon earth was better calculated to answer one's idea of Eden. The vast and fruitful plain, with the seven branches of the blue stream which irri-

gates it; the majestic framework of the mountains; the glittering lakes which reflect the heaven upon the earth; its geographical situation between the two seas; the perfection of the climate;—every thing indicates that Damascus has at least been one of the first towns that were ever built by the children of men—one of the natural halts of fugitive humanity in primeval times. It is in fact one of those sites pointed out by the hand of God for a city—a site predestined to sustain a capital, like Constantinople. These are perhaps the only two cities which could not possibly have taken their post in an empire from arbitrary selection; but which were palpably indicated by the configuration of the places. So long as the earth shall bear empires upon her surface, Damascus will continue to be a great city, and Stamboul the metropolis of the world. On emerging from the desert, and entering on the plains of Cœlo-Syria, and the valleys of Galilee, the caravans of India need repose—and they find a spot of enchantment at Damascus. Commerce is there upheld by industry. Damascus is, like Lyons, one vast manufactory. Its population, according to some, reaches four hundred thousand souls; according to others, only two hundred thousand. I cannot decide, and indeed it is impossible to do so: one can only conjecture. In the East, there is no exact census taken, and the traveller can only judge by the eye. By the extent of the crowd which inundates the streets and bazaars; by the number of armed men who issue from the houses on the least signal of revolution or tumult; and the extent

of ground which the houses cover, I should myself be inclined to believe, that those who are inclosed within the city walls might number between three and four hundred thousand souls. But if we do not limit the town thus arbitrarily—if we include in the aggregate of its population those who inhabit the immense faubourgs and villages which are confounded to the eye with the houses and gardens of this enormous assemblage of human beings, I should think that the territory of Damascus might nourish a million. I cast a lingering look upon it, with internal prayers for the welfare of M. Baudin, and the other excellent men who protected and enlivened our sojourn there; and then, a few paces of our steeds withdrew from our sight for ever even the tips of its trees, and of its minarets.

The Arab who walked beside my horse pointed out to me, on the horizon, a large lake which glittered at the foot of a mountain; and he related to me a history connected therewith, of which at the time I understood only a few words, but which my drogueman afterwards interpreted.

There was a herdsman, whose business it was to tend camels upon the borders of this lake, which belonged to the inhabitants of a desert-district of this high mountain. One day, while engaged in watering his herd, he perceived that the water of the lake escaped by a subterranean channel, which he closed with a huge stone, but at the same time let fall therein his shepherd's staff. Some time after, a stream dried up in one of the provinces of Persia. The Sultan, seeing this part of his do-

minions threatened with famine by want of water to irrigate the land, consulted the sages of his empire, and by their advice sent emissaries into all the surrounding countries to discover in what manner the source of his river had been diverted or dried up. These messengers carried with them the shepherd's staff, which the subterranean channel had brought to light. The herdsman chanced to be at Damascus when the emissaries arrived there; he recollected the staff which he had accidentally lost, approached, and recognized it to be the same which they held in their hands.—"What will the Sultan bestow upon the man who will restore to him his flood?" demanded he.

"The Sultan," replied the messengers, "will bestow on him the hand of his daughter, and half his dominions."

"Depart then," rejoined the herdsman, "and before you can regain the Sultan's court, the lost stream shall flow again through the land of Persia, and rejoice his royal heart."

The herdsman repaired to the mountain, rolled back the block of stone, and the waters, resuming their course through the secret channel, filled anew the bed of the important river. The Sultan hereupon dispatched fresh ambassadors, who conveyed his daughter under their escort to the fortunate herdsman, who was also gifted with half the provinces of the empire.

These marvellous traditions are preserved with entire faith among the credulous Arab populations; not one individual doubts them, because, in fact, the imagination doubts nothing.

April 7th.

I encamped last evening under the brow of a lofty mountain, after eight hours' march through a country hilly, naked, sterile, and cold. We were overtaken by a caravan less numerous than our own. It was that of the Cadi of Damascus, sent every year from Constantinople, and who was on his return thither, to embark at Alexandretta. His wives and family travelled in a kind of double basket, poised upon the back of a mule; one woman and several little children occupying each half of the receptacle, the whole being covered up. This caravan passed us and proceeded to encamp much farther on.

A rough journey of ten hours' march in severe cold, and through valleys completely deserted. We traversed, for one whole hour, the bed of a torrent, wherein large masses of stone rolled down from the mountains, intercepted every instant the progress of our horses. I mounted for an hour or two my fine steed, Tedmor, in order to give rest to Scham. In spite of having undergone two days of so fatiguing a route, this magnificent animal sprang forward like a gazelle over the rocky footing of the desert. In a moment he outstripped the fleetest coursers of the caravan. He is gentle and intelligent as a swan, of which he has both the whiteness and the grace. I will carry him to Europe, togegether with Scham and Saide. As soon as I alighted, he escaped me, and bounded on to rejoin the Arab, called Mansours, who tends and leads him. He reclined his head on his shoulders like a fond

spaniel; there is, indeed, as perfect a fraternity between the Arab and his horse, as there is between us and the dog. Mansours and Daher, my two principal Arab *sais*, whom I had brought from the environs of Baireut, and who had now been in my service a year, are the most faithful and gentle of domestics; steady, indefatigable, sagacious, attached to their masters and their steeds, always ready to encounter with us an impending peril,—what might not an able leader achieve with such a race of men! If I had one quarter of the wealth of a banker of Paris or London, I would renovate in ten years the face of Syria; all the elements of regeneration are there; nothing is wanted but a hand to unite and arrange them, an eye to select a foundation, and a will to guide a people!

I slept in a kind of hostelry, quite isolated upon a plain: the cold was extreme, but we found a little wood and lighted a fire in the low chamber where we spread our carpet. Our provisions brought from Damascus were exhausted; we therefore kneaded a little barley-flour which had been destined for our horses, and eat the cakes which were bitter and black.

At daybreak we departed; and having travelled for twelve hours through a barren and deserted land, arrived at a small village, where we found a shelter, some fowls, and a little rice. The rain inundated us during the whole day; we were not above eight hours' journey from the route of the valley of Beka; but we mean to coast it by its eastern extremity, much lower down than Balbeck.

April 7.

Arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon, in sight of the desert of Beka. Our caravan made a hesitating halt. The plain, from that point where we stood, even to the foot of Lebanon, which uplifts itself like a wall on the other side, is one immense lake, in the middle whereof several black-looking islands emerge, while, in other places, the tops of trees only, rise above the surface. Vast antique ruins crown a hill about three leagues from us. How are we to traverse, with no other guide than chance, this inundated plain? Nevertheless, it is necessary to move forward without delay. To-morrow we may not be able to cross it at all; for the rain continues to descend, and the mountain-torrents, in all directions, launch their streams into the hollows. We accordingly marched on, for two hours, upon the most elevated plain, which brought us towards that hill whereon, as I have said, stood the extensive ruins of a temple. These are on our left-hand: they appeared to be the unknown relics of some city, now without name, and which flourished contemporaneously with Balbeck. Shafts of gigantic columns have rolled down the sides of the hill, and lie in the dirt at our feet. The day declined, the rain increased, and we had not time to ascend to the temple.

This hill being passed, we could make no further progress, unless in water up to our horses' knees. At every instant, one of our mules slipped and rolled with his load of baggage into the deep gulfs, whence our moukres extricated them with great difficulty.

We made an Arab precede us at the distance of twenty paces, in order to sound the ground; but, when we had reached the middle of the plain, at that point where the stream of Balbeck hollows its bed, the soil seemed to give way beneath us, and it became actually necessary to swim over a space of thirty or forty feet. My Arabs, throwing themselves into the water, and holding the horses by the head, conveyed across my wife and an English *femme-de-chambre*, who accompanied her. We all at length gained the opposite shore.

Night had now almost completely set in. We hastened to cross the rest of the valley, whilst there still remained a glimmering of twilight to guide us. We passed near one or two ruinous huts, inhabited by a ferocious tribe of the Arabs of Balbeck. Had they attacked us at this juncture, we should have been at their mercy; all our arms being entirely out of order. The Arabs gazed at us from their terraced roofs, but descended not into the morass. At the very moment when night positively fell around us, the surface of the ground began to rise, and we were, at length, high and dry upon the extreme borders of the chain of Lebanon. We guided ourselves towards a remote light which twinkled at a distance of three leagues, from the verge of a mountain; it was, no doubt, from the town of Zarkley. Overcome with fatigue, half-frozen with cold, and wet even to our bones, we at last succeeded in reaching the first heights upon which rises the town. There, on calling over our muster-roll, we found that one of our friends, M. de Capmas, was

missing. We made a dead stop;—we shouted his name; we fired several guns; but still, no answer. We detached two horsemen to prosecute the search, and entered ourselves into Zarkley. It took us an hour to coast a river which runs round the town, and to find a bridge that crosses it. Our jaded horses could scarce keep their footing upon the slippery stones of this bridge, abrupt, and without parapet. At length, the house of the Greek Bishop received us. We lighted fires of brambles in the huts which surround the court. The bishop lent us some mats and carpets. We were quite exhausted. The two Arabs, who had been sent to seek our friend, returned with him in safety. They brought him in half dead, and placed him beside the hearth. He slowly revived. We found, at the bottom of a trunk saturated with water, a bottle of rum; the bishop provided us with sugar; and we succeeded in reanimating with some glasses of punch our sinking comrade. Meanwhile, the Arabs prepared for us the pilau. The poor bishop had literally nothing more than a shelter to offer us; but the curiosity of the women and children of Zarkley was such, that at each instant they absolutely encumbered the court, and pushed open the doors of our chambers to gaze on the two Frank women. I was ultimately obliged to station two armed Arabs at the gate of the court-yard, to interdict their entrance.

The next day, we remained at Zarkley, in order to get our clothes thoroughly dry, and renew the various provisions for our route, which had

been destroyed by the inundation of the previous evening.

Zarkley is a town wholly Christian, and founded a few years since in a mountain gorge upon the side of Lebanon. It owes its rapid and prodigious increase to the persecuted families of Armenian and Greek Christians of Damascus and Homs. It counts from eight to ten thousand inhabitants, possesses a considerable traffic in silk, and is augmenting itself every day. Under the protection of the Emir Beschir, the Sovereign of Lebanon, it is no longer disquieted by the incursions of the tribes of Balbeck and Anti-Lebanon. The inhabitants, industrious, active, and agricultural, till the heights most sedulously that descend from the mountain into the plain, and endeavour to turn to account even those parts of the desert which lie next them.

The aspect of the town is very extraordinary. It presents a confused assemblage of black-looking houses built of earth, without either regularity or symmetry, on the steep sides of two hillocks separated by a stream. The ravine from whence the stream descends before it flows round the city and through the plain, is a large and deep indentation of perpendicular rocks which part, as it were, to give passage to the torrent. It rolls from platform to platform, forming three or four cascades in sheets of water, which cover all the breadth of these natural platforms or successive steps. The foam of the torrent wholly envelopes the rocks, and the noise of the falls resounds through the streets of Zarkley with a murmur heavy but continual. Several very

neat houses shine out from amidst the verdure of poplars and lofty vines above the cascades. Among them is the house of refuge of our friend M. Baudin, while another is a convent of Maronite monks.

The river, after having traversed the mansions of the town, which are grouped and suspended in a manner the most grotesque on its precipitous banks, almost indeed hanging over its bed, proceeds to water the narrow fields and meadows below, over which its fluid has been carefully distributed by the townsmen in a thousand rivulets. Curtains, as it were, of tall Persian poplars stretch along its course, and direct the eye, as through a verdant avenue, as far as the desert of Balbeck and the snowy points of Anti-Lebanon. Almost all the inhabitants are either Syriac or Damascene Greeks. The houses resemble the miserable huts of the peasants of Savoy or Brescia; yet each one has its shop, or workshop, where saddlers, armourers, and even watchmakers, pursue, though with clumsy tools, their peculiar trades.

The people themselves appeared to be worthy and hospitable. The sight of strangers like us, so far from frightening or amazing, seemed to be agreeable to them. They offered us all the little services that our situation required, and were evidently proud of the degree of prosperity which their town had attained. Zarkley may be considered as a kind of appendix to a great commercial city, destined, even, one day to vie with Damascus, and to rival, in the commercial dealings of its Christian population, those of the Mahometan race of the

larger repertorium. If the death of the Emir Reschir should not destroy that unity of sway which combines all the powers of Lebanon under one chief, Zarkley, some twenty years hence, will be the first town of Syria. Other places deteriorate; but it increases: others sleep; but it labours. The Greek genius every where exhibits the principle of activity which is in the very blood of that lively European race. But the activity of Asiatic Greece is valuable and fruitful; whereas that of Greece of the Morea and the Isles, is only a sterile agitation. The air of Asia softens the blood of the Greeks: there, they always exhibit a people admirably civilized; elsewhere, they are frequently barbarians. It is the same with respect to the physical beauty of the race. The Greek women of Asia are *chef-d'œuvres* of creation—imagination, grace, and voluptuousness sparkle in their eyes. The female Greeks of the Morea and the Isles have fresh-looking but hard features; and their eyes, dark and fiery, want the sweet languishing expression which bespeaks mildness and sensibility. The eyes of the one race may be likened to ardent coals; those of the other, to a lambent flame veiled by humid vapours.

Same date.

The poor Greek Bishop of Zarkley is descended from a family of Aleppo, where he passed his early life amidst the elegance and luxurious effeminacy of that city, the Athens of Asia; he is, however, here quite an exile, without society or mental resources. His manners have preserved that dignity for which

the inhabitants of Aleppo are remarkable; but in the extreme penury to which he is reduced, he could offer us nothing besides the use of his humble dwelling. We spoke Italian with him. I presented him, at parting, with five hundred piastres for the use of the poor of his district—or of himself, for he seemed in a most wretched condition. Some Arabian and Greek books lying in confusion about his room, and an old trunk containing his magnificent furred cloak and his episcopal robes, comprised his whole riches.

I took guides at Zarkley to enable me to pass Lebanon by an unknown road, the ordinary route being blocked up by the great quantity of snow that had fallen during the winter. We proceeded first by gentle acclivities over hills planted with vines and mulberry-trees. We soon, however, arrived at the region of rocks, and of torrents without beds, of which, indeed we passed about thirty in less than six hours. These falls are so rapid, that they have not time to hollow out a course for themselves: they have the appearance of a curtain of foam, gliding over the naked rock, and passing with the rapidity of the wings of a bird. The sky was now covered with clouds, which, although the day was but little advanced, already intercepted the light; deluging us in their vapoury waves as they rolled along, and frequently concealing from us the head of our caravan, thus involved in darkness. The snow also began to fall in large flakes, obliterating all traces of the path, which our guides sought in vain, and we had some difficulty in sup-

porting our weary horses, whose iron shoes caused them to slip on the steep ledge which we were obliged to follow. The magnificent prospect of the Valley of Balbeck beneath us, and the summits of Anti-Lebanon, with the noble ruins of the Temples of Bekâ, (lying in the full blaze of day), we could only catch glimpses of at short intervals, through the chinks of the dividing clouds; we appeared to be sailing in the heavens, and our resting-place, from which we were viewing the earth, seemed not to belong to it.

And now the murmuring winds, that had slept in the deep and lofty defiles of the mountains, began to utter a mournful sound, as from beneath the earth, like the roaring of a heavy sea after a storm. The gusts passed like thunder-bolts, sometimes over our heads, and sometimes in the lower regions, beneath our feet, driving before them as dead leaves, masses of snow, quantities of stones, and even large pieces of rock, with the same violence wherewith they would have been thrown from the cannon's mouth. Two of our horses were struck by them, and rolled over the precipice: not one of us, however, was touched. My young Arabian stallions, that were being led, seemed petrified with terror; they stopped short and raised their nostrils. They did not neigh, but uttered a guttural cry similar to the rattling in a man's throat. We walked close together, both for the sake of mutual protection, and that we might the more easily afford each other assistance in the event of an accident.

The night grew darker and darker; and the snow, which beat in our eyes, deprived us of the little light which might still have directed us. The whirlwind filled all the defile in which we were with snow, which, turning rapidly round, rose in columns to the sky, and fell again in immense sheets, like the foam of a huge wave upon the rocks beneath. There were times when it was impossible to breathe; our guides stopped every instant; hesitated, and discharged their muskets as signals to us; but the furious wind would allow nothing to be heard, and the sound of our arms resembled the light crack of a whip.

In proportion, however, as we advanced farther into this lofty defile of the highest regions of Lebanon, we heard, with considerable alarm, a deep, continued low roar, which increased from time to time, and formed, as it were, the bass of this horrible concert of warring elements. It seemed as if a part of the mountain had fallen and was rolling down like a torrent of rocks. The thick cloud, touching the very ground, hid every thing from us, and we, therefore, knew not where we were; when we saw pass suddenly by us horses without riders, mules without burthens, and several camels, who were flying down the snowy side of the mountain. These were quickly followed by some Arabs, who calling out to us, directed us to stop, showing us at the same time, with their hands, at forty or fifty paces beneath us, a ruinous cottage built against a rock, which the clouds had hitherto concealed from us. A column of smoke, and the glimmer of a fire, were

to be seen through the door of this cabin, the roof of which, of enormous branches of cedar, had just been half carried away by the hurricane, and was now hanging against the wall. This, the dwelling of Murat-Bey, was the only asylum that we could procure on this part of Lebanon. A poor Arab inhabits it during the summer, to offer barley and a shelter to the caravans of Damascus which pass by this route into Syria.

We descended thither with some difficulty, by means of steps cut in the rock, but now covered a foot deep with snow. The torrent, which flowed a hundred paces beneath the cottage, and which we had to cross in order to ascend to the highest region of the mountains, had become all at once an immense river, hurrying along with it huge masses of stone, and the wrecks of the tempest. Surprised on its banks by the whirlwind, and half buried in snow, the Arabs whom we met had taken the burthens from their camels and mules, and had left them on the spot, to save themselves at the cottage of Murat. We found it, indeed, filled with these men and their beasts; no space was left either for us or our horses; nevertheless, sheltered by the projection of rock, which was larger than a a house, we felt the wind less, and the clouds of snow, hurried from the summit of Lebanon, and passing over our heads in their progress to the plain, began to fall less heavily, and allowed us to perceive at intervals, a small portion of the sky where the stars were already glittering. The wind soon after altogether fell; we dismounted and en-

deavoured to construct a shelter in which we might pass, not only the night, but perhaps many days, if the torrent, which we heard without seeing it, should continue to obstruct the passage.

Beneath the walls of the cabin, and under shelter of a part of the branches of cedar which had formed the roof, there was a space of ten feet square covered up with snow and mud. We swept away the snow, but there still remained a foot of soft mire on which we could not place our carpets; we therefore drew from the roof some branches of trees which we laid like a hurdle upon the saturated ground, and which thus prevented our mats from becoming soaked in the water; our mattrasses, our carpets, and our cloaks formed a second flooring; we lighted a fire in one corner of our retreat, and thus we passed the long night between the 7th and 8th of April 1833. From time to time the hurricane, which had been hushed, again rose; the mountain seemed about to tumble to pieces; the enormous rock against which the cottage had been built, trembled like the trunk of a tree shaken by a gust of wind, and the torrent seemed to fill all space with its continued roar. We contrived, however, to get to sleep at last, and were awakened at a late hour the following day by the dazzling rays of an unclouded sun upon the snow. The Arabs, our companions, had departed; they had made the passage of the torrent in safety, and we perceived them at a distance climbing the hills over which we had to follow them. We now set out ourselves, and walked for four hours through a lofty valley, where as on

the summit of Mont Blanc, we saw nothing but the snow beneath our feet, and the sky above our heads. The dazzling effect upon our eyes, the dead silence, and the danger that attended each step as we advanced over these deserts of newly fallen snow, (where not a trace of path was to be found,) induced a solemn and regilious train of thought, as we traversed these lofty pillars of the earth, the spine as it were of a continent. We looked involuntarily towards each point of the horizon and of the heavens, and every phenomenon of nature attracted our attention; one, indeed, presented an appearance which I had never before observed. Suddenly, at the summit of Lebanon, against the side of a projection half shaded from the morning sun, I beheld a magnificent rainbow, not thrown up like an airy bridge, uniting the mountain-top with the heavens, but lying upon the snow in concentric circles, like a serpent of most dazzling colours; it was like a rainbow-nest surprised on the most inaccessible ridge of Lebanon. As the sun rose and fell upon the white projection, the circles of the rainbow, of a thousand mingling hues, appeared to be disturbed and to rise. The extremity of these luminous volutes springing in effect from the earth, mounted some fathoms toward heaven, as if it essayed to lance itself toward the sun, and descended again in light-coloured vapour and liquid pearls, which fell thick around us. We seated ourselves there, in this region of snow, in order to dry before the sun our miry shoes. We had begun to perceive the deep and black valleys of the Maronites; and

in two hours descended to the village of Hamana, situated at the head of the magnificent valley of that name, and where we had already reposed ourselves on our way to Damascus. The Scheik appropriated to our use three houses of the village. The evening sun gilded the broad leaves of the fig and mulberry-trees; husbandmen trailed along their ploughs; women and children were promenading in the different roads between the houses, and saluted us with a smile of hospitality. Animals paced over the fields; pigeons and fowls covered the terrace roofs; and the clocks of two Maronite churches jingled heavily through the tops of the cypresses, ringing in order to announce the pious ceremonies of the morrow, which was Sunday. All pictured, in a word, the aspect, the sounds, and the tranquillity of a little quiet village in France or Italy; and the effect was strange, recognizing the resemblance immediately on issuing from the precipices of Lebanon, the deserts of Balbeck, and the inhospitable streets of Damascus. Never, perhaps, was there transition so rapid, so agreeable. We resolved to pass the Sunday among this interesting and worthy people, and to repose during that entire day after our long fatigues.

The day was accordingly passed at Hamana. The Scheik partially furnished us with provisions, and some purchases at the market rendered our stock abundant. The females of Hamana came to visit us consecutively throughout the day. They are far less handsome than the Syrians who dwell near the sea-shore. They constitute a pure Maronite

race—have all the appearance of strength and health —but their features are too marked; the eye, likewise, somewhat hard; the complexion rather too ruddy. Their costume consists of white pantaloons, or trousers, and, above these, a long robe of blue cloth, open in front, and leaving the bosom bare: necklaces, formed of innumerable piastres, adorn the neck, and fall over the throat, and even as low as the shoulders. The married women complete this costume by a silver horn, about a foot in circumference, and sometimes a foot and a half in length; and this they fix upon their twisted hair, and it rises over the forehead a little obliquely. This horn, sculptured or carved, is attached to the extremity of a muslin veil which is suspended thence, and occasionally conceals the countenance. They never lay aside this ornamental horn, even during sleep. This peculiar custom, however, whereof one cannot decipher the exact meaning or origin—which can be only traceable to the vagaries of the human intellect—disfigures them not a little, and gives a heaviness to all the movements of the head and neck.

April 9th.

We quitted Hamana at five o'clock, A. M., on a morning veiled in mists, and travelled, for two hours, over the steep declivities and high ridges of Lebanon, descending towards the Plains of Syria. The valley, which we leave on the right, hollows and enlarges itself more and more under our feet. It might be there about two leagues in breadth, and one league,

at least, in depth. The transparent waves of morning vapour moved softly, like waves of the sea, throughout the prospect, and left nothing visible above them but the high points of mamelons, the heads of cypresses, and some turrets of villages, or of Maronite monasteries. Soon, however, the sea-breeze, which mounted insensibly with the sun, unrolled gradually all these vapourous waves, turning them back in white masses, to be confounded with the snowy summits upon which they lie, in the form of light grey spots.

The valley is now fully disclosed. Why has not the eye a language qualified to paint by a single word as it sees by a single glance? I would wish to preserve eternally in my memory the incomparable scenes and impressions of the Valley of Hamana. I stand above one of the thousand torrents which furrow its sides with their bounding foam; and behold, through its masses of rock, the hanging meadows, the cypress clumps, the groves of poplars, the wild grapes, and black carobs, which run even to the depths of the valley, adorning there the central stream which flows through its entire length. The valley is so deep that my eye cannot penetrate to its bottom. I only hear, at intervals, the mingled roaring of its waters and leaves; the lowing of its herds; and the distant and silvery sound of its monastery-bells. The morning mist is still wrinkled over the deep bed of the gorge which bounds the principal torrent. Here and there, winding around several high mounds, I perceived the white line of foam which it traces in this dark

shade. From the same side of the valley at which we stand, I see arise, at about a quarter of a league distance from one another, three or four large platforms, resembling natural pedestals. Their sides, very steep, are of a greyish granite. These platforms, of the circumference of about half-a-league, are entirely clothed with forests of cedar, fir, and umbrella-shaped pines, with large tops. One may distinguish huge branches shooting from these trees, between which the morning light circulates and plays. Their black and motionless leaves are intersected here and there by light columns of blue smoke, rising from the cabins of Maronite labourers, and by little stone ogives, within which the village clocks are hung. Two large monasteries, whose walls shine like copper, are built upon two platforms of pines. They are not unlike fortresses of the middle ages. One sees, underneath, convents, and Maronite monks, clothed in their black capuchins, who labour between the stocks of vines and huge chestnut-trees. Two or three villages, grouped around rocky mamelons, are visible still lower down, like bee-hives clustered about the trunks of old trees. Beside every cottage some tufts of pale verdure appear; these are pomegranates, figs, or olive-trees, which begin to fructify at the depth of the valley. The eye loses itself, at length, in the impenetrable shade of the bottom of the gorge. If we lift our regard beyond this ravine, upon the opposite side of the mountain, we perceive, in some parts, perpendicular walls of rocky granite, which almost pierce the clouds.

Above these natural walls are patches of the most lovely vegetation, high summits of firs, hanging over the chasms below, immense heads of sycamores, looking like huge spots on the face of heaven; and, again, behind these pinnacles of vegetation, steeples belonging to villages or monasteries, whereto one cannot even imagine any access.

In other places, the granite sides of the mountains are broken into wide cavities, where the sight is lost in the obscurity of forests, and nothing can be distinguished save certain luminous points, which are, in fact, the beds of torrents and of little lakes. Elsewhere, the rocks altogether disappear: immense circular bastions flank them, like eternal fortifications, and terminate at their angles in towers and turrets. Elevated valleys, which the eye can scarcely fathom, sink or emerge amidst ramparts of snow or wood; and here descends the principal torrent of Hamana, which one sees at first rushing like a vast gutter of snow, then losing itself in a huge basin, resounding with cascades, where it is divided into seven or eight shining branches, afterwards vanishing behind black masses, to re-appear in one single strip of foam, which bends and unbends itself according to the sinuosities of the ground, over the slow or rapid declivities of the hills. It plunges, at length, into the principal valley, whereinto it falls in a cascade of one hundred paces broad, and two hundred feet high. Its foam, which rebounds up again, and which the wind blows here and there, covers with floating rainbows the crests of the huge pines which border the fall.

At our left, the valley, in descending towards the sea-shore, expanded itself, and exhibited to the eye the sides of its hills more woody and better cultivated; its river serpentining between mamelons crowned with monasteries and hamlets. Farther off, the palm-trees uplift themselves behind low hillocks covered with olive-trees, displaying their tufts of yellow-green, and intersecting the long line of golden sand which borders the sea. The eye is at length lost in the uncertain distance—uncertain whether sea or sky.

The details of this magnificent *ensemble*, are no less attractive than the general *coup d'œil*. At each winding of the rocks, at each summit of the hills whither the path conducts the traveller, he perceives a new prospect,—wherein waters, trees, rocks, the ruins of bridges or aqueducts, snow, sea, and the fiery sand of the desert, all are mingled in some unexpected manner, drawing forth an exclamation of surprise and delight. I have seen Naples and its islands, with the valleys of the Alps and the Appenines, in Savoy or in Switzerland;—but the valley of Hamana and some others scattered about Lebanon, effaced the recollection of all these. The hugeness of the masses of rock; the multiplied waterfalls; the purity and depth of the heavens; the prospect of vast seas bounding the horizon in every direction; the picturesque appearance of the hamlets and convents perched like human nests upon heights whither the regard almost dreads to follow them; in a word, the sense of novelty induced by the colour, sometimes dark, sometimes

light, of the vegetation,—the majesty of the venerable trees, many of whose trunks resemble columns of granite,—all this combined, colours, as it were, and solemnizes the country, and stirs the soul with emotions far more profound and religious than do the Alps themselves. It may be remarked, that no region can be considered perfect that does not possess a sea-coast. Here the ocean, the desert, and the heavens form the frame-work of this sublime picture: and the ravished eye glances eternally from the depth of forests, from the umbrageous banks of rivulets, from the summit of aerial peaks, or from the tranquil scenes of rural or cenobitical life, to the blue sea ploughed by ships, to the naked height of snowy rocks, or to the yellow waves of the desert, where the caravans of camels describe afar off their sinuous route. Such is this incessant contrast, which gives birth to a whole host of thoughts and ideas, and solemn impressions of heaps of stone, of poetry, and of severe, yet glowing beauty.

Same date.

At noon, we encamped under our tents, on the mid-heights of Lebanon, to let pass the extreme heat of the day. They brought me an Arab courier, who was on his way to seek me at Damascus. He put into my hands a packet of letters arrived from Europe, which announced, among other things, my nomination to the Chamber of Deputies. This was a new source of annoyance added to all the others. Unfortunately I had aspired to this

distinction at another period, myself soliciting a mark of confidence, which I could not, without ingratitude, now decline. I will accept it, and go. But oh! how much do I now wish that this cup might pass far from me. The future presents nothing to me, individually, in this drama of the social and political world whose principal scene is acted amongst the French. I have none of those aspirations for glory and fortune which constitute the impulsive force of public men. The only interest which I shall take in their stormy deliberations will be the common interest of the country and of humanity. These are indeed abstract existences to men who would possess the present hour alone, and bring about, at any price, the aggrandizement of family, of caste, or of party. How can the calm and impartial voice of philosophy be heard amongst the tumult of conflicting and contradictory facts and opinions? Who is he that can penetrate the future, and define its boundaries, behind the dust raised by actual warfare? No matter: man chooses neither his own path, nor his own work. God assigns him his task, according to his circumstances and his convictions:—it must be accomplished. But I can foresee, for myself, nothing but a moral martyrdom in the melancholy duty now imposed upon me.

I was born for action. Poetry, in me, is but action modified. I have thought, and, in the absence of other power, have expressed in words my ideas and sentiments. But now, activity solicits me no longer. I have too deeply proved the value of sublunary

things not to estimate them thoroughly. I have lost too many of the beings whom my active life could interest, not to be deprived of all personal stimulus to exertion. A life of contemplation, of philosophy, of poetry, and solitude, will form the only resting-place for my heart before it is finally broken.

April 10th, 1833.

Return to Baireut, and visit to the Cedars of Solomon.

We arrived here yesterday, and I passed two hours in the convent of the Franciscans, at that tomb in which all my future hopes lie buried. There are no tidings of the Alceste, which is to convey these precious remains to France, and I have freighted another vessel for our own conveyance. We shall sail in company; but the mother will at least be spared the pain of being in the same apartment with the body of her child. We intend visiting Kesrouan, Tripoli in Syria, Latakia, Antioch, and the Cedars of Lebanon, which tower on the summits of the mountains behind Tripoli, whilst Captain Coulonne is making the necessary preparations for the reception of so numerous a party. Our many friends here have visited us this morning: namely, the governor, a Maronite Prince; Habib Barbara, our country neighbour, who has treated us since our arrival, and more especially since our affliction, with the zeal of true friendship; M. Borneo, the Sardinian Consul, and M. Borda, a young and amiable Piedmontese, brought by the caprice

of fortune to the deserts of the East (as an associate in the religious mission here), when his education, character, and taste, qualify him to shine as a diplomatist in the most polished courts of Europe; M. Laurella, the Austrian consul; M. Farren, the consul-general, and M. Abbot, special consul from England to Syria; a young French merchant, named Humann, from whose company we have derived equal advantage and pleasure during our sojourn here; M. Caillé, the French traveller; M. Jorelle, first interpreter to the consulship;—this young man, educated in France, was brought early to the East, and is complete master of Turkish and Arabic—upright, active, intelligent, and full of natural courtesy, to oblige another is to oblige himself. Lastly, M. Guys, the French consul to Syria, a worthy representative of our national honour in these countries, where his character commands the respect of the Arabs, but who has only recently come here, and with whom of course we are not so well acquainted as with his colleagues.

I transcribe all these various names of individuals who have loaded us with favours during a year's residence among them, that I may be ever reminded of the respective debt of gratitude I owe to each. Were it not for the letter I received yesterday—were it not for the recollection of my aged father, which is ever present to my mind, recalling me to France,—if I had to select a place of exile in this world wherein to end my earthly pilgrimage, it is here that I would make that selection, in the bosom of solitude and of the beauties of nature.

April 13th, 1833.

We started this morning at four o'clock with the same caravan I had got together for Damascus; took the sea-shore as far as Cape Batroun—a route previously described—and slept at Djebail, in a khan outside of the city, and which lies on a rising ground overlooking the sea. All that is worthy of note in this town is a mosque of Christian architecture, and which, it is probable, was originally a church built by the counts of Tripoli. Djebail is supposed to be the country of the ancient Gibbites, who supplied King Hiram with blocks of stone for the building of the Temple of Solomon.

The father of Adonis had a palace here; and the worship of the son constituted the religion of all the neighbouring country of Syria. To the left of the town is a castle remarkable both for its elegance and the science with which its several fortifications have been planned. We went into the town to view the harbour, in which floated some Arab barks. The inhabitants are almost exclusively Maronites. A beautiful Arab lady, richly dressed, paid my wife a visit in the caravanserai, and we made her some trifling presents. On the next day we continued to follow the sea-shore, which formed indeed the base of the mountains of Castravan, and we slept under our tents, in a delightful situation, on the confines of the territory of Tripoli. Here the road leaves the coast, and taking a sudden turn to the right, plunges into a narrow valley, through which runs a rivulet.

About a league from the sea, the valley contracts and is completely shut in by a rock, fully a hundred feet high, and from five to six hundred feet in circumference. This rock, whether it be natural, or hewn out of the side of the mountain which adjoins it, bears on its summit a gothic castle, in a state of complete preservation, but the abode only of the jackal and the eagle; staircases, cut out of the rock itself, communicate with terraces ranged one above another, protected by towers and battlements, and terminated in a platform, whence rises up the donjon-keep, pierced with loop-holes. A luxuriant vegetation covers the castle, its walls, and turrets; immense sycamores have struck root in its halls, and rear their spreading heads above the crumbling roof:—the ivy clinging to doors and windows; the lichens revealing here and there the colours of the stone; and the numberless parasitic plants which hang in profuse and tufted festoons, give this fine monument of the middle ages the appearance of a castle framed of moss and ivy. A beautiful spring flows at the foot of the rock, shaded by three of the finest trees that can be imagined. They are a species of elm. The shadows of one of them shielded our tents, our thirty horses, and the scattered groups of our Arabs.

The next day we ascended a rising ground, on whose white and slippery sides our horses could scarcely keep footing. Its summit displays a boundless prospect of all the western shore of Syria, as far as the Gulf of Alexandria; of Mount Taurus, and a little to the right, the Plains of

Aleppo, and the Hills of Antioch, with the course of the Orontes. From this spot, three hours' journey took us to the gates of Tripoli, where we were expected; and when about a league from the town, we were received by a party of young Frank merchants, of different nations, and by some officers of Ibrahim's army, who had come to meet us. A son of M. Lombart, a French merchant settled at Tripoli, requested us, from his father, to make his house our home; but being unwilling to trespass upon him, we repaired to the Franciscan convent, which we found inhabited by one monk only, who gave us a hearty welcome. We spent two days at Tripoli, and dined with M. Lombart, in whose house we met with a family ever ready to extend its hospitality to a countryman. In the evening we went for an hour to the abode of Messrs. Katchiflisse, Greek merchants, and consuls for Russia, whose family has been established in Tripoli from time immemorial, and have a handsome palace there. Madame Katchiflisse, and her two daughters, are celebrated throughout Syria for their beauty and the charm of their manners, in which are exquisitely blended the Asiatic reserve, the charming freedom of the Greeks, and the finished politeness of the most elegant of our European females. They received us in a large vaulted apartment, lighted by a cupola, and cooled by a fountain of running water. They were seated on a semi-circular divan, which occupied the extremity of the room, and the whole was covered with rich carpets, strewed with sherbet, pipes, and vases of flowers; and, clad in their

Oriental costume, these ladies presented, in their different styles of beauty, the completest picture on which the eye of man could fall. We spent a delightful evening in their company, and promised to see them again on our return.

The Scheik of Eden, the last inhabited village on the summit of Lebanon, was the uncle, by the mother's side, of my interpreter, M. Mazoyer. Hearing from his nephew of our arrival at Tripoli, the venerable Scheik descended from his mountains with his son, and a party of followers, to pay me a visit in the Franciscan convent, and to invite me to his house at Eden. From Eden to the cedars of Soloman, is only three hours' journey; and, if not hindered by the snows which still covered the mountain, we should be enabled to visit those primeval trees which have shed their glory over Lebanon, and are contemporary with the Great King. We accepted the invitation, and the next day was fixed for our departure.

We were on horseback by five in the morning. The caravan, more numerous than ordinary, was headed by the Scheik, an excellent old man, whose elegant manners, noble and easy politeness, and magnificent costume, were far from assimilating with our notions of an Arab chief. He might rather have been taken for a Patriarch, marching at the head of his tribe. He rode a courser of the desert, of a bright chestnut, with flowing mane, worthy to have borne one of the knights of Jerusalem. His son, and principal followers, curveted their magnificent stallions, some paces before him:

we followed, and a long file of our moukres and sais brought up the rear. On leaving Tripoli, the traveller follows the course of a river hemmed in by two hills; the finest trees, with groves of oranges, overshadow its banks; a public kiosk, built under these trees, presents its perfumed terrace to the pedestrian, and hither repairs the citizen to smoke his pipe, take his coffee, and inhale the fresh breeze cooled by the stream at his feet. The sea, which is about half a league from the city, is seen from this spot through an opening, with the beautiful square towers erected by the Arabs on the two sides of the port, and the numerous ships anchored in the road. We crossed a large plain, in a state of cultivation, and planted with olive-trees; and on the first hill rising from the plain towards Lebanon, in the midst of a forest of olive and fruit-trees of every kind, we found the road lined with an immense crowd of men, women, and children, the inhabitants of a large village here which belongs to the Scheik. Here he passes the winter months, his summer residence being at Eden. These Arabs saluted their prince respectfully, offered us refreshments, and a number of them accompanied us in order to supply us with provisions, and assist us in climbing the steep sides of the mountain. We proceeded onward for four hours,—sometimes traversing deep valleys, sometimes scaling the summits of sterile heights, until we halted at the brink of a torrent which descends from the summits of Eden, and which rolled down heaps of half-melted snow. The Scheik had caused a large fire to be lighted

under the shelter of a rock, and we breakfasted and rested our horses here. The path then became so steep, over bare rocks as slippery as polished marble, that it is astonishing how the horses could climb, much more descend them. Four Arabs on foot kept close to each of ours, assisting them with hand and shoulder; and, although several slipped down, notwithstanding their aid, no one met with any serious accident.

By this horrible road, or rather perpendicular wall, we arrived, after two hours' labour, at a rocky platform, whence we enjoyed a view over a large mountain valley, and the village of Eden, which is situated at its loftiest extremity in the region of snow. Above Eden, there rises a pyramid of bare rock alone, the last peak of Lebanon in this quarter, and a small chapel, in ruins, crowns its summit. The winter-winds, which war incessantly with this rock, bring down from it enormous masses, which roll as far as the village. The neighbouring fields are covered, and even the castle of the Scheik is surrounded with these vast blocks. This castle is of pure Arab architecture, with loop-hole windows in couples, each couple separated by elegant pilasters. The terraces, which serve both as roofs and apartments, are crested with pinnacles; the arched door-way has on each side a high seat of hewn stone, and arabesques over even the door-posts. The Scheik had arrived first, and awaited us at the head of his family. His youngest son, with a silver censer in his hand, burnt incense before our horses, and his brother

sprinkled both ourselves and them with perfumes. We found a magnificent banquet in the hall, where whole trees were burnt on the hearth. There was abundance of game; and the choicest wines of Lebanon and Cyprus gave zest to the repast, while our Arabs were not less hospitably treated in the court below. In the evening we went through the village. Part of the fields were yet covered with snow, but we saw every where traces of rich cultivation; the smallest nook of mould among the rocks, presented its vine or nut-tree; innumerable fountains flowed at our feet; artificial canals distributed their waters over the fields, and these fields hung in the air, supported by terraces, framed of immense blocks of stone. A monastery lay under the peak of the rock to our left,—and we gazed on numerous villages, scattered thickly together over the sides of the mountains.

Same date.

The Scheik has despached three Arabs on the road to the Cedars, to learn whether the snow will permit us to reach them. They have returned with intelligence, that the road is impracticable. The snow lies to the depth of fourteen feet in a narrow valley, which it would be necessary to cross. Wishing to approach as near as possible, I beg the Scheik to allow his son and some horsemen to accompany me, leave my wife and the caravan at Eden, mount the strongest of my horses, Scham—and start at sun-rise. We journey for three hours over the summits of mountains, or in fields satu-

rated with melted snow. I arrived upon the borders of the Valley of Saints, or Holy Valley, a profound gorge, where the eye plunges, from the summit of rocks, into a dell more shut in, more sombre, more solemn, even than that of Hamana. At the upper extremity of this valley, at the point where, still ascending, it reaches the snows, is a superb sheet of water, which falls from a height of one hundred feet, upon a breadth of two or three hundred fathoms. The whole valley resounds with the noise of this fall, and of the rebound which the fluid makes. On all sides the rocks are covered with spray, through which we perceive, in the depth of the valley, two large villages, whose houses are scarcely distinguishable from blocks of stone rounded by the torrent. The loftiest poplars and mulberry-trees look, from hence, like tufts of rushes or herbs.

The descent hence into the village of Beschierai, is by footsteps cut in the rock, and so steep that one could scarce conceive men would trust them. Indeed individuals often perish here. A stone launched from the point where we were, would fall plumb upon the roofs of the hamlet, to us an hour's descent. Above the cascade and the snows stretch immense fields of ice, which undulate like vapours, and are of a mingled green and blue colour. At some distance on the left, in a kind of semicircular hollow formed by the last curves of Lebanon, we observed a large black spot upon the snow, which was the celebrated clump of cedars. They crown, like a diadem, the brow of the

mountain; they overlook all the numberless spacious valleys that slope away beneath them; the sea and the sky blend in their horizon.

We galloped our horses across the snow, in order to make the nearest approach through the forest; but when arrived at five or six hundred paces from the trees, we sank almost as deep as to the shoulders of our horses. We discovered that the report of our Arabs was exact, and that it would be impossible to touch these relics of ages and of nature. We therefore alighted, and sat down under a rock to contemplate them.

These trees are the most renowned natural monuments in the universe. Religion, poetry, and history, have all equally consecrated them. Holy Writ celebrates them in many places. They form one of the images which the prophets loved to employ. Solomon was desirous to consecrate them to the adornment of the Temple which he first erected to the One God; doubtless, on account of the renown which these prodigies of vegetation had, even at that epoch, obtained for magnificence and sanctity. They must have been the same: for Ezekiel speaks of the Cedars of Eden as the most beautiful upon Lebanon. The Arabs of all sects entertain a traditional veneration for these trees. They attribute to them not only a vegetative power which enables them to live eternally, but also an intelligence which causes them to manifest signs of wisdom and foresight similar to those of instinct in animals and reason in men. They are said to understand the changes of season; they stir their vast

branches as if they were limbs; they spread out or contract their boughs, inclining them towards heaven or towards earth, according as the snow prepares to fall or to melt. They are, in short, asserted to be divine beings under the form of trees. They grow upon the proudest site of the groups of Lebanon, and prosper above that point where all other vegetation expires.

All this strikes with astonishment the imagination of the people of the East; and I do not know if men of science would not be astonished also. Alas! notwithstanding all, Basan languishes, Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon wither. These trees diminish in every succeeding age. Travellers formerly counted thirty or forty; more recently, seventeen; more recently still, only a dozen. There are now but seven: these, however, from their size and general appearance, may be fairly presumed to have existed in biblical times.

Around these ancient witnesses of ages long since past, which know the history of the world better than history herself; which might tell us, if they could speak, so much of the creeds of human races long since vanished!—there still remains a little grove of yellower cedars, appearing to me to form a group of from four to five hundred trees or shrubs.

Every year, in the month of June, the inhabitants of Beschierai, of Eden, of Kanobin, and the other neighbouring valleys and villages, climb up to these cedars, and celebrate mass at their feet. How many prayers have there not resounded under those branches! And what more beautiful temple can

exist—what nearer to Heaven? What dais can we imagine grander, more majestic, or more holy, than is afforded by the topmost platform of Lebanon, on which stand the trunks of these cedars surmounted by the dome of their sacred boughs, which have overshadowed, and still overshadow, succeeding generations of men, calling on the name of God differently, but all recognizing Him in his works, and adoring Him in his natural manifestations. And I also uplift my prayer in presence of these cedars! The harmonious wind which resounds through their sonorous branches plays amidst my hair, and dries upon my eyelids tears of grief and adoration!

Having remounted, we proceeded for three hours over the platforms which tower above the valleys of Kadisha, and then descended to Kanobin, the most celebrated Maronite monastery of all in the Holy Valley. There is a fine view from the monastery of Deir Serkis, at present abandoned to one or two solitaries. Burckhardt, in 1810, found here an old Tuscan hermit, who ended his days in these solitudes, after having been a missionary in India, in Egypt and in Persia.

There is a view of the monastery of Kanobin from a peak which juts over the valley like a promontory. I gave my horse to the Arabs, and lay down in the sun on a point of rock whence the eye looks at once over the hollow of the Holy Valley. The river Kadisha rushes along at the foot of this rock; its bed presents one line of foam, but I was so high above it that no sound reached me.

Kanobin was founded, as the Maronite monks say, by Theodosius the Great. The whole valley in which it is situated resembles the nave of a vast natural church, with the arch of Heaven for a roof, the towering sides of Lebanon for pillars, and the numerous cells of hermits, hollowed out of the rock, for chapels. These hermitages are placed on the brink of precipices which appear wholly inaccessible, and are to be seen like swallow's nests in every part of the wall of the valley. Some consist merely of a grotto hollowed in the rock; others of little houses, built between the roots of trees upon projections of the mountains.

The large convent is at the lower part of the valley, on the borders of the torrent. There are about forty or fifty Maronite monks engaged there, some in cultivating the ground, and others in printing elementary books for the instruction of the people.

These excellent persons are the sons and fathers of the people, living not by their exertions, but labouring night and day for the advancement of their fraternity: guileless men, who look for neither riches nor renown in this world. To work, to pray, to live in peace; this was the highest ambition of the Maronite monks.

Same date.

Yesterday I descended again from the summits of these Alps, and became the guest of the Scheik of Eden, an Arabian Maronite village suspended beneath the highest peak of these mountains, on the very limits of vegetation, and only habitable

during summer. The noble and venerable old man, accompanied by his son and some servants, had come out to meet me as far as the neighbourhood of Syrian Tripoli, and had received me in his house at Eden with a kindliness, a dignity, and an elegance of manner which one would imagine to be possessed by one of the old lords of the court of Louis XIV. Whole trees were burning on the wide hearths: sheep, kids, and stags lay heaped up in the vast halls: and the old wines of Lebanon, brought from the cellar by his servants, were poured out abundantly, both for ourselves and our attendants. After having spent some days in studying these delightful manners, reminding one of the descriptions of Homer, and as full of poetic associations as the places in which we found them, the son of the Scheik, and a certain number of Arabian horsemen, were commissioned to conduct me to the Cedars of Solomon, which yet consecrate the highest ridge of Lebanon, and have been venerated for ages as the last testimony of his glory. I have already described them.

On our return from this memorable journey we lost our way among the windings of the rocks, and in the numerous and deep valleys with which this group of Lebanon is every where divided. We found ourselves all at once on the brink of an immense wall of rocks, of some thousand feet depth, which surround the Holy Valley. The sides of this rampart of granite were so perpendicular that the mountain goats themselves could not find a path, and our Arabs were obliged to lie on their

faces, and stretch their heads over the abyss, to discover the bottom of the valley. The sun was setting; we had already been travelling for many hours, and we had still many more to travel before we could recover our lost path, and regain Eden. We dismounted, and trusted ourselves to one of our guides, who knew that, at a short distance, there was a rocky ladder, formerly hewn by the Maronite monks, who had from time immemorial inhabited this valley. We kept along the brink of this ledge for some time, and then descended by the slippery steps to a rocky platform, which was detatched, and commanded a view all around.

The descent into the valley was, at first, by wide and gentle slopes from the region of snow on which the cedars appeared like a dark stain. It then spread itself out covered with a moss of a yellowish green, and as soft as that which grows on the lofty range of Jura, and of the Alps: a number of small streams bubbled from beneath the melting snow, and having crept through these turfy slopes, united in one foaming stream at the foot of the first ledge of rock. There the valley sank at once four or five hundred feet; and the torrent, precipitating itself to an equal depth, and spreading over a wide surface, sometimes covered the rock with a transparent veil, and sometimes leapt forward, detaching itself from the rock in liquid arches, and falling at last on immense pointed blocks of granite torn from the summit; there it was shattered into a thousand floating particles with sound resembling thunder. The wind of its fall reached us, hurrying along

like a thin fog, the light watery vapour of a thousand colours; bearing it over the whole valley; or hanging it in dew upon the branches of the shrubs, and the rough edges of the rocks.

In stretching towards the north, the Holy Valley became gradually deeper and broader; then, at about two miles distant from the place where we were, two naked mountains, involved in shade, arose so near to one another, as scarcely to leave an opening of a few fathoms between them. Here the valley terminated, with its mosses, its lofty vines, its poplars, its cypresses, and its foaming torrent.

Beyond these two little mountains which thus closed it in, something like a lake was to be seen of a darker blue than the sky. It was a small portion of the Mediterranean engulfed between some other mountains of this chain; and although at twenty leagues distance from us, the transparency of the air enabled us to see it as plainly as if it lay at our feet. We even distinguished two vessels under sail, which, suspended between the blue of the heavens and that of the sea, resembled two swans floating on the horizon. This spectacle occupied us so much at first as to withdraw our attention from the valley itself; but as soon as we had recovered from the first dazzling effect, and our eyes were able to pierce through the vapours of evening, as well as through those which arose from the water, a scene of another nature gradually unfolded itself before us.

At each turn of the torrent, where the foam left a dry spot, a convent of Maronite monks was to be

seen, built of a reddish-brown stone upon the grey rock, the smoke from it rising between the lofty poplars and cypresses. Around these convents were little fields, won from the rock or torrent, which appeared to be cultivated with as much care as the choicest gardens of our country-houses. Here and there were to be seen the Maronites themselves, covered with their black cowls, returning from their labour in the fields—some with their spades over their shoulders, or driving small herds of Arabian foal; while others were holding the handle of the plough, and driving their oxen between the rows of mulberry-trees. Many of these dwellings of prayer and labour are placed, with their oratories and hermitages, on the brink of rocky eminences which project from the two immense chains of mountains; some are hollowed out of the rock itself, like the habitations of deer. Nothing was perceived but the door, surmounted by an empty ogive, in which hung the bell, and some small terraces, cut out beneath the overhanging rock, or wherever the foot of man could reach, as places of resort for the old and infirm monks, whenever they wished to breathe the fresh air, and to see a little of the sun. To certain precipitous points the eye could not perceive any access; yet even there was placed a convent, an oratory, and a hermitage; and the figures of the anchorites themselves were seen moving about among the rocks and shrubs, working, reading, or praying. One of these convents was an Arabian printing-office, for the instruction of the Maronite people: its terraces were crowded with monks, passing and

repassing, and laying upon a kind of rush-mats, white leaves of wet paper.

Nothing but the pencil can describe the number and picturesque appearance of these retreats; the very stones appeared to have produced naturally the cells which they formed; the very hermits to belong naturally to their grottos; each stream had a movement and a life of its own; each tree, its anchorite beneath its shade: wherever the eye rested, the valley, the mountain, the precipices seemed to become animated, so to speak, beneath its gaze, and a scene of life, of prayer, and of contemplation to detach itself from these eternal masses, or to mingle with them only to render them more sacred. But the sun soon declined, the labours of the day ceased, and the dark figures, scattered through the valley, retired to their grottos or their monasteries. The bells sounded from all parts the hour of meeting for the duties of the evening; some with voices strong as the winds as they rush over the sea; others with the light and silvery tones of birds as they sport among the corn. All these bells replied to each other from the opposite sides of the valley, and the thousand echoes from the grottos and precipices repeated them in confused murmurs, mingled with the roaring of the torrent and of the cedars, and the thousand falls of the streams and cascades which worked their way down the two sides of the mountain.

A moment of silence ensued, and a new sound, more sweet, more melancholy, and more affecting,

filled the valley. It was the chaunt of the Psalms, which, rising all at once from each monastery, each church, each oratory, and each rocky cell, mingled as it rose to us in one vast murmur, and resembled a single melodious complaint of the whole valley, which now seemed to possess but one soul, and one voice; then a cloud perfumed the air that angels might have breathed: we remained mute and enchanted, like those celestial spirits when, reposing themselves for the first time over this globe which they believed a desert, they heard rise from these same regions the first prayer of man. We acknowledged that it was in the power of the human voice to animate even the dust of nature, and we felt that this voice must, in the last days, (all the feelings of the heart being then absorbed in one), give utterance to poetry, when poetry itself would be but hymns of adoration.

April 12, 1833.

I went down to Tripoli from Syria with the Scheik and his tribe. I gave to his son a piece of silk stuff to make a divan. We passed a day in traversing the delicious environs of Tripoli; departed for Baireut, by the sea-shore; and passed five days in embarking our luggage on board of the brig which I had hired, the Sophia;—circumstances preparatory to a tour in Egypt. We bade adieu to all our friends, both Frank and Arab. I gave them some of my horses; and sent away six of the finest of the others under the care of an Arab groom, and three of my most trustworthy *sais*,

instructing them to go through Syria and Caramania, and await me on the 1st of July, on the borders of the Gulf of Macri, over against the Isle of Rhodes, in Asia Minor. At break of day, on the 15th of April, 1833, we quitted the house where Julia had embraced us for the last time, and plumed her wings for Heaven. I kissed the floor of the chamber a thousand times, and steeped it with my tears: that house was to me even a sacred relic: I still beheld *her* in every part of it, reminded by the birds, the doves, her horse, her garden, and the two pretty little Syrian girls who used to play with her, and lived on the lawn under our windows. They have risen before daylight, and, clad in their richest apparel, they weep; they lift their hands towards us, and tear the flowers from their hair. I gave, as a present to each, to keep by way of remembrance of stranger-friends whom they will never more behold except in thought, a necklace of gold, to be worn on their wedding-day. One of these girls, Anastasia, is the most lovely maiden I have seen in the East.

The sea shines like a mirror. The vessels laden with our friends who are come to see us on board, follow us. We set sail with a light east wind.

The shores of Syria, bordered with a long fringe of sand, gradually disappeared together with the cedar-tops. The white peaks of Lebanon, however, remained in sight a long while. We doubled Cape Carmel during the night; at break of day, we had got as high as St. Jean d'Acre, in front of the Gulf of Kaipha: the sea is beautiful, and the waves are

furrowed by a shoal of dolphins who bound alongside our ships. Every thing has the appearance of jubilee and joy throughout nature; and upon the waters which flow round that bark which bears two hearts dead to all enjoyment and all serenity.

I passed the night upon deck—in what thoughts? My heart alone can answer. We coasted the low shores of Galilee. Jaffa glittered like a rock of chalk in the horizon, upon a bank of white sand. We steered thitherward; we staid there several days. My wife and such of my friends as had not accompanied me to Jerusalem were unwilling to pass so near the Holy Sepulchre, without going to carry thither some additional lamentations. In the evening the wind freshened, and we cast anchor at seven o'clock in the stormy roads of Jaffa. The sea was running too high to admit of our lowering a boat from the stern. Next day, however, we all disembarked. A caravan had been prepared by the attentions of my old friends, Messrs. Damiani, agents of France, at Jaffa. It started on its expedition at eleven o'clock, proposing to sleep at Ramla. I alone remained meanwhile with M. Damiani.

I passed five days in wandering by myself about the environs. The friendly Arabs whom I had known at Jaffa during my two first passages, conducted me through the gardens possessed by them in the suburbs of the town: there we saw deep forests of orange-trees, citron, pomegranates, figs, and other trees as large as walnut-trees in France. The Desert of Gaza surrounds every part of these gardens. A family of Arab peasants lived in an

adjoining cabin; where is a cistern or well, together with several camels, some goats and sheep, pigeons and fowls. The ground was strewed with oranges and lemons which had fallen from the trees. We pitched a tent on the banks of one of the canals that irrigated the ground, which was sown with melons and cucumbers; carpets were spread; the tent was left open toward the sea, in order to admit the breeze which blew from ten o'clock A. M. until evening. In passing under the orange-trees, it stole their perfume, which it wafted to us in clouds. We descried from hence the summit of the minarets of Jaffa, and the vessels which pass and repass between Asia Minor and Egypt.

I spent my days thus, occasionally writing some verses illustrative of the single thought which pressed upon my mind! I should like to take up my rest here. Jaffa, isolated from the whole world, on the frontier of the great desert of Egypt, whose sands form white downs around these woods of oranges, in an atmosphere ever pure and genial,—would form a delightful place of sojourn for a man weary of life, and desiring nothing more than a spot shone upon by the sun.

The caravan is returned. I demand of Madame de Lamartine some accounts of Bethlehem, and the surrounding places, which the prevalence of the plague hindered me from visiting during my first excursion. She gave me the following details, which I here insert.

"On quitting the gardens of Jaffa, we put our horses to a full gallop, across a huge plain then

covered with yellow and violet-coloured weeds. From time to time, immense herds, which an Arab cavalier drove before him, armed with a long lance, as in the Pontine Marshes, swept by to seek a scanty nourishment amongst those herbs which the sun had not yet entirely calcined. Farther on, to our right, and towards the entrance of the Desert of El-Arish, several mud-heaps, sprinkled with dry herbs, rose above the surface of the ground, like hay-cocks made yellow by the storm before the labourers could get them in. It was a village.

"On approaching, we saw several naked children, like Lapons, issue from those little reversed cones which form their habitations. Some women, with hair hanging about their shoulders, and half-naked likewise, quitted the fire which they were kindling upon two stones in order to prepare their repast, and ascended to the top of their huts, in order to witness our march a longer time.

"After four hours' journey, we reached Ramla, where we were visited by the agent of the Sardinian Consulate, who very kindly lent us the use of his house, as females could not be received at the Latin convents. In the evening we visited an ancient tower, an eighth of a league from the town, called the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, at present occupied by dervishes. It was a Friday—the day of worship for their sect: we were present. A score of dervishes, dressed in long robes, and with pointed caps of white felt, were squatted in a circle in a space surrounded by a little balustrade; he who appeared to be the chief, displayed a venerable

figure with a large white beard, and was, for distinction, seated upon a cushion, from whence he presided over the rest. An orchestra, composed of a *nahi*, or bassoon; a *shoubabé*, or kind of clarionet, and of a sort of small double-drums, called *nacariate*, played airs the most discordant to our European ears. The dervishes rose gravely one by one, crossed before the superior, saluted him, and then began to whirl in a circle round each other, their arms extended, and their eyes raised towards the sky. Their movement, at first slow, was gradually quickened, until it gained an extreme rapidity, and ended in something resembling a whirlwind wherein all is noise and confusion. So long as the eye could follow them, their looks appeared to express great animation, but soon one could distinguish nothing. I cannot tell exactly how long this strange waltz lasted, but it seemed to me an immense space of time. By degrees, however, the number of waltzers diminished; overpowered with fatigue, they sank down one after the other, and resumed their original attitudes; the last who gave in, seemed to place great importance on keeping up the game as long as possible, and I experienced a painful sensation on seeing the efforts made by an old dervish, halting and tottering even to the very end of this rude dance, to prevent succumbing until after all the others. During this interval, our Arabs conversed respecting their superstitions; they pretend that a Christian, by continually reciting his creed, would force a Mussulman to revolve unceasingly, even till his death, by an irresistible

impulse—of which *fact* they aver that there are numerous examples; and that once, the dervishes, having seized on one who employed this kind of sorcery, had forced him to recite the creed backward, and thus destroyed the charm at the very moment when the revolver was on the point of expiring. We made sorrowful reflections on the weakness of human reason, which gropes along in its search, like the blind, its route directed towards heaven, but often missing the path. These extravagancies which, in a measure, degrade the human mind, have nevertheless an object worthy of respect, and originate in a noble principle. They exhibit man desirous to honour God; the imagination, wishing to exalt itself by physical movements, and seeking, as men intoxicate themselves with opium, this divine intoxication, this complete annihilation of personal feeling and identity, which leads them to believe that they are absorbed in the infinite Unity, and communicate with God himself. Their rites are perhaps a pious imitation of the celestial dance of stars before the Creator; perhaps an effect of that same enthusiastical and passionate inspiration which, in old times, made David dance before the sacred ark. Some of us were tempted to play the part of the wife of the poet-king, and to mock the performance of the dervishes, which to those individuals appeared absolute folly; thus to men ignorant of the foundation of our worship, monastical observances might appear ridiculous; as also, the mendicity of our monks, and the self-maceration of certain ascetic orders. But however absurd

any form of religious worship may appear at first sight, the practice of devotion always presents something worthy of veneration in the eye of a more profound and loftier reason, to which the motive is everything. Nothing is in its nature ridiculous which touches upon the idea of God. It may be sometimes fierce, often undignified, but always serious. The conscience of the dervish is at rest when he has accomplished his pious waltz, and he firmly believes that his pirouettes have contributed to honour the Deity. If we regard him not with ridicule, we are, however, soon tempted to look on him with pity; and I know not if we have more right to do one than the other. Where should we ourselves be without the light of Christianity, which comes to illumine our reason:—would it otherwise be more luminous than theirs? History furnishes an answer. It yields us one Plato for millions of idolators.

"On leaving the tower we entered the galleries of a ruined cloister, which lead to a subterranean church, and a descent of many steps brought us under an elliptical arch supported by a fine colonnade. I have always been struck by an effect at once imposing and affecting, in the aspect of a subterranean church. The solitude and mysterious obscurity of these silent vaults recall the earliest periods of our worship, when the Christians retired to the deepest grottoes to conceal their mysteries from profane eyes, and to escape persecution. In the East most of these churches seem to have been built for the purpose of embellishing these humble

primitive asylums (in which the faith so long took refuge,) with all the luxury of architecture; as if to revenge, by a glorious reparation, the humiliation and injuries of pagan dominion; but the times of persecution were to return for the unfortunate Christians, and the name of this edifice, the Forty Martyrs, indicated that it has been a retreat to the faithful, without having the power to protect them; at present all is in ruins; the naves and colonnades, erected by emperors, have commanded no more respect from the conquerors than the humble grottos of the first disciples of the Cross; the vaults serve for stables, and the cloisters for barracks.

Some tombs of the times of the Crusades are still to be seen here, but the darkness prevented our making a longer stay: we were obliged to return to our night's lodging, and prepare our caravan for departure in the morning.

"The Aga of Ramla gave us an escort, and commanded the chief Cawass not to quit me for an instant in the defiles of the mountains upon which we were about to enter, and to obey my orders in all things. The respect of the Mussulmans for European women is singularly contrasted with the dependence in which they hold their own females. In fact we had much cause for satisfaction in the extreme attention and refined politeness of this janissary; constantly watching the Arab mare I rode, he seemed to fear that I should be endangered by its fleetness, and could not comprehend how I could maintain my equilibrium in the steep paths we were

climbing; he was very useful to us afterwards, when we encountered in these very gorges innumerable pilgrims returning from Jerusalem, who barred our passage; he compelled them to yield to us the least impracticable road amongst the blocks of granite and roots of shrubs which bordered the ravine, and prevented our falling down the precipice; which would infallibly have happened to us, but for the weight of his authority, as any attempt made by the opposite long file of procession to push our advancing column aside must have thrown us over.

"On quitting Ramla the route continues to traverse the plain for two leagues; we stopped at Jacob's well, but having no pitcher to draw the water, which was very deep, we continued our journey. This whole country preserves such lively traces of the Bible times that we feel neither difficulty nor surprise in admitting the tradition which gives the name of Jacob to a well still existing; and one would expect to see the Patriarch there, watering Rachel's flocks, rather than doubt of its identity. It is only through the medium of reflection that astonishment or doubt finds admission into our minds, when the four thousand years that have elapsed, and the divers phases that the history of mankind has since assumed, present themselves to the imagination, and cause one's faith to waver; nevertheless, in a plain where water is met with only at intervals of three or four hours, a well, or a spring must have been an object of as much importance in past ages as in the present, and its name was likely to be as religiously preserved as that of the towers

of David, or the cisterns of Solomon. We soon entered the mountains of Judea, when the road became difficult; sometimes the horses had but just sufficient footing on the edge of the precipice; sometimes the masses of broken rock, lying across the path, formed a rude ladder which an Arab horse alone could get over; yet, laborious as is this route, it presents no danger comparable to those which obstruct the road to Hamana.

"On reaching the summit of the first ridge, we turned for a moment to enjoy a magnificent view over all the country we had traversed, as far as the shore beyond Jaffa. Though all was calm around us, the horizon of the sea, heavy and red, announced to the experienced eye a coming tempest: already the threatening waves agitated the ships in the roads; we endeavoured to distinguish ours, and thought of those who were still on board; my melancholy presentiments were not chimerical. The next day several vessels were cast upon this dangerous coast; and ours, after driving at anchor a considerable time, broke her cable in the midst of a tremendous squall. After a moment's halt, we descended the mountain to climb others, sometimes across avalanches of stones which rolled under our horses' feet, sometimes on the edge of a precipitous bank. The declivities to the right and left are occasionally well wooded; the brilliant green presented by the beautiful bushes of the strawberry shrub making a pleasing contrast with the scanty foliage of the mastick and olive-trees; water only was wanting to the beauty of these landscapes

But a spectacle of a very different nature was preparing for us; an innumerable procession of pilgrims of all nations coming from Jerusalem, defiled before us from the summit of a naked and barren mountain, winding downwards to the gorge through which we were passing. It is impossible to describe the picturesque effect of this scene; the diversity of colours and costumes of the various pilgrims, from the rich Armenians to the poor Calogeri, and the equal diversity of animals on which they were mounted, all contributed to embellish it. After admiring the general effect, we had leisure to examine the details of this long cavalcade during the two hours we were passing each other:—now we met with a train not unlike the triumphal march of a papal legate of the middle ages; it was that of a Greek Patriarch in his fine costume, majestically seated on a red and gold saddle, his bridle held by two *sais*, and followed by a numerous retinue on foot:—then a poor family, the father driving, with his pilgrim's staff, a mule overloaded with children; the eldest seated on its neck, holding a cord for a bridle, and a wax taper for a standard:—others, heaped in the panniers by its sides, nibbled some remnants of holy bread; while the mother, pale and attenuated, followed with wearied steps, suckling her youngest babe as it hung from her bosom tied by a large sash. Next came a long file of neophytes, singing psalms in a monotonous nasal tone, and each carrying a paschal taper, according to the Greek rite: farther still was a group of Jews in red turbans, with long

black beards, and the sinister expression of whose piercing eyes seemed to curse the religion which had disinherited them. Why were they here amidst this crowd of Christians? Some had taken advantage of the opportunity offered by the passage of the caravan, to visit the tomb of David or the valley of the Tiberiad; others had speculated on the profits to be made by purveying food to this multitude. Here and there the pedestrian crowd was interrupted by camels laden with immense bales of merchandise and accompanied by their drivers in the Arab costume, the vest and large pantaloons of brown embroidered with blue, and the yellow caftan on their heads. Some Armenian families followed; the women, travelling in a *tactrewan*—a sort of cage borne by two mules—were concealed under their great white veils; the men, in long dark-coloured robes, their heads covered with the great square *calpack* worn by the inhabitants of Smyrna, led by the hand their young sons, whose grave, thoughtful, calculating countenances, shewed no traces of the levity of childhood: there were also Greek sailors and owners of pirate vessels, who were come from the ports of Asia Minor and the Archipelago laden with pilgrims, (as the ships in the slave trade with African negroes,) swearing in their energetic language, and hastening the march to re-embark, with the least possible loss of time, their human cargo. A sick child was carried on a litter, surrounded by its family weeping over their expiring hopes of a sudden miraculous cure which they had anticipated from their pious pilgrimage.

Alas! I also wept; I had hoped and prayed like them; but still more unhappy than they, the extent of my calamity was no longer even shrouded in uncertainty!

"This long procession was closed by a crowd of miserable, tattered Copts, men, women, and children, dragging themselves along with as much difficulty as though they were just dismissed from an hospital; sunburnt, and panting with fatigue and thirst, this troop marched and marched to keep pace with the caravan, fearful of being left behind in the defiles of these mountains. I blushed to find myself on horseback, escorted by janissaries, and accompanied by devoted friends, who spared me all danger and all fatigue, while so lively a faith had led thousands of individuals to brave hardships, maladies, and privations of every kind. These, indeed, were true pilgrims. I was but a traveller.

"This first chain of mountains is separated from the higher summits overlooking Jerusalem by a pretty valley, in which the village of Jeremy is situated. We had scarcely passed the ancient Greek Church, which, like so many others, is now used as a stable, when we caught sight of about fifty Arabs, ranged in form of an amphitheatre on the slope of the hill, and seated under a group of fine olive-trees. On a slight elevation in the middle of the circle, overlooking the others, sat their chief, the famous Abougosh; his brother and son, completely armed, and holding their pipes, stood one on each side; their horses, attached to trees behind them, filled up the picture. On the arrival of our

caravan, the chief sent his son to parley with our drogueman who marched at its head; and learning that the escort was conducting to Jerusalem the wife of the Frank Emir with whom he had been acquainted six months' previously, he sent a request that we would alight and take coffee with him. We had more discretion than to refuse, and distributing amongst our attendants the provisions for the halt, we suffered ourselves to be conducted within a short distance of the Arabs, where we stopped: our dignity requiring that they should, in their turn, advance to give us the meeting. Abougosh thereupon arose, and, coming forward, accosted M. de Parseval. After showing us many civilities, and offering us coffee, he solicited a private audience of me; when, desiring my people to retire four paces, I learnt, through the medium of my interpreter, that one of his brothers was a prisoner to the Egyptians, and that believing M. de Lamartine to have immense influence in the counsels of Ibrahaim Pacha, he entreated me to solicit his intervention for the restoration of the captive to liberty."—We were, certainly, far from possessing the credit which he ascribed to us, but accident afforded me the means of serving him, by procuring his cause to be pleaded with the Egyptian commander.

"As we approached Jerusalem, the walls were entirely intercepted by a great encampment of Ibrahim Pacha's troops. The sentinels advanced, examined us, spoke to our drogueman, and opened to us a passage through the camp, to the general's tent, before which we presently stood. The raised

curtains discovered him to us in person, extended upon a divan of cashmere, and surrounded by his officers, some standing, others seated on Persian carpets. The bright colours of their vestments, trimmed with the finest furs and embroidered with gold, their shining arms, the black slaves who were presenting them coffee in silver *flujeans*, formed altogether a scene as brilliant as to us it was novel. Around the tent, *sais* were leading by the bridle the most beautiful Arabian stallions, to dry the foam from their glossy hides; while others, fastened to the spots on which they stood, were neighing with impatience, pawing the ground, and casting fiery glances towards a platoon of cavalry prepared for a march. The Egyptian troops were composed of young conscripts, whose tight and shabby red garments, of a fashion half European, half Oriental, contrasted strongly with the full draperies of the Arabs; yet these Egyptians, small, ill-made, ugly, and ill-dressed as they were, were marching from conquest to conquest, and made the Sultan tremble at the very gates of Constantinople.

"We entered the Holy City by the Bethlehem gate, turning immediately to the left to proceed to the Latin Convent. Women being denied admission, we took possession of a house usually uninhabited, but which serves as an asylum for strangers when the Convent of the Holy Land is full. Here we extended our mattrasses on benches disposed for the purpose, hoping to repose from the emotions of the day, and recover strength for supporting us through new and yet more agitating trials. But

assailed by thousands of insects, muskitoes, fleas, and bugs, which had doubtless been long confined to short commons in those deserted chambers—or, a still more alarming supposition, had been left there by some of the ragged pilgrims we had just encountered, sleep was impossible, and we passed the night in endeavouring to defend ourselves against them by continual change of place; one, however, of our travelling companions, in spite of our exhortations to patience, resolved to seek a refuge in the convent itself. The steward consequently paid us a visit, and told us that had he received notice he would have prepared a better lodging for our reception, and promised an improvement in our arrangements for the morrow. I made a thousand apologies, assured him we wanted for nothing, and again I blushed, in the presence of so humble an apostle of poverty and self-denial.

"The steward was a Spaniard, of superior mind and much information respecting persons and things; and, during our stay at Jerusalem, I had opportunities particularly to appreciate his extreme kindness, his merit, and the usefulness of his influence in the Convent of the Holy Land; but his course of trial in this world was about to be consummated by martyrdom, at scarcely fifty years of age, and at the moment when he was probably flattering himself with the enjoyment of a short repose in the bosom of his native country. Having embarked, a short time after our departure, to return to Spain, he was massacred, with fifteen other monks, by some Greek sailors, at no great distance

from the coast of Cyprus. A Mussulman child, who alone escaped the carnage, pursued and denounced the assassins, who were arrested in Caramania.

"At daybreak the next morning we commenced our visits to the sacred localities. But I must here arrest my pen, and restrain the secret emotions inspired by those localities, and which interest myself alone; nor need I dwell on the appearance of the streets of Jerusalem, already described by my travelling companions. All the impressions here produced upon my mind I veiled in a close reserve; I had no occasion to commit them to paper, they were too profound to be ever effaced from my remembrance; if there is a spot in the world which possesses the melancholy power of arousing to new energy all of sorrow and affliction that lies dormant within the human breast, and of answering its inward regrets by a grief which may be called material, Jerusalem is that spot. Every step which we there take, wakens an echo as of the voice of lamentation from the depth of the heart; and every look falls on some monument of holy sorrow, which absorbs our individual calamities in those ineffable agonies of humanity, which were suffered, expiated, and consecrated here.

"We left Jerusalem at five in the morning, in order to reach Bethlehem in time for the mass celebrated in the Grotto of the Nativity; an old long-bearded Spanish monk rode in front, and served as our guide, wrapped in a *macklah* (a Bedouin mantle), of broad black and white stripes, his feet

touching the ground on each side of the small ass which he bestrode. Although the month was April, a freezing wind—the subsiding gales of the tempest which had raged on the Sea of Jaffa—blew with such violence as to threaten me and my horse together with an overthrow. Whirlwinds of dust blinded me: I surrendered the reins of my mare to my Arab *sais*, folded my *macklah* about me, and concentrated myself in those reflections to which the route we were travelling, and the objects consecrated by tradition, gave birth. But those objects are so well known, that I shall not stay to describe them; the prophet Elijah's olive-tree—the fountain at which the star re-appeared to the Magi—the site of Rama, from whence proceeded the heart-rending voice to which my own bosom responded—all excited sensations too deeply felt to be expressed.

"The Latin Convent of Bethlehem had been closed eleven months on account of the plague; but as the disease had for some time carried off no fresh victims, when we presented ourselves at the small postern which serves as an entrance to the monastery, it opened to receive us: stooping, one by one, to pass through the low and narrow aperture, great was our surprise, on emerging, to find ourselves in the interior of a majestic church: forty-eight pillars, each of a single block of marble, ranged in double files on either hand, formed five aisles, and were surmounted with a massive architrave of carved cedar; but the altar and the choir were sought for in vain—all was broken, ruined,

plundered; and a wall, rudely cemented, divided the noble edifice at the springing of the transepts, screening the part reserved for religious worship, the exclusive possession of which is still disputed by the various Christian communions. The nave belongs to the Latins, but serves only as a vestibule to the convent; the great gate has been walled up, and the low postern, by which we had penetrated, substituted, for the purpose of guarding these venerated remains from the hordes of Arab free-booters, who would gallop their horses to the very foot of the altar, to enforce their extortions upon the monks. The Father Superior received us with cordiality: his mild, calm, and happy countenance was as far removed from the austerity of the anchorite, as from the jovial levity of which the monks are accused. They questioned us concerning the countries we had just passed through, and the Egyptian troops encamped so near them; eleven months of seclusion had given them an ardent longing for news; and our intelligence, that Ibrahim Pacha granted protection to all the Christian inhabitants of Syria, was very encouraging to them.

"After a few moments rest we prepared to attend mass at the Chapel of the Manger. Preceded by the fathers, and guided by the feeble light of a lantern, we descended a flight of steps to a long labyrinth of subterranean corridors, leading to the sacred grotto, and peopled with tombs and memorials: here the tomb of St. Jerome, there of St. Paul, St. Eustachius, the Innocent's well; but at that moment nothing had power to divert our attention; the daz-

zling radiance of thirty or forty lamps under a low arch, at the end of the passage, shewed us the Altar erected on the spot of the Nativity, and two steps lower on the right, that of the Manger. These natural grottos are partly overlaid with marble, to defend them against the indiscreet piety of pilgrims, who defaced the walls in order to carry away their fragments as relics; but the naked rock may still be touched behind the slabs of marble that covered them; and the general features of the vault have preserved the irregularity of their primitive form. Ornament has not here, as in some of the sacred localities, so altered the face of nature as to engender doubts of her identity; here it serves only as a protection to the natural inclosure; and on examining these arches and holes in the rock, it is easy to conceive them serving as stables to the numerous herds of cattle that pastured in a plain still covered with verdant meadows, stretching wide beneath the platform of rock crowned by the church and convent as with a citadel. The exterior communication which issued from the subterranean vaults upon the meadows has been closed, but a few paces beyond, another cavern of the same nature may be visited, the destination of which was probably similar.

"We attended the mass: my state of mind at the time unhappily unfits me for expressing the feelings naturally inspired by such places and such solemnities; my whole soul was absorbed in a deep and agitating sense of affliction. An Arab mother, who brought her new-born infant to be baptised on the Altar of the Manger increased my emotion. After

mass we returned to the convent, not by the subterranean way, but by a broad and easy staircase which led to the transept of the church, behind the partition wall I have mentioned. These stairs were formerly the common property of the two communions, Greek and Latin, but now the Greeks alone enjoy it, and the fathers of Bethlehem poured forth energetic complaints against this usurpation; they would willingly have charged us with the prosecution of their claims in Europe, and we had much difficulty in persuading them that though we belonged to the French nation, we had no power to procure them redress.

"The two lateral naves forming the cross of the ancient church, now constitute separate chapels, one belonging to the Armenians, the other to the Latins. In the centre is the high altar, placed immediately over the grotto, and separated from the choir by a grating and screen of gilded wainscoat, which conceals the sanctuary of the Greeks.

"The Greek churches in the East are much richer than the Roman; humility and modesty are the prevailing characteristics in the edifices of the latter; glitter and ostentation in those of the former; but the rivalry which naturally results from their respective positions is extremely painful to the observer, who laments to find chicanery and discord in a region, the rememberances attached to which ought to inspire only charity and love.

"The original construction of this church, as of the generality of Christian edifices in Palestine, is attributed to St. Helena; an objection indeed has

been urged, that already far advanced in years when she visited Syria, it was not possible for her to have superintended the execution of such numerous works; but thought is independent both of time and space, and I conceive that her creative will and pious zeal may have presided over erections commenced under her orders, though completed after her decease.

"We returned to the convent, where an excellent repast was prepared for us in the refectory by the good Father Superior, whom we quitted with regret, to employ the few hours which remained to us in visiting the neighbouring objects of curiosity.

"On some heights overlooking Bethlehem are seen the remains of ancient towers, marking different positions of the crusading camps, bearing the names of their heroes. Leaving these to the left, as we descended by rugged and toilsome paths towards the plain, we were shown a grotto, to which tradition states the Holy Virgin to have retired before her departure for Egypt.

After an hour's march we reached the Garden of Solomon—the *hortus conclusus* celebrated in the Song of Songs; a small, narrow valley, about half a league in length, enclosed on all sides by steep rocks, and watered by a limpid rivulet. Among the mountainous and rocky peaks which surround it on all sides, this valley alone offers materials for tillage, and has been in all ages a delightful garden, cultivated with the greatest care, and presenting, in its beautiful and humid verdure, the most striking contrast with the stony barrenness of the whole vi-

cinity. We followed the serpentine course of the stream, winding sometimes along its grassy banks under the shade of its overhanging willows, sometimes bathing our horses' feet in its transparent waters as we rode upon the polished pebbles that line its bed, and frequently crossing from one side to the other over a plank of cedar; we thus arrived at the foot of the rocks which form a natural barrier to the further extremity of the valley. A cultivator of the soil offered himself as our guide in scaling it, but on condition that we should perform the journey on foot, and commit our horses to the charge of his labourers, who, by a long and circuitous route, should rejoin us with them at the summit.

"We acceded to these necessary terms, and, diverging to the right, reached the height, after an an hour's difficult and fatiguing ascent. Here our toils were rewarded by finding the finest remnants of antiquity we had yet seen. Three capacious cisterns excavated in the solid rock, and rising like terraces one above the other on the inclined face of the mountain; the walls as smooth and the edges as perfect, as if the work had been but yesterday completed. Their borders, paved like a quay, with flat stones, rang under the steps of our horses.

These magnificent basins, filled with translucent water, on the summit of a barren mountain, excite the highest astonishment, and the mind immediately reverts with admiration to the power and capacity which could conceive and execute a project of such magnitude. To Solomon accordingly they are ascribed. While I was engaged in contemplating,

my fellow-travellers measured them, and found their dimensions to average four hundred feet, by about a hundred and sixty-five; the first being the longest, the last the widest and at least two hundred feet in breadth at the margin, for they all widen upwards. From above the most elevated of these gigantic cisterns issues a slender spring, concealed under some tufts of verdure—their sole supply, and the *sealed fountain* of the Bible. From these reservoirs its waters were formerly conducted by aqueducts, the scattered ruins of which were frequently visible on our road to the Temple of Jerusalem.

"At no great distance, ancient battlemented walls, probably of the period of the Crusades, surround an inclosure, within which tradition supposes a palace, inhabited by the wives of Solomon, to have stood; but very slight vestiges remain, and the site, covered with dunghills and ordure, now serves as a nocturnal retreat both to the cattle—who seek their summer pasturage on these mountains, as in Switzerland they do upon the Alps—and to their shepherds. We returned to Jerusalem by an ancient, broad, and well-paved road, called Solomon's Way, which is much shorter and more direct than that which we had followed in the morning, but does not pass through Bethlehem; and night was far advanced when we re-entered the city under the arch of the Pilgrim's Gate.

"On the 25th of April, after, for the last time, visiting the Holy Sepulchre, we requested the ecclesiastic who had accompanied us to guide us round the exterior of the church, that we might be able to

comprehend those inequalities of ground, which could alone explain the conjunction of the tomb and Calvary within one edifice. The circuit is difficult, because the church is surrounded by buildings which obstruct the communications; but, by crossing some courts, and going through a few houses, we succeeded in satisfying ourselves on the points which interested us. We then mounted our horses to make a tour of the city walls, and visit the tombs of the kings. On the north of Jerusalem, about half a league distant from the Damascus Gate, is found an excavation in the rock, nearly twenty feet in depth, forming a court, enclosed on three sides by walls of solid rock, ornamented with sculptures graven in the stone, representing doors, pilasters, and friezes,—of the most delicate workmanship. It may be presumed that the gradual raising of the ground has filled up several feet of the original depth of this excavation; for the opening on the left, which affords ingress to the sanctuary, is so low that it can be passed through only by crawling. Having, with great difficulty, accomplished our entrance, we lighted our torches within. Armies of bats, roused from their slumbers by our invasion, immediately assailed us, as if determined to contend for the undisturbed empire of their territory; and had retreat been easy we should, I believe, have given way before them. Tranquillity was, however, gradually re-established, and we were enabled to examine these sepulchral chambers, which are also excavated from the solid rock; the angles being as perfect, and the walls as smooth, as if the stones

had been separately polished by masons in a quarry. We visited five, communicating together by openings, to which formerly, no doubt, some blocks of hewn stone had been fitted, which were now lying about upon the ground, and afforded the presumption, that each chamber had been closed and sealed when the niches contrived in the walls for receiving the sarcophagi, or cinerary urns were filled. Who were, or should have been, the occupants of mansions prepared at so much cost? This is still a doubtful question; their origin has been warmly disputed. The interior, in its simple grandeur, may pretend to the highest antiquity: nothing about it determines its date. The exterior sculpture is of well-finished workmanship, and of a taste extremely pure for the remote period of the Judean kings; but the appearance of Balbek has greatly modified my conceptions of the perfection to which art had attained before its known epochs.

"Continuing our ride through some fields planted with olive-trees, we descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and remounted the hill at mid-day, along the walls of Sion. The vicinity of David's tomb, of the Cænaculum, and the Armenian church possessed of the stone which was sealed to the door of the Holy Sepulchre, determined us to enter by the gate, Bab-el-Daoud; but, when we would have visited the vault in which tradition places the bones of the Prophet King, the Turks prevented us, telling us the entrance was positively interdicted; they imagine that immense treasures have been buried in this royal cave, and that foreigners are in possession

of the secret, and come hither for the purpose of discovering and secretly purloining them.

"The Holy Cænaculum is a large vaulted hall, supported by pillars, and blackened by time; if ancientness of appearance may be admitted in evidence of high antiquity, this room bears indisputable signs of it: situated on Mount Sion, outside the then city walls, the disciples might very possibly have retired there after the Resurrection, and have been assembled there on the day of Pentecost, as tradition affirms. The sacking of Jerusalem under Titus left scarcely anything standing, but the towers and a portion of the walls; but these sufficiently indicated the various sites, and the primitive Christians would naturally attach considerable importance to perpetuating their remembrance by successive erections on the same spots, and frequently from the ruinous materials of preceding structures. But details concerning Jerusalem would be mere repetitions; relinquishing, therefore, though with regret, a subject to which my recollections perpetually revert, I will say but one word, and that entirely independent of religious feelings, upon the aspect of that village of tombs (Siloam), which has ever since been present as a picture before my eyes. Its entire Arab population, dwelling in caves and sepulchral grottos, would afford a most original scene to the eye of a landscape painter. Let the reader imagine in the deep Valley of Siloam, caverns presenting their apertures, like the mouths of so many ovens piled tier above tier on the precipitous face of the rock,

or like the irregular sections of a divided beehive; and living beings, women and children, emerging from these sepulchral caves, like phantoms from the mansions of the dead: I know not whether the subject has yet been treated by any artist, but it appears to me to offer to the pencil at once the strongest contrasts and a perfect harmony.

"On the 26th of April, we cast our eyes for the last time upon Jerusalem, and with sorrow we returned on the road to Jaffa. As we entered the Valley of Jeremy, sounds of wild music attracted our attention; and we perceived in the distance a whole Arab tribe defiling over the slope of the hill. I sent the drogueman forward, and he returned with information that the multitude was assembled for the interment of a chief, and that we might advance without apprehension. He afterwards related to us that the chief had died suddenly the preceding day, while hunting, in consequence of inhaling a poisonous plant; but the well-known character of the Arabs of Naplous, whose costume the tribe displayed, gave us reason rather to believe that he had fallen a victim to the jealousy of some rival chief. Notwithstanding the warlike habits, and imposing air of these simple people, their credulity is perfectly infantine; all marvellous narratives enchant them, without exciting the smallest mistrust. One of our Arab friends, a man of considerable knowledge and intelligence, assured us in a tone of perfect conviction that a Scheik of Lebanon possessed the secret of the magical words used in the primitive ages, for removing the gigantic blocks of Bal-

bek, but that he was too good a Christian ever to employ or divulge them.

"We quickened our pace and soon joined the procession; in the centre of which was the bier, borne on a litter, covered with rich draperies, and surmounted by the turban of the Osmanlis; Arab women, naked to the waist, their long black hair flowing over their shoulders, their breasts bruised, and their arms thrown up into the air, preceded the corpse, shrieking, singing lugubrious songs, wringing their hands, and rending their hair—while musicians accompanied the voices with a continued and monotonous rolling on the *tanble and dahiera*, (a sort of great drum and tambourine). At the head of the procession rode the brother of the defunct; his horse covered with a beautiful Angora skin, and decorated with reins of red and gold floating loosely over its head and breast, was prancing to the discordant tones of the music, while the priests in full costume were waiting for the cortège before the gate of a tomb surmounted by a cupola, supported upon an open colonnade: opposite stood the ruined church, the terraced roof of which was filled with women in long white veils resembling the priestesses of the ancient sacrifices, or the weepers of the Memphian cenotaphs. When the chief approached the tomb he alighted, and threw himself into the arms of the high priest, with the liveliest demonstrations of grief; the latter exhorted him to submit to the will of God, and to show himself worthy of succeeding his brother in the command of the tribe. Meanwhile the proces-

sion advanced, deposited the corpse, ranged themselves around the little temple, and the death songs resounded more piercingly; this doleful pantomine, this funeral pomp, these hymns of despair expressed in another language, and attended with other rites, seemed to be a living memorial of those lamentations with which Jeremiah had filled the same valley, and which the biblical world still echoes."

DEPARTURE FROM JAFFA.

Same date.

We embarked on a full tide, whose enormous breakers were dashing in hills of foam into the rocky channel. Waiting a moment behind the rocks for one wave to spend itself, a few bold strokes of the oars launched us on the open sea; another and another breaker succeeded, and lifted up our boat, which floated like a cork over the head of each, then sank into the depth of an abyss, whence neither ship nor shore was visible,—remounted, and again rolled onward, enveloped in a showery veil of surf. At length we reached the ship's side; but so violent was her motion, that we dared not near her, for fear of being struck by her yards which were dipping in the waves; an interval of the breakers is seized, a rope thrown out, the ladder is placed, and we have attained the deck in safety.

The wind became contrary; we rode on two anchors, every moment in danger of shipwreck, if the furious agitation of the waves should break them; this frightful tossing caused some hours of physical and moral agony to us. Towards evening, and during the night, the wind whistled among the masts and cordage, as if through the shrill pipes of an organ; while the vessel bounded like a ram butting against the earth with its horns; the prow plunged into the sea, and seemed ready to be swallowed up every time that the beating waves heaved the poop; cries of distress were heard from the Arab sailors of some other vessels, which had conveyed the unfortunate Greek pilgrims from Jerusalem. These small vessels, some of them containing only two or three women and children, made an attempt at putting to sea for the purpose of avoiding the coast—some sailed past us, the women screaming and stretching out their hands to us; but the huge breakers engulphed them, and an instant afterwards they reappeared at a great distance; a few of the boats succeeded in keeping at a distance from the coast; two were cast on the rocky shelves of the Gaza. Our anchors at length yielded, and we were being hurried towards the rocks of the interior port, when the captain ordered another to be thrown out.

The wind now moderated and turned somewhat in our favour; when, making for Damietta under a grey and foggy sky, we lost sight of land, and made a good day's sail,—the sea tranquil, but the captain and his mate occupied in watching the precursory signs of a tempest, which exploded at nightfall.

The wind freshened every hour, the waves swelling more and more till they ran mountains high; the ship creaking and straining, all her tackle whistling and vibrating to the blast, like so many fibres of metal; the whole a combination of shrill and plaintive sounds, resembling the wailings of the Greek women at their funerals. We could no longer carry any sail; the vessel rolled from one abyss to another, and at every lurch her masts trembled, and appeared to be toppling into the sea like uprooted trees; while the waves, borne down under her weight, rebounded and washed the deck. Every one, except myself and the crew, had descended to the mid-deck; whence the groans of the sick, and the uproar of chests and furniture rolling confusedly and knocking against the sides of the brig, reached our ears, whenever the howlings of the storm for a moment subsided. The brig itself, spite of its powerful timbers, and the enormous thickness of its thwarting beams, cracked and fretted, as if about every instant to spring a leak. The strokes of the sea upon the poop reverberated momentarily like the explosion of artillery.

At two o'clock in the morning the fury of the storm still increased, and I lashed myself with a rope to the mainmast, that I might not be washed overboard by the waves, or rolled into the sea by a sudden inclining of the deck almost into the perpendicular. Wrapped in my mantle, I contemplated the sublime spectacle, occasionally descending to the mid-deck to calm my wife's fears, who lay in her hammock. The mate—a man who, to a front of

iron for opposing danger, united the compassionate heart of a woman, never quitted the helm during this frightful tempest, except to carry hastily from cabin to cabin the succour or encouragement of which each passenger stood in need. In this manner the night wore away. Sunrise, which was distinguishable only by the wan light diffusing itself over the waves, and through the huddled masses of clouds, far from diminishing the violence of the blast, seemed but to endue it with renewed strength. As far as the eye could penetrate, we saw hills upon hills of foaming water coursing each other towards us. The brig, yielding and bending to each as it passed; overwhelmed by one, heaved by another, driven one way by an impetuous wave, then arrested by another—which forcibly impelled her in the opposite direction—pitched from side to side, plunging her prow forwards with a violence that threatened us with instant absorption; while the sea running furiously upon her, broke over her poop, and swept her from side to side: now and then she would recover herself—the sea, amidst the overpowering fury of the gale, presenting a level plain of whirling foam in the bosom of those vast watery mountains, thus allowing a moment's repose to the straining masts, but presently again immersing us in the region of stupendous waves, where we again rolled from precipice to precipice. Between such horrible alternatives the day expired. The captain consulted me: the Egyptian shore is low, and a ship may be thrown upon it before land is seen. The coasts of Syria are devoid both of roadstead

and port. It was necessary to resolve either on tacking through such a sea, or keeping the direction of the wind, which was driving us upon Cyprus. There a road and haven were open to us, but we were more than eighty leagues distant from it. I advised that the helm should be set for Cyprus. The wind drove us at the rate of three leagues an hour, but the sea ran as high as ever. My wife and fellow-travellers, who kept to their hammocks, supported their strength by a few drops of cold broth; I myself eat a few mouthfuls of biscuit, and smoked with the captain and mate, retaining my position on the deck, near the binnacle, my hands holding to the cordage, which supported me against the beating of the sea. Night closed in with increased horrors, the clouds rested heavily upon the sea, the whole horizon seemed shattered with lightning—all was fire around us; the thunder, resounding from the crest of the waves rose to meet the clouds; three times the bolt fell near us—once, at a moment when the brig was pitched on her side by a colossal breaker; the yards dipped, the masts struck the wave, and the surf, projected by the collision, resembled a rent mantle of fire, the thousand fragments of which the wind dispersed like serpents of flame; the whole crew united in one cry; we seemed precipitated into the crater of a volcano. The effect of this moment was the most terrific and most sublime which the storm produced throughout that tedious night. For nine succeeding hours the thunder enveloped us; every moment we expected to see the enflamed masts fall upon us and

set fire to the ship. In the morning the sky was less heavy, but the sea resembled boiling lava; the wind calming a little, and no longer sustaining the ship, made her roll yet more heavily. According to the ship's reckoning, we were still thirty leagues distant from the Isle of Cyprus.

At eleven o'clock we began to descry the land, and from hour to hour gradually gained upon it. It was Limasol, one of the ports of this island. We set all sail to put ourselves more quickly under the wind; as we approached the land, the sea became less violent. We coasted at the distance of two leagues from the shore, and made for the road of Larnaca, where we soon perceived the masts of a great number of vessels, which, like ourselves, had sought refuge there. The wind again rose in fury, and carried us thither in a few minutes; the impulse of the ship was so strong that we were afraid of breaking our cables in casting anchor; it was dropped at length,—bore down some fathoms, and sounded the bottom. We had now gained a riding, where the waves, though still boisterous, might rock us without danger. I was once more in sight of the flagstaves of the European consulates and of the terrace of that of France, whence our friend M. Bottu made us signals of recognition. Every body remained on board; my wife could not revisit, without heart-rending emotions, the excellent and happy family of M. Bottu, amongst whom, then happy herself, she had experienced so much hospitality during fifteen months.

I landed with the captain, and received from

Monsieur and Madame Bottu, and Messieurs Perthier and Guillois, young Frenchmen attached to the Consulate, those affecting marks of kindness and friendship which I expected from them. I visited M. Mathéi, a Greek banker, to whom I had been recommended; we sent provisions of all kinds to the brig, M. Mathéi adding to them presents of Cyprus wine, and Syrian mutton. Whilst I was taking a survey of the environs of the town with M. Bottu, the tempest, which for so short a time had subsided, arose again; we could no longer communicate with the vessels in the road; the billows covered the quays and threw their foam even to the windows of the houses. What a frightful evening and night I passed on the terrace, or at the window of my chamber, in the French Consulate, watching the brig which contained my wife, as it rolled to and fro in the road tossed by immense waves; and trembling every instant lest the cables should give way, and the vessel be dashed, with all that remained to me of happiness in this world, against the rocks.

At length, on the following evening, the sea calmed; we regained the brig, remained three hours in the road waiting for a good wind, and were repeatedly visited by M. Mathéi and M. Bottu. This young and amiable consul was the one of all the French agents in the East who received his countrymen with the greatest cordiality, and paid the highest respect to the name of France; I have twice partaken of his hospitality, and shall always remember his kindness with grateful friendship. He was a happy man, surrounded by the wife of his affec-

tions and children, who were the joy of his heart. I understand he died suddenly a few days after our departure; the income of his family was derived solely from his appointment, and the whole of this income he had dedicated to his duties as Consul. His poor wife and lovely children now depend upon the compassion of the country which he served, and to whose honour he dedicated all his emoluments. May France, when she thinks of his merits, remember his widow and orphans.

April 30, 1833.

Set sail; wind variable; three days employed in doubling the Western point of the Isle, keeping our course along the shore. Saw Mounts Olympus, Paphos, and Amathonte; enchanting prospect of the coast and mountains on this side of Cyprus. This Island might become the finest colony of Asia Minor; it now contains but thirty thousand souls, whereas it might support and enrich millions of men. Every where capable of cultivation, every where fertile, woody, and watered; possessing natural ship-roads and ports on every side; situated between Syria, Caramania, the Archipelago, Egypt, and the European coasts;—it might be the garden of the world.

May 3, 1833.

This morning descried the most prominent heights of Caramania; Mount Taurus in the distance; its ridges rugged and covered with snow like the Alps seen from Lyons; wind mild and variable,

nights splendidly starlight. During the night made the Gulf of Satalia, which resembles an inland sea. The wind falls; the ship slumbers as upon a lake. The eye encounters on every side the mountainous amphitheatres which coast this and the neighbouring bays. Ridges of mountains of all shapes and heights run one behind the other, leaving sometimes, between their unequal summits, high valleys through which the moonbeams shed their white vapours over the mountains' sides, and crown their crests in a pale purple haze. Behind these nearer eminences arise the angular and snowy summits of Mount Taurus. Some low and woody capes stretch themselves to a great distance in the sea; and little islands, like vessels at anchor, are detached here and there from the shore. A profound silence reigned upon the sea and upon the land; no noise was to be heard except that of the dolphins springing continually out of the bosom of the flood, as a kid bounds upon the greensward. The waves, edged and marbled with silver and gold, seemed fluted like Ionic columns recumbent upon the earth; the brig was perfectly becalmed. At midnight a land breeze arose, which carried us gently out of the Gulf of Satalia, and along the Coast of Asia Minor as far as Castelrozzo. We entered all the bays, and almost touched the land. The ruins of this country which formed several kingdoms—Pontus, Cappadocia, and Bithynia, now desolate and solitary, are stretched out upon the promontories; the valleys and plains are covered with forests; the Turcomans come here to plant their tents during the winter;

in the summer all is a desert, except a few points of the coast, as Tarsus, Satalia, Castelrozzo and Marmorizza, in the Gulf of Macri.

May, 1833.

The current which prevails along the Caramanian coast impelled us towards the extremity of that country and towards the entrance of the Gulf of Macri; during the night we pursued our course direct for the Island of Rhodes, but the captain, fearing the vicinity of the Asiatic coast, on account of the Westerly wind which had arisen, stood again towards the open sea, and we awoke scarcely within sight of Rhodes. We found not far from us our consort brig, the Alceste; the calm prevented our approaching her throughout the day; in the evening a fresh wind arose which brought us up the Gulf of Marmorizza; at midnight the land breeze returned, and we entered the Port of Rhodes in the morning.

May, 1833.

We passed three days in surveying the environs of Rhodes—charming prospects from the declivities of the mountain, which look towards the Archipelago. After walking for two hours along the strand, I turned into a valley, shaded by fine trees, and watered by a small rivulet: following the banks of the stream, edged by rose laurels, I arrived at a little platform, which forms the highest point of the valley. Here stands a small house, almost entirely covered with the branches of fig and

orange trees, inhabited by a poor Greek family; in its garden are the ruins of a little temple of the Nymphs, a grotto, and some loose columns and capitals, half hidden by ivy and the roots of shrubs; beyond, is a grass-plot, two or three hundred paces wide, with a fountain; here grow two or three sycamores, one of which alone overshadows the whole of the green-sward. It is the holy tree of the island: the Turks respect it; and an unfortunate Greek peasant, having one day cut down a branch, the Pacha of Rhodes ordered him to be bastinadoed. It is not true that the Turks disregard nature and the works of Art: they leave all things as they find them, and their only way of ruining every thing is by improving nothing. The hills rise in peaks above the grass-plot and the sycamores—crested with fir-trees, and abounding in little cataracts—which channel their slopes with serpentine ravines. Farther on the lofty mountains of the island look down upon and overshadow these hills, the green-sward, and the fountain. From the brink of the fountain, where I I am seated, I see, through the foliage of pines and sycamores, the sea of the Asiatic Archipelago, resembling a lake set thick with islands, and the deep gulfs which lose themselves between the high and snow-crowned mountains of Macri. I hear nothing but the splashing of the fountain, the murmuring of the wind amongst the leaves, the flight of the bulbul, whom my presence alarms, and the plaintive song of the Greek peasant woman, who rocks her infant upon the roof of her cottage.

How charming this place would have appeared to me six months ago!

I met, in a pathway of the high mountains of Rhodes, a Cypriot chief, habited as a European, but bonnetted according to the Greek fashion, and wearing a long white beard. I recognized him: he is named Theseus, is a nephew of the Patriarch of Cyprus, and distinguished himself in the war of independance. On his return to Cyprus, after the pacification of the Morea, his name, his spirit, his activity, acquired for him the attachment of the whole Greek population of the island. At the period of the insurrection which had lately taken place, the peasants of the several mountains placed themselves under his command; he used his influence to calm them; and after having, in conjunction with M. Bottu, the French Consul, obtained redress for some of their grievances, he dispersed his troop, and took refuge in the Consulate from the vengeance of the Turks. A Greek vessel had dropped him at Rhodes, where he was not in safety. I offered him accommodation in one of my brigs, which he accepted; and I shall transport him to Constantinople, to Greece, or to Europe, at his own choice. He is a man who has constantly hazarded his life and fortune upon the cast of a die; a man of fiery spirit and brilliant courage; speaking all languages, knowing all countries, possessing inexhaustible funds of interesting conversation, as prompt in action as in thought—one of those men with whom motion is nature; and who, like birds of the storm, rise with the whirlwinds of revolu-

tions, to fall again with the return of repose. Nature casts but few souls in such a mould: men, thus constituted, are generally unfortunate—they are feared and persecuted; but they might make admirable instruments if one knew how to employ them with effect. I have sent a bark to Marmorizza, to carry thither a young Greek, who will there await my horses, and give orders to my *sais* to join me at Constantinople. We have determined to go by sea, visiting the islands of the Asiatic coast, and the shores of the Continent.

Set sail at midnight with a light wind; doubled Cape Krio on the evening of the first day; fine and easy navigation between the islands of Piscopia, Nisyra, and the enchanted island of Cos, the country of Esculapius. Next to Rhodes, Cos appears to me the most smiling and agreeable island of the Archipelago: charming villages, sheltered by beautiful palm-trees, line its shores; the town is cheerful, and elegantly built. In the evening we were almost lost, with our two brigs, in the midst of a labyrinth of little uninhabited islands, carpeted to the water's edge with long grass; beautiful channels flow amongst them, and almost all have little creeks, in which vessels might cast anchor. What an enchanting residence for those men who complain that they cannot find room in Europe! It has the climate and the fertility of Rhodes and of Cos. At the distance of two leagues lies an immense continent, between which and these islands we tacked about incessantly, and saw the sun glittering upon the magnificent ruins

of the Grecian and Roman cities of Asia Minor. The next morning we awoke in the Boghaz, a strait of Samos, between that island and the isle of Ikaria; the lofty mountain, which itself forms almost the whole island of Samos, rose above our heads, covered with rocks and forests of firs; among the rocks we observed women and children; the population of Samos, at present in rebellion against the Turks, had sought refuge on the mountain. The men were armed in the city and upon the coasts.

Samos resembles a mountain of the Lake of Lucerne, illumined by the sky of Asia. Its base almost joins the continent, from which it is separated only by a narrow channel. A storm carried us into the gulf of Scala-Nova, not far from the ruins of Ephesus. In the morning we entered the channel of Scio, and sought an asylum in the road of Tschesmé, celebrated for the destruction of the Ottoman fleet by Orloff. The delightful island of Scio extends, like a green hill, on the opposite side of a large river: its white houses, its towns and villages, grouped upon its umbrageous slopes, glitter amongst the orange-trees and vines; its remains bespeak a recent state of prosperity and a numerous population. The Turkish dominion, although it had nearly reduced the Greek population of these beautiful islands to slavery, had not been able to stifle their active, industrious, commercial, and agricultural energies. I know of no place in Europe which has a richer appearance than Scio; it is a garden of sixty leagues in circumference.

A day's voyage brought us to the ruins and mineral waters of Tschesmé.

The sea having become calm, we set sail for Smyrna; the wind was variable throughout the day, and we slowly threaded the coast of Scio; the woods descend to the sea. All the towns of the bays are fortified, and have their ports filled with small vessels; the smallest creek has its village; an innumerable multitude of boats skirt the shores, conveying the Greeks, women and girls, to their churches; on every eminence, and in all the valleys between the hills, may be seen a village or its white church. We doubled the point of the island, and were wafted by a brisk wind into the Gulf of Smyrna, enjoying till night closed in the prospect of the fine forests and large villages which line its western coast. At night we were becalmed at no great distance from the Isles of Bourla, and were able to distinguish the fires of the French fleet, which had been at anchor there for the last six months.

In the morning we came within sight of Smyrna, embosomed by cypress trees, and reclining on the descent of a considerable hill at the extremity of the gulf. High embattled walls crown the upper part of the town, and a finely wooded plain extends on the left as far as the mountains. There flows the river Meles! In my mind the remembrance of Homer hovers over all the shore of Smyrna; my eyes seek that tree on the margin of the river, then unknown, where the poor slave deposited her offspring amongst the rushes; that child, whose

fame should one day immortalize the name of the river, the continent, and the islands. That imagination which Heaven then gave to the earth, was to reflect to us all antiquity, divine and human; he was abandoned at his birth on the banks of a river as the Moses of Poetry; he lived blind and miserable, like those Indian Deities who traversed the world in the attire of mendicants, and were only recognised for gods after their passage. Modern erudition affects not to see a man, but a type in Homer; this is one of the hundred thousand paradoxes with which learning attempts to combat the evidence of our internal convictions; to me Homer is a single man—a man speaking throughout with one accent of voice, one form of language, and one expression of feeling. To admit a race of Homeric men, appears to me more difficult than to admit a race of giants; nature does not produce her prodigies in series; she gave us Homer, and defies after-ages to exhibit another such specimen of the combination of reason, philosophy, sensibility, and genius.

I disembarked at Smyrna, to make the circuit of the town and its environs in company with M. Salzani, a resident banker and merchant—a gentleman as kind-hearted as he is agreeable and well-informed; during three days I took advantage of his hospitality, but returned each night to sleep on board the brig. Smyrna in no respect resembles an eastern town; it is a large and elegant factory, where the European consuls and merchants lead the life of Paris and London. The view from the top of

the hill over the gulf and city is beautiful; on descending the hill, to the margin of the river, which I like to believe to be the Meles, we were delighted with the situation of the bridge of the caravans, very near one of the gates of the town. The river is limpid, slumbering under a peaceful arch of sycamores and cypresses; we seated ourselves on its bank, and the Turks brought us pipes and coffee. If this stream heard the first wailings of Homer, I love to hear its gentle murmurings amongst the roots of the palm-trees; I raise its waters to my lips—I bathe my burning forehead in them. Oh! might that man appear for the Western world who should weave its history, its dreams, and its heaven into an epic! Such a poem is the sepulchre of times gone by, to which posterity comes to venerate deceased traditions, and eternalize by its worship the great actions and sublime thoughts of human nature; its author engraves his name on the pedestal of the statue which he erects to man, and he lives in all the ideas with which he enriches the world of imagination.

This evening I was taken to visit M. Fauvel, formerly our consul in Greece, who now lives alone with two Greek servants, in a small house on the quay of Smyrna; the staircase, hall, and apartments, are full of fragments of sculpture, plans of Athens in relief, and broken blocks of marble and porphyry. Expelled from Athens, his adopted country, the dust of which he had been sweeping all his life to restore its treasures to the world, M. Fauvel now lives poor and unknown at Smyrna; thither he has

carried his gods, and pays them his hourly worship. M. de Chateaubriand saw him in his youth, happy in the midst of the splendid ruins of the Parthenon; I have seen him old and in exile, wounded by the ingratitude of men, but firm and cheerful in adversity, and abounding in that natural philosophy which enables those whose fortune is based in the goodness of their hearts to endure misfortune with patience; I spent a delightful hour in listening to the conversation of this charming old man. I found at Smyrna a young man of talent, whom I had known in Italy, M. Deschamps, editor of the *Journal of Smyrna;* he acknowledged our former acquaintance with sensibility. The storm had thrown the remains of St. Simonianism upon Smyrna—reduced to the last extremities, but supporting their reverses with the resignation and constancy of a firm conviction, in evidence of which I received on board two remarkable letters. Novel ideas must not be judged of by the disdain with which they inspire their contemporaries; all great thoughts have been received as strangers in the world. St. Simonianism can boast of something which is true, great, and fruitful,—the application of Christianity to political society, and to legislation for the human fraternity. In this point of view I am a St. Simonian; it was not in ideas that this eclipsed, but not deceased sect, was wanting; neither was it deficient in disciples; that which it did want was, in my opinion, a chief, a master, a regulator. I doubt not that if a man of genius and virtue, a man who with a penetrating and sagacious

glance could at once take in the whole horizon, religious and political, had been placed at the head of these nascent opinions, he would have metamorphosed them into a powerful reality. The time of the anarchy of opinions is the favourable season for the germination of new and important thoughts: society, in the eyes of a philosopher, is then in a moment of rout; it has neither government, object, nor chief; it is reduced to the instinct of conversion. A religious, moral, social, and political sect, having a standard, a rule of order, an object, a chief, a spirit of intelligence, and marching compact and direct in front of that society, and in the midst of its disordered ranks, would inevitably command victory; but salvation, and not ruin, should be the result of its operations; it should attack the hurtful only, and not the serviceable; recall religion to reason and love, politics to the Christian fraternity, property to charity and universal utility, its only title and basis;—but a legislator was wanting to these young men, ardently zealous, longing for faith, but amongst whom the wildest doctrines were propagated: the organisers of St. Simonianism have taken for their chief motto, "War, without quarter, between family ties, property, religion, and us,"—and they necessarily fell. The world is not to be conquered by the force of a word; it may be converted, it may be moved, it may be moulded, it may be changed; but, inasmuch as an idea is not practicable, it is not presentable to society; human nature proceeds from the known to the unknown, but not from the known to the

absurd. This will be resumed as an under-plot to the great revolutions yet in futurity; signs are to be seen upon the earth, and in the heavens; the St. Simonians have been one of these signs; they will dissolve themselves as a body, but as individuals will hereafter become the soldiers and chiefs of the new army.

Sailing out of the Gulf of Smyrna with all our canvas set, when we had made the height of Vourla, and were pursuing a straight course at the mouth of the gulf, we grounded on a sand-bank, through the unskilfulness of a Greek pilot. The vessel received a shock which made her masts quiver, and remained immoveable three leagues from land, the swelling waves breaking against her sides. We all hurried upon deck; what a moment of calm yet awful anxiety was that, while so many lives awaited their sentence, suspended on the uncertain success of the manœuvres that were attempted. A perfect silence reigned—no sign of terror was exhibited; on great occasions man is great! After a few minutes of powerless efforts, the wind arose to our aid and turned us upon our keel. The brig disengaged herself and no leak was perceptible. We entered on the expanse of ocean, the Island of Mitylene on our right; and after a delightful day's sail, approached the channel which separates the island from the continent; but the wind sank, the clouds gathered over the open sea, and at night-fall the wind and thunder burst from them together; a furious tempest and total darkness ensued, the two brigs firing signals of recognition and seeking the

road of Foglieri, the ancient Phocea, between the rocks which form the northern point of the Gulf of Smyrna. In two hours the force of the wind drove us ten leagues along the coast, one clap of thunder every moment succeeding another, and whizzing through the surges; while the sky, the sea, and the echoing rocks of the coast were illuminated by continual flashes of lightning, which supplied the place of day, and from time to time afforded us glimpses of our route. The two brigs almost touched, and we trembled in momentary dread of a collision; at length a manœuvre of extreme daring in the obscurity of night harboured us safely in the narrow mouth of the road of Phocea; we heard the waves bellowing against the rocks to the right and left; a false stroke of the helm would have thrown us a wreck upon them; we all stood mute upon the deck, waiting the decision of our fate; the night was so dark that we could not distinguish our own masts; suddenly we felt the brig glide over a motionless surface; a few lights shone round us upon the outline of the basin, which we had happily entered, and we cast anchor without knowing where. The wind roared the whole night against our masts and through our yards, as though it would have carried them away, but the sea was motionless.

How beautiful is the basin of the ancient Phocea! Half a league in circumference, it is hollowed like a circular fortress between hills, whose graceful slopes are interspersed with red-painted houses, cottages shaded by olive-trees, gardens, creeping vines, and especially with fields of magnificent cy-

presses, under the shade of which repose the white tombs of the Turkish cemeteries. We landed to visit the ruins of that city which gave birth to Marseilles ; were graciously welcomed, entertained in two Turkish houses, and passed the day in their orange-gardens. The third day the sea calmed, and at midnight we sailed from the natural haven of Phocea.

17th May, 1833.

We followed the whole day the Channel of Mitylene, where Lesbos stood, a poetical memorial of the only woman of antiquity whose voice had power enough to make itself heard through the lapse of centuries. Only a few of Sappho's verses have descended to us, but they give evidence of a genius of the highest order; as a fragment of the arm or the body from a statue by Phidias reveals the perfection of the entire figure. The heart from which Sappho's stanzas flowed must have been a deep well-spring of passions and of images. The Isle of Lesbos is to me even more beautiful than that of Scio. Its high and verdant hills, pinnacled with firs, are more lofty and more picturesquely grouped. Their ridges, overhanging a broader expanse of inland sea formed by its capacious bay, and so closely overlooking Asia, are more solitary and more inacessible: instead of the numerous villages which overspread the gardens of Scio, here the smoke from a Greek cottage curling upwards between the heads of chestnut-trees and cypresses, or a few shepherds on a point of a rock, tending

large flocks of white goats, are objects but rarely seen. In the evening we doubled with a favourable wind the northern extremity of Mitylene, and perceived in the horizon before us, two dark spots upon the crimson vapour of the sea—Lemnos and Tenedos.

Same date.

It is midnight; the sea smooth as a sheet of ice, the becalmed brig hovering like a shadow upon its sparkling surface. Tenedos springing from the waves on our left, conceals the open sea; nearer, and to the right, extends, like a dark barrier, the low and indented shore of the plain of Troy. The full moon, rising over the snow-capped summit of Mount Ida, diffuses a serene but uncertain light over the mountain-tops, the hills, and the plain; then beaming upon the sea, tinges its quiet waves with her mild effulgence, under the very side of our vessel, converting its surface into a bright area upon which no shadow may dare to glide. We distinguished the tumuli or little conical mounds which tradition assigns as the tombs of Homer and Patroclus. The broad red moon glancing over the undulations of the hills, resembles the ensanguined shield of Achilles; no light is visible on all that line of coast, except a distant fire lighted by the shepherds on the ridge of Ida; no sound meets our ears except the dull flapping of the sail, which untouched by the lightest breeze, is occasionally beaten against the main-yard by the wavering of the mast; the image of the death which has passed

over the ages of its glory, seems impressed upon this still and melancholy scene. Leaning over the shrouds of the vessel, that land, those mountains, those ruins, those tombs, rise before me, with their vapourous forms and undecided outlines, under the sleeping and silent rays of the planet of night, like the shadowy apparition of a past world evoked from the bosom of the sea, and vanishing as the moon sinks behind the summits of other mountains; it is an additional bright page to the Homeric poem; it is the consummation of all poems and of all history; unknown tombs, ruins without any certain names, a dark and naked soil, confusedly illuminated by immortal stars; and new spectators passing with indifference before those shores, and repeating for the thousandth time the epitaph of all things. Here lie an empire, a city, a people, heroes! God alone is great, and the thoughts which search Him out and adore Him are alone imperishable!

I feel no desire to visit nearer, and by day, the doubtful remains of the ruins of Troy; I prefer this nocturnal apparition which permits the fancy to re-people the desolate wastes, and is lighted only by the pale lamp of the moon and by the poetry of Homer. Besides, what care I for Troy, her gods, or her heroes? That page of the heroic is turned for ever.

The land-breeze begins to spring up, and we take advantage of it to make for the Dardanelles. Already several considerable vessels are seeking like ourselves that difficult entrance near us; their large grey sails, like the wings of night-birds, glide

silently between us and Tenedos. I descended to the mid-deck and slept.

17th May, 1833.

Waking with the day, I heard the rapid track of the vessel, and the small moving waves murmuring like the songs of birds about the sides of the vessel: opening the port hole, I discovered, upon a chain of low and rounded hills, the castles of the Dardanelles with their white walls, their towers and immense loopholes for cannon. The channel is in this part scarcely a league in breadth, winding like a beautiful and expansive river between the perfectly similar coasts of Asia and Europe. The castles close this sea like the two leaves of a gate; but in the present state of Turkey and of Europe, it would be easy either to force the passage by sea, or to make a descent and surprise the forts from behind; the passage of the Dardanelles is impregnable only when guarded by the Russians.

The rapid current bore us with the swiftness of an arrow past Gallipoli and the villages bordering the channel; we saw the Isles of the Sea of Marmora frowning before us; and followed the European coast for two days and nights with a contrary wind from the North. The next morning we saw the Isles of Princes at the extremity of the sea of Marmora, in the bay of Nicee, and on our left the Castle of the Seven Towers, and the aerial pinnacles of the innumerable minarets of Stamboul, which present themselves in front of the seven hills of Constantinople. Every tack brought us nearer

to them and discovered new ones. This first view of Constantinople produced upon me a painful impression of surprise and of the dissolution of a pleasing spell. "What!" said I to myself, "are these the seas, the shores, the wondrous city for which the masters of the world abandoned Rome and the coasts of Naples? This the metropolis of the universe, seated upon Europe and upon Asia—for which all conquering nations alternately contended, as a sign of the royalty of the world? This the town which painters and poets delineate as the Queen of Cities hovering over her hills and her double sea, encompassed with her gulfs, her towers, her mountains, and comprehending all the treasures of nature, and of oriental luxury! Is it to this that the Bay of Naples is compared, with her vast amphitheatre and resplendent city; Vesuvius at her side, his golden summit lost in clouds of smoke and purple; the forests of Castelamare dipping their dark foliage in an azure sea; and the Isles of Procida and Ischia, with their volcanic peaks, and their slopes yellow with vines and whitened with villas, shutting in the ample bay like gigantic moles thrown out by the Deity himself at the mouth of that glorious haven! I see nothing here to vie with that scene which has made an indelible impression upon my eyes and upon my mind. I am sailing, indeed, upon a smooth and beautiful sea, but its shores are flat, or rising in monotonous and rounded hills; the snows of Olympus and Thrace are embraced in the horizon, but forming only a white cloud in the sky, are too distant to impart sublimity to the landscape. The prospect

at the farther end of the gulf offers only similar rounded hills of the same level, without rocks, ravine, or hollows; and Constantinople, to which the pilot pointed with his finger, is itself no more than a circumscribed white city built on a hillock of the European coast. Was it worth while to come so far in search of disappointment? I would look no longer.—Meanwhile, the endless tackings of the vessel brought us sensibly nearer; we skirted the Castle of the Seven Towers—a prodigious mass of building in the severe and frowning style of the middle ages, which flanks towards the sea the angle of the Greek walls of ancient Byzantium. We anchored under the houses of Stamboul, in the sea of Marmora, amidst a throng of ships and boats detained like ourselves outside the port by the violence of the North wind.

It was five in the afternoon; the sky was serene and the sun bright; I began to recover from my disdain of Constantinople; the inclosing walls of this part of the city, picturesquely built with the ruins of ancient walls, and surmounted with gardens, kiosks, and little red-painted wooden pavillions, formed the foreground of the picture; above these rose terraces of houses without number, stage above stage, in pyramids of steps, intercepted by the heads of orange-trees, and the dark arrowy points of cypresses; in the distant perspective, seven or eight magnificent mosques crowned the height; and, flanked by their lightly sculptured minarets and Moorish colonnades, carried to the sky their gilded domes, blazing with the reflection of the sun; the

walls of these mosques, painted of a soft azure, and the lead coverings of their cupolas, give them the appearance and transparent varnish of porcelain monuments. Beside these domes appeared the motionless and sombre heads of numerous cypresses; while the houses of the town, painted in various hues, made the vast hill shine with all the colours of a flower-garden. No noise arose from the streets; no grating of the innumerable windows was heard; no movement betrayed the habitation of so great a multitude; all appeared asleep under the scorching orb of day; the gulf alone, tracked on every side by sails of all forms and dimensions, gave signs of life. We saw vessels in full sail, every moment clearing the Golden Horn (the opening of the Bosphorus), the true harbour of Constantinople, hastening past us, and flying towards the Dardanelles; but we could not perceive the entrance of the Bosphorus, nor even understand its situation. We dined on deck, facing this magical spectacle; Turkish caiques came to question us, and to bring us provisions; the boatmen told us the plague had almost disappeared. I forwarded my letters into the city; at seven o'clock M. Turqui, the Sardinian consul-general, accompanied by the officers of the Legation, came to pay us a visit, and offer us hospitality in his house at Pera; there was no possibility of procuring a lodging in the city, which had recently been devastated by fire; and M. Turqui's obliging cordiality, and the attraction we found in his first address, induced us

to accept his invitation. The contrary wind still prevailed, and the brigs could not weigh anchor that evening; we therefore slept on board.

20th May, 1833.

At five o'clock I was standing on the deck, when the captain ordered a boat to be lowered. I descended with him, and we made for the mouth of the Bosphorus, coasting the walls of Constantinople, which are washed by the sea. After half an hour's navigation through innumerable vessels at anchor, we touched at the walls of the seraglio, which continue those of the city, and form, at the extremity of the hill on which Stamboul stands, the angle separating the sea of Marmora from the channel of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, or great interior harbour of Constantinople. Here it is that God and man, nature and art, have placed, or created in concert, the most extraordinary landscape that human eyes can contemplate upon earth. I uttered an involuntary exclamation, and obliterated for ever from the tablets of my mind the Bay of Naples with all its enchantments. To compare anything with such a concentration of loveliness and magnificence is to wrong creation.

A few paces distant on the left frowned the walls, supporting the circular terraces that bound the spacious garden of the grand seraglio, separated from the sea by a narrow flagged footway, continually washed by the perpetual current of the Bosphorus, in little blue rippling waves, like the waters of the Rhone at Geneva. The terraces, which rise in

insensible slopes to the sultan's palace, whose gilded domes are discernible through the gigantic heads of palm-trees and cypresses, are themselves planted with similar trees, whose huge trunks tower above the walls, while their branches, scorning the boundaries of the gardens, overhang the sea with thick canopies of foliage, and shadow the caïques. Our rowers suspended their oars occasionally under their shade. Here and there these groups of trees are broken by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilt and sculptured gates opening upon the sea; or batteries of copper and bronze cannon, of antique and uncouth forms. The grated windows of these maritime palaces overlook the sea, and glimpses may now and then be caught of the lustres and gilt cielings of the apartments, sparkling through the Venetian blinds; while at every step elegant Moorish fountains, springing from the seraglio walls, fall murmuring from the height of the gardens into marble conches, from which the passers-by may quench their thirst. A few Turkish soldiers lie stretched at their ease beside these fountains, while numbers of masterless dogs are wandering along the quay, and some of them sleeping in the cannons' mouths, which are of enormous calibre. As the boat advanced along these walls, the prospect expanded before us; we neared the Asiatic coast, and the eye began to trace the mouth of the Bosphorus between a line of sombre hills and an opposite range, which appeared to be painted in all the tints of the rainbow. Here we again rested: the smiling coast of Asia, only about a mile distant, was sketched to

our right, its broad and high hills standing forward in relief, crowned with black forests of sharp-pointed trees; the champaign was fringed with trees, and studded with red-painted houses—the perpendicular sides of the ravines, tapestried with verdant plants and sycamores, whose branches dipped in the stream. Farther off, the hills were still loftier, then declined in green slopes till they formed a large advanced cape, bearing on its brow the considerable town of Scutari, with its white barracks, resembling a royal château—its mosques, with their glittering minarets—its quays and its creeks, bordered with houses, bazaars, and caiques, under the shade of trellices or of palm-trees; and, in the background, its dark and gloomy forest of cypress trees, through the branches of which glimmered with lugubrious splendour the innumerable white monuments of the Turkish cemeteries. Beyond the point of Scutari, terminated by an islet, called *The Maiden's Tomb*, on which is a Turkish chapel, the Bosphorus, like a pent-up river, seems to escape between dark and rocky mountains, of which the multiform angles, projecting or inflexed, the ravines and forests of one coast, appear to answer those of the other; and at the foot of which is discovered, in the distant perspective, an uninterrupted chain of villages, fleets at anchor or in sail, little ports shaded with trees, scattered houses and spacious palaces, with their rose-gardens abutting upon the sea.

A few minutes rowing carried us forward to that precise point of the Golden Horn from whence the

eye may revel, at one view, over the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the entire haven, or, more properly, the interior Sea of Constantinople. There we forgot Marmora, the Asiatic coast, and the Bosphorus, to give our undivided and admiring contemplation to the Golden Horn, and the seven towns suspended on the seven hills of Constantinople, all converging towards the arm of the sea, which unites the whole in one unique and incomparable city; at once city, country, seaport, river-banks, gardens, woody mountains, profound valleys, throngs of houses, streets and masts, tranquil lakes and enchanting solitudes; a view of which no pencil can delineate more than by detached fragments, and of which, at every stroke of the oars, the eye and the soul imbibe an entirely new aspect and impression.

We made sail for the hills of Galata and Pera; the seraglio retired from us, and grew larger as it retired, in proportion as the eye embraced a fuller scope of the vast outlines of its walls, and the multitude of its slopes, trees, kiosks, and palaces. Its site alone would suffice for the seat of a large town. The port advanced, and gradually became more developed, winding, like a canal, between the sides of hanging mountains. It has no appearance of a port; but resembles rather that of the Thames, or any large river, enclosed by two hilly banks studded with towns, and both shores choaked with interminable fleets at anchor in front of the line of houses. We sailed through that innumerable host of ships, some at anchor, others making sail for the Bos-

phorus, the Sea of Marmora, or the Black Sea, comprising vessels of every form, of every size, and of all flags—from the Arab bark, with its projecting and elevated prow, similar to the beak of the ancient galleys, to the magnificent three-decker, with its shining bronze walls. Hundreds of Turkish caiques, little boats which answer the purpose of carriages upon the maritime streets of this amphibious city, guided by one or two rowers in silk sleeves, were threading their way between the more massy structures, crossing each other's paths, coming in contact without being capsized, and elbowing each other like a crowd in the public squares; while clouds of alabatross, like beautiful white pigeons, rose from the sea at their approach, flying to a more distant station to cradle themselves upon the waves. I cannot attempt to reckon the vessels, the frigates, brigs, sloops, and boats, which, moving or stationary, cover the waters of the port of Constantinople, from the mouth of the Bosphorus, and the point of the seraglio, to the suburbs of Eyoub, and the delicious valleys of the sweet waters. The Thames, in London, offers nothing comparable to their number. Let it suffice to say, that independently of the Turkish fleet, and European men-of-war, at anchor in the middle of the channel, they are ranged along both shores of the Golden Horn, two or three ships in depth on each side, and in lines about a league in extent. We had but a slight glimpse of those prolonged files of prows, looking over the sea to the end of the gulf, where, by the contraction of its waters,

the land seems to enclose an actual forest of masts. We landed at the foot of the town of Pera, not far from a superb barrack of bombardiers, the covered terraces of which were piled with ordnance-carriages and cannons. A beautiful Moorish fountain, constructed in the form of an Indian pagoda, of marble, painted in brilliant colours, and carved in relief, like lace upon a basis of silk, poured its waters over a small quadrangle crowded with cannon-balls, articles of merchandise, horses, dogs without masters, and Turks seated on the ground, smoking in the shade. The rowers of the caiques were seated in great numbers on the banks of the quay, waiting for their masters, or soliciting passengers: they are a handsome race of men, whose fine figures are well set off by their becoming costume. They wear white trowsers, in plaits as large as those of a petticoat, and fastened round the waist by a sash of crimson silk; a small Greek cap of red worsted, finished at top by a long silk tassel, which hangs down behind the head; and a loose shirt of raw silk, with large hanging sleeves, which covers their shoulders and arms, leaving the neck and breast bare. Their caiques are narrow canoes, twenty or thirty feet long by two or three wide, of walnut-wood, polished and shining as mahogany: the prow is as pointed as the head of a lance, and cuts the sea like a knife. The narrow shape of these caiques renders them hazardous to Franks who are unaccustomed to them; the impression of an unskilful foot easily overbalances and upsets them; to avoid which danger, it is necessary to lie

down in the Turkish fashion at the bottom of the caiques, and to be careful that the weight of the body is equally divided between the two sides of the boat. They vary in size, so as to contain from one to four, or even eight passengers, but all are of the same proportions. They may be counted by thousands in the ports of Constantinople; and independently of those which, like hackney-coaches, are at the service of the public at all hours, every individual of the city, who is in easy circumstances, keeps one for his own use, the rowers of which are his domestics; every man whose business calls him to various parts of the city being obliged to cross the sea several times in the course of the day.

Leaving this small square, we entered the dirty and populous streets of a bazaar in Pera; which, with the exception of costume, presents nearly the same appearance as the markets of our towns; wooden stalls, displaying confectionery and viands; barbers' shops, venders of tobacco, of vegetables, and fruit; a thronging and active crowd in the streets; all the costumes, and all the tongues of the East striking the eye and the ear; and, above all, the barking of the numerous dogs who fill the squares and bazaars, and contend for the remnants thrown out at the gates. From thence we entered a long solitary and narrow street, which rises in a steep slope over the hill of Pera; the grated windows leave nothing visible of the interior of the Turkish houses, which appear poor and deserted; here and there the green arrowy head of a cypress towers high in the air above an enclosure of grey walls, its immoveable

branches in relief against a transparent sky. White and blue doves are dispersed on the windows and roofs of the houses, and fill the silent streets with their melancholy cooings. At the head of these streets extends the boasted quarter of Pera, inhabited by Europeans, and by the ambassadors and consuls: a quarter in all respects similar to a poor little town of our provinces. A few noble palaces of the embassies once crowned the sloping terraces of Galata: they now present only blackened pannels of walls, columns prostrated on the earth, gardens torn up and destroyed; the flame of the conflagration has devoured every thing. Pera possesses neither character, originality, nor beauty; from its streets neither the sea, nor the hills, nor the gardens of Constantinople can be descried; to enjoy the magnificent view with which nature and art have conspired to endow it, we must mount to the roofs of its houses.

M. Turqui received us with paternal kindness: his house is capacious, elegant, and admirably situated; he placed it entirely at our disposal. The richest furniture, the most luxurious viands of Europe, the most affectionate attentions of friendship, the most courteous and agreeable society in his own person, and those of all around him, were substituted in our entertainment for the carpet or mat of the desert, the coarse fare of the Arabs, the severities and hardships of a nautical life. Scarcely was I installed in his house, when I received a letter from Admiral Roussin, the French ambassador at Constantinople, kindly inviting me to be his

guest at Therapia. Such gratifying tokens of interest and courtesy, received from unknown compatriots, a thousand leagues from home, in isolation and misfortune, stamp their traces deeply and indelibly on the memory of the traveller.

21st, 22nd, and 23rd May, 1833.

Unlading of the two brigs.—Repose, visits received from the principal merchants of Pera.—Days passed in the delightful privacy of M. Turqui and his intimate friends.—Rides in Constantinople.—General inspection of the town.—Visit to the ambassador at Therapia.

23rd May, 1833.

When, on suddenly quitting the changeable, stormy scene of the sea, the obscure and moving cabin of a brig, and wearying roll of the waves, the foot feels itself firmly planted on a friendly land, and we are surrounded by men, books, and all the amenities of social life; when we see woods stretched before us, companions at our side, a whole terrestrial existence to be resumed after long disuse, these enjoyments fill us with an instinctive and entirely physical pleasure, of which we cannot become weary. Any land, even the most savage, the most distant from our own country, is a recovered home. Twenty times have I experienced this, on landing even for a few hours on an unknown and desert coast; a rock which defends you from the wind, a shrub which affords shelter from the sun or weather, a ray of the sun warming the sand on which

you are seated, lizards running about amongst the stones, insects plying their wings around you, a startled bird which approaches and then flies away with a cry of alarm; all these, trifles indifferent to the inhabitants of earth, are a whole world to the wearied navigator released from the waters.—But there is the brig, swaying in the bay upon a surgy sea, and it must presently be boarded again. The sailors mounted on the yards, are employed in drying or mending the rent sails; the boat riding over boiling breakers, and disappearing in the ravines that follow their wake, is passing and repassing incessantly, between the ship and the shore; landing provisions, or carrying out supplies of fresh water to the vessel; her cabin-boys are washing their shirts of painted cloth, and suspending them to dry on the mastick-trees, which line the shore; the captain is studying the face of the sky, and watching the wind which is on the point of veering, that he may recal by the firing of a gun, the loitering passengers to their life of misery, of darkness, and of motion. Anxious as we may be for the end of our voyage, all offer up their secret wishes that the wind may not so speedily prove favourable, that necessity may leave us at least another day's enjoyment of that inward luxury which attaches man to land. We contract a friendship for the coast, for the little selvage of turf or shrubs, which stretches between the sea and the rocks; for the fountain that steals almost unperceived from the roots of an old green oak, for the lichens, and the little wild flowers, which tremble perpetually to the

wind between the crevices of the rocks; and which we shall never see again. When the cannon of recal sounds from the ship, when the signal flag is hoisted at her mast-head, and the boat is despatched to fetch one, we might be tempted to weep with regret at leaving a nameless corner of the world, our only connexion with which has perhaps been, that we have reposed upon it for a few hours. Often have I experienced this innate love of man or of shelter, on any shore, however solitary, unknown, or a desert.

But here two contrary emotions are struggling for mastery, one sweet the other painful. First, the pleasure I have just depicted, of having firm and stable footing, a bed which does not eject one, a floor which does not continually throw one like a shuttlecock from wall to wall, a free way before one's steps, large windows open or shut at one's pleasure, and without fear of being drowned in surf; the delight of hearing the wind play among the curtains without making the house reel, and producing the deafening combination of sounds from the blustering sails, the quivering masts, and the heavy footsteps of the crew running to and fro upon the deck. Much more, the agreeable communications with Europe, with travellers, merchants, journals, books, every thing which restores man to a community of idea and of life with man; that participation in the general progress of events and of thoughts, of which we have been so long deprived. And still above all this, the cordial, attentive, delightful hospitality,—I will say more,—the

friendship of our excellent host, M. Turqui, who seems to feel as much happiness in lavishing his cares upon us, and procuring us every convenience and every consolation in his power, as we derive from receiving them! The memory of this excellent, this rare man,—for in my long life of travels, I have not met another like him,—will be dear to me, as long as any remembrance of these years of pilgrimage shall abide with me, and my thoughts will for ever follow him on those coasts of Asia or of Africa, where his fortune may condemn him to end his days.

Same date.

But when we have enjoyed these earliest pleasures of a return to land, we are frequently tempted to regret the uncertainty and perpetual agitations of a life on ship-board. There, at any rate, we have not leisure to reflect deeply upon our own condition, or to probe the abyss of sorrow which death may have opened in our hearts! Grief may be always there, but it is constantly relieved by some thought which tends to remove its oppressive weight; the noise and motion by which we are surrounded; the ever varying aspect of the ship's deck and of the sea; the swelling or moderating of the waves; the change, increase, or abatement of the wind; the setting and re-setting of the sails twenty times in the day; the watching of manœuvres to which, in heavy weather, it is necessary to give assistance; the thousand accidents of a tempestuous day or night; the rustling of the

agitated sails; the rolling and breakage of the furniture in the mid-deck; the heavy and irregular strokes of the waves against the fragile sides of the cabin in which we attempt to sleep; the quickened steps of the men on watch over our head; the plaintive cry of the poultry, drowned by the spray in their cages fastened to the foot of the mast; the crowing of the cocks at the first dawn of day, after a night of darkness and squalls; the whistling of the log-cord, thrown out to measure the way; the strange, uncouth, savage, or pleasing aspect of a coast, which was not suspected on the preceding night, but which at dawn of day we find ourselves approaching; estimating the height of its mountains, as they shine like heaps of snow among groups of firs; all this is of more or less consequence to the mind, relieves the heart a little, allows grief to evaporate, and suppresses sorrow so long as the voyage lasts; but all this affliction falls back with increased weight upon the mind, when after reaching the shore, sleep in a tranquil bed has restored the intensity of our feelings. The heart, no longer distracted from without, has time to review its mutilated affections, its despairing thoughts, its lost futurity! We are unable to conceive how a return to one's former life, that monotonous and empty life of towns and of society, is to be endured. This is what I experience to the extent of wishing for an eternal voyage with all its chances, and even its most unpleasant distractions. Alas! this is what I read in the eyes of my wife, still more than

in my own heart. The suffering of a man is not to be compared to that of a woman,—a mother,—a single thought, a single affection is life or death to a woman; life with her is a thing in possession, death is a thing lost; man lives through all things, good or evil; God does not kill him with a single blow.

May 24th, 1833.

I am surrounded by journals and pamphlets; recently arrived from Europe, and with which the kindness of the French and Austrian ambassadors has liberally furnished me. After having read all day, I am confirmed in the opinions which I brought with me from Europe. I see that events march entirely according to the political programme which historical and philosophical analogy have assigned to the course of things in this glorious age. Agitated France calms herself; Europe, restless, but fearful, looks on with jealousy and hatred, but dares not interfere; she feels instinctively, and this instinct is prophetic, that in the act of moving she would probably lose her equilibrium. I never imagined that war would result from the Revolution of July; France must have surrendered to insane counsels to have become the aggressor; and France not aggressing, Europe could not wilfully throw herself into the midst of a revolutionary furnace, in which she must have been consumed in her efforts to extinguish the fire. The government of July well deserves the thanks of France and of

Europe, for the single act of having, after the three days, restrained the blind and impatient ardour of the warlike spirit in France.

War would have proved equally fatal to both parties. We had no armies, no public spirit, for without unanimity there is none. Foreign war would immediately have entailed civil war in the south and west of France, persecution and spoliation throughout. No government could have been maintained in Paris under a revolutionary burst from the centre; whilst the fragments of armies hastily raised by an unguided and unrestrained patriotism would have been swallowed up on our eastern frontiers; the south as far as Lyons would have hoisted the white flag, the west to the Loire have re-established the Vendean guerillas; the manufacturing populations of Lyons, Rouen, Paris, exasperated by the misery in which the cessation of labour had plunged them, would have rushed to the centre, and poured in undisciplined masses upon Paris and the frontier, choosing for themselves inexperienced commanders, and imposing their caprices upon them for plans of the campaign. Property, commerce, industry and credit would all have been lost together, and it would have been necessary to use violence in order to raise loans or taxes. Gold concealed, and credit dead, despair would have led to resistance, and resistance to plunder, murder, and popular vengeance; once involved in the path of blood, there would have been no escape from it, but through anarchy, despotism, or dismemberment. But all this would have become still more

complicated from the unexpected and spontaneous rising of other parts of Europe. Spain, Italy, Poland, the Banks of the Rhine, Belgium, would all have taken fire together, or one after another; the whole of Europe would have been involved in an alternation of insurrections and oppressions, by which the state of affairs would have been perpetually changing; and we should have entered ill-prepared upon another thirty years' war. The genius of civilization, however, would not permit it, and all has been ordered for the best. We shall not now enter the field without being prepared for the combat, without knowing our strength, being numbered, passed in review, and ranged in order of battle; the struggle will be regularly conducted, and the result will be evident and certain.

Events are best understood from a distance, because from thence the details do not attract the eye, but the objects present themselves in their most important points of view. It was for this reason that the prophets and oracles of old lived in solitude and abstracted from the world; they were sages, who sudied things in the aggregate, and whose judgment was not disturbed by the petty emotions of the passing hour. It is necessary for a politician frequently to withdraw himself from the theatre on which the drama of his times is performing, if he wishes to form a correct judgment upon it, and to foresee its issue. To predict is impossible, foreknowledge being the attribute of God alone; but to foresee is possible, for foresight appertains to man.

I frequently ask myself what will be the conclusion of this great excitement in spirit and in action, which, commencing in France, impels the world, and draws everything, willingly or otherwise, within its vortex. I am not one of those who see in this impulsion only the impulse itself—that is to say, its tumult and confusion of ideas; who believe the moral and political world to be in those final convulsions which precede death and decomposition. This is evidently a double movement of decomposition and organization, at the same time; the spirit of renovation keeps equal pace with the spirit of destruction; one faith replaces another; one faith supersedes another; wherever the past succumbs, the future stands prepared to rise upon its ruins; the transition is slow and harsh, as all transitions must be, in the progress of which the passions and the interests of men come into collision; either the social classes, or the various countries, progress by unequal steps; or some obstinately recede whilst the majority advance. Confusion, mist, ruin, and obscurity prevail for the moment; but from time to time the wind disperses the cloud of dust which conceals both the means and the end; and those who from an eminence can distinguish the march of events, recognise the promise of futurity, and perceive the earliest dawning of a day which is to enlighten a vast horizon. I hear it incessantly said, even here, that "Men have no longer any credulity; each one surrenders himself to his individual judgment; there is no longer a common faith in any thing; neither in re-

ligion, politics, nor sociality. A common faith is the secret spring of nations; this spring broken all is disordered; there is but one means of saving the people,—it is to restore to them their credulity." Restore their credulity? Resuscitate popular dogmas which the conscience of the people has rejected? Do over again what time has undone?—This is the language of insanity! It would be an attempt to struggle against nature and the course of things, to march in direct opposition to Providence, and the acts by which its steps are traced. In order to obtain any end, we must proceed by the path into which God conducts events and ideas; the tide of time never rolls back; we may guide ourselves, and rule the world upon its invincible current, but we can neither arrest it, nor alter its onward course.

But is it true that man no longer possesses either light or intelligence—that no common faith still exists in the popular mind—that no inwardly recognised law governs the conscience of human nature? This is an assertion which has been received without being sounded, and is not founded in fact. If the world had no longer either faith or opinions in common, it would not be so much agitated; of nothing, nothing comes, *mens agitat molem.* There is, on the contrary, a strong conviction, a fanatical faith, a confused and indefinite hope, an ardent love, a common but not yet well-digested object, which pushes, presses, moves, attracts, condenses; which makes all the talents, all the consciences, all the moral strength of this epoch gravitate towards a common centre. These revolutions, these shocks,

these downfalls of empire, these gigantic and repeated movements of all the members of ancient Europe, with their echoes in America and Asia, this unreflecting and irresistible impulse, which, in despite of individual will, impresses so much agitation and unanimity upon the collected strength of nations; all this is not an effect without a cause; it all has an origin, profound and secret, it is true, but an origin evident to the eye of philosophy. This origin is precisely what you complain of having lost, what you deny to exist in the present state of the world; it is a common idea, a conviction, a social law; it is a truth which having involuntary entered into all minds, and having even unconsciously to itself taken possession of the popular mind, labours to produce itself in action with the force of a divine truth, that is to say, with invincible power. Universal reason is this faith; speech is its organ; the press is its apostle; it spreads itself over the world with the infallibility and enthusiasm of a new religion; it wishes to remodel, after its own image, religion, civilization, society, legislation; all imperfect, or degenerated by the errors and ignorance of the dark ages they have passed through:—it would impose on religion, for doctrine, the unity and perfection of the Godhead—for a motto, perpetual morality—for worship, adoration and charity; on politics, human nature as superior to the distinctions of country; on legislation, the equality and fraternity of man; on society, a reciprocal exchange of services and duties regulated and guaranteed by the law—Christianity legalized!

Universal reason wills that it should be so, and it effects it. Will you say then that no common faith, no common object, actuates the men of the present time? Since the infancy of Christianity, the world has never seen the accomplishment of so great a work by such feeble means. The Cross, and the Press, these are the instruments of the two greatest attempts ever made towards civilizing the world.

END OF VOL II.

RAYNER AND HODGES, SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET.

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